

THE TRUE LIGHT

She's asked to have her chair beside the window
So she can turn her eyes towards the light
And gaze upon a world she cannot see!
A thrush is singing in the apple tree
But she can neither hear the song nor see
The bright bird in the blossoming pink and white.
She gropes her shaking hand towards her cup – so slow, so slow.
The brown hand trembles like a fluttering moth.
The skin hangs from her fleshless arms like faded cloth.
She sips her drink in short and awkward gulps
Like a poor, parched bird
Shut in a small, dark cage,
Left hanging in the sun.

But when I cross the room to sit beside her
And take the wrinkled hands within my own,
I sense at once a peace that lies within
The crooked, worn-out body – frail and thin.
It holds a life's experience of everything.
Of birth and death, of joy and sorrow known,
Love and injustice, happiness and pain.
Pain there is still.
But as her body fades her spirit seems to grow
And gives a strength which sparkles in her sightless eyes
And strengthens me, who've come to comfort her,
To bring some pleasure
To a sad old woman
Who sits and waits to die.

Now with a new humility I find
That she can see far more than I. Though blind
She looks into a world I cannot see.
The thrush flies upwards from the apple tree
And I no longer hear its throbbing song.
But here beside me soon another bird
Will sing, as joyous spirit burns, and then this brighter bird
Will soar up from the flames and leave me here
To wonder at the great intangibility,
The everlasting mystery of death.
Earthdust made stardust?
Flesh sloughed like snakeskin?
My blind eyes seek visions.