

Living

Who can breathe
Past the dark corners
Of inhumanity?

Who can see light
At the end of
The tunnel of
All the darknesses?

Tears of joy
For the sanity
Of understanding –
Black and white,
Red and yellow,
Sabres sheathed,
Children emerging to play
From small dark rooms
That kept them safe.

In the swirling cauldron
Of love and hatred,
Of song and dance,
Of tears and unbearable sorrow,
We must breathe.

We see light
But it is not always visible.
Light and dark patterns
Shift and intensify
When the sun is out
And when it is not.

The truth is
Light cannot always be seen.
Darkness is not always there.
Incandescence
And blackness
Are integral parts of energy.