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A Dawn

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RICHARD MATTHEWS

A Dawn

It's as black as a sealed tomb
And the heavens appear as an ebony cloak
Studded with millions of tiny sequins.
The forest below lies motionless
    and without life.
The inner parts of man's soul
Have felt such darkened hours
When life seems to have no hope.
Then too, the self,
For which all is an inward step,
Knows this emptiness and the torment
    of conscience.

Suddenly a ray of light oozes
Across this speckled darkness,
And the million winking eyes begin
To fade to a greater power.
The forest tingles as the gray
    colorless branches strain
With potential life.
A mist makes the vision dance in uncertainty.
O God, could there be some hope,
Is there more than "I," or is it just
The dancing shadows from a fading fire?

The light breaks, shattering the gray
    solar system.
It touches a distant hilltop;
Reds, yellows, and eternal greens,
There are bathed, by a power greater than all.
Sweeping down the slope,
Piercing and warming,
So the earth now clearly breaths anew.
"I" am no longer, but part of Thee.
The light of heaven has filled my soul.
I stand now ready to face the day.