

## **The Light Leads Us**

“Son of leader” who leads and bears  
that burden and its promise.

In midst of new and troubled dark,  
this night of nights that looms

to turn the sun hopeful memory,  
the boundless absences, compounding,

reminding us of the urgent need  
to imagine another way

what more can we hope in this too-short life  
of too-long days than to live as the light?

You live as the light.

As lighthouse in blue distance  
sweeping beam at

turning dark and feared water  
to dark and feared roads,

paths through  
the harrowing impossible

to travel bravely on.  
Candle – bold and quiet glim,

warming bright into whatever comes,  
the flicker, lively,

a glow to light our laughing faces,  
to gather gladly round.

Lamplight on turning pages, you,  
the yellow cast

on bowed and brooding heads  
of seekers and star-chasers

and students of the dark –  
a bulb among brambles

shining on what we come to know  
The hearth of home

where kindness is modeled  
and knowledge is valued

and love is shared.  
You flame keen to spread flame

keen to burn what burdens  
our shared and shadowed history

casting firelight on what we hope to pass,  
ignite what lights our coming way

May you be dawn,  
breaking the new day open,

May you be a star  
above that brand new day.