

Home in the Dark

by Rev. Dr. Robin Hawley Gorsline

Trees black against sky's gray,
shadows bear pre-dawn winter cold.
Bundled in layers we amble on the path,
breath announcing our presence to sleeping squirrels.



take over, assuring us all is best, safest, in light.

There is truth in darkness
light will never know, no matter how many talking heads
dazzle our minds with what they know they know,
creating pools of light blocking what lies beyond.

So bear witness to darkness:
beauty of black- and brown-hued skin and glories of ebony keys,
cool dark spots shielding us from summer heat,
underlighted attics with treasures in every corner.

The luminous darkness
of our souls—where rests and rises God,
is the home from where we begin,
where we return, where we shall ever be.

Motion detecting lamps high
overhead
snap on warning of our approach.
Our dog jerks in response
and we, surprised, make calming
sounds.

We, like creation, begin in
darkness,
not only in womb but in darkened
bedroom;
but then bold rays of day and lamp

