

Candlelight

The candle burns as if to say
We proudly shine the light your way.
The morning sun is not yet breaking
The candle is the dawn's first waking.

Bring life to shadows that once were sleeping
Awaking now, they wait our greeting.
Their new arrival brings us hope
The shapes of those with whom we spoke.

But what if daylight brings new fears?
Our friends the shadows nowhere near.
We ask ourselves how we might sing
If shadow's gift is morning's sting.

The candle flame yields now to light
Unlike the dreams of shadows night.
We each await the day's cruel passing
Till candles bring our shadow's blessing.