

THE COMING OF THE LIGHT

Out ahead of Dawn
Night creeps away,
Eternally banished to the edge of light.

And Dawn rolls on
Making skeletons of deep shadow,
Then laying bare the forms of Being.

Shining Sun coats the turning planet,
As if Earth basks herself, rotating on a spit.

And a billion photons per square inch, per second,
Roar out of the sun and penetrate everything into Life.

We call it Light.

Like a constant cresting wave,
Stationary in a forever East,
Light washes Life around the Earth.

The Beauty of night and day;
The Miracle of warm and cold;
The Harmony of wet and dry;
The Balance of land and sea;
The Inspiration of Color;
The Satisfaction of breathing, and
The Mystery of a heart beat

Are not accidental.

Nor are the parents we have,
The mind, spirit, and emotions we contain,
The circumstances of our life,
The body we inhabit,
Or the Choices we make.

Nope. Not Coincidence, either.

But we **are** the Puppet Masters
before we become the willing puppets.

It's a Plan.

