

# Gleaning In The Fields Of Light

‘Knock, and the door shall be opened.’  
—Jesus

## *Himalayan Morning*

By Ken Woodley

Wisps of steam rise  
from a morning cup of tea  
like a secret  
coded message from  
far away beyond the foothills  
as I sit waiting in the shrouding darkness  
for the risen light,  
praying that a new day will dawn  
bright enough  
for me to finally see it  
and believe.

Deciphering the translation  
of this ticking moment,  
wisps of my desperate spirit follow  
because they want no other choice,  
rising through my earthly clouds  
like Everest dreamers  
touching the bottom  
of the sky,  
but no longer  
as if they were doubting disciples  
fingering the wounds of heaven  
to see if they are real.

Atop this summit  
I plant my flag.

Your peaks are all around me now  
pointing toward the sun.