

Gleaning In The Fields Of Light

A Declaration Of Interdependence

By Ken Woodley

In the course
of my human event
I fall
so deeply into the tightest crevice
of the furthest chasm
of my wounded yesterdays—
the anguish so familiar,
like the contours of my own shadow—
but your ricochets of gentle light echo ahead,
always,
untwisting me,
turning me around,
calling me forward,
out of the tear-stained darkness of torn places.
I put one foot in front of me,
and then a dozen hundred more,
through the puddled shards of shattered memory
toward your open meadows
of blooming flowers
where even the bees don't sting
and the sky is filled with things to say,
always believing in the hopes
you have given me to believe in today

because your love has shown this truth to be self-evident:
there is velvet sunshine
on this side of barbed-wired yesterdays.

Taking my shadow by the hand now,
understanding that its contours
are defined by your light,
I feel the risen wings of these butterfly fields,
unwrapping the present
you have given me again today
for this caroling moment
of embracing comprehension,
knowing that even when this fleeting music fades
I will feel the resonance
of its calling echoes
throughout my soul
where your harmony still sings
its saving grace around me,
and though my liberation bell
be always cracked from constant ringing
it shall forever peal.

