

Gleaning in the Fields of Light

Fragments Of Faith

By Ken Woodley

Bethlehem Translation

With a sheepish
grin
God remembered
that
LOVE
wasn't
in our vocabulary
yet.
So a shepherd
came
in that darkness,
reaching
for our scattered
hands
and silent
hearts.

Against The Odds

A polar light

bears
witness
to the snowbound
tracks of spring's
small revolution
against the tyranny
of the sky's misunderstanding
of the colors of its reflection
in our eyes
as our hands hold
this one
small
candled
hope.

Sing The Sudden Same

All notes
of the universe.
In unison.
Chorus for us.
No need to refrain
from this love within
us all
in different voices
identical
for each other.