

# Gleaning In The Fields Of Light

By Ken Woodley

“Cloud Confession”

Under  
brutal  
interrogation,  
the sun  
relentlessly refuses  
an alibi  
for shining  
in a blue sky  
on everyone and everything,  
infuriating the raining power,  
which washes its hands  
of the whole matter,  
allowing a small mob  
of thunder and lightning  
to pass judgment.  
So they crucify  
the sun,  
nailing its light  
to a darkness  
they believe eternal,  
but the stars  
bleed small pools of shining  
and the moon  
digs in its heels,

shouting for all the world to hear:  
“I am not the light.  
There is something out there  
so wondrous, pure and bright  
that I cannot possibly  
refuse to reflect  
its message and meaning.  
You can shine, too, unless  
you turn yourself off.”  
And then literally the very next day—  
no apocryphal myth, I assure you—  
the sun actually rises,  
I mean, straight up,  
just as promised,  
absolute dawn  
despite hammers and nails and thorns  
and our own Judas clouds  
that sometimes cover  
the whole  
thing  
up.