

## Darkest day, you are but just one.



Darkest day.

Where light is in such short supply,  
and warming glow flickers away,  
threatening to ash quiet our very breath.

We ache without words.

We long for what was.

What could be.

What will be.

In the silence, in tightness of chest,  
In the cold hollow, we sit on the seat of desire.

For a new day.

A brighter one, and warmer.

One that takes this spiral of fear and sadness and  
restlessness.

And puts it to rest.

Darkest day.

You are but just one.

You are darkest, and then you are not.

For day breaks anew, a garnet sliver on east horizon  
a messenger heralding light,  
warmth,

a sweet choral of hope.

There is no place this canopy of Day does not cover.  
No corner that remains hidden and black.

What could be is here.

What will be has come.

The Light has arrived and is with us.