

TO MARCELLA AT SUNRISE

Black silhouettes against the eastern sky,
Cold stone but barely warmed by amber gleam,
The joyful prayer from rooftop wings on high,
And wakes the pilgrim from forgotten dream.

Man's city stands amidst God's plain of gold,
Within its walls the shivering seekers wait,
Then, with the dawn they rise, the young, the old,
In joy, in fear, they pass from out the gate.

And lovers, separated in the night,
Whose empty arms did search the dark in vain,
Now stand revealed and join in dawn's warm light,
And together shall they stride across the plain.

The skylark sings that Earth's long wait is done,
And hymns the Resurrection of the Sun.

Note: The poem was written for my Aunt Marcella upon the occasion of the death of my uncle Roy—a man who was more of a father to me than my own ever was. Marcella was a devout Christian and this poem honors her beliefs.