

To Trust... Again

Darkness breaks delicate things
the bonds of friendship
the stirrings of life
the ability to trust the truth.

Darkness enfolds, attempting to bind
to imprison the will to live, to love.
What matter in life to one
who cannot speak of truth hidden away
who cannot smell roses in spring -
but can only smell the sludge in winter,
who cannot hear laughter in ocean waves -
only pain as they break on the beach,
who cannot see love, cannot reach out,
cannot touch the things of life.

But darkness is itself afraid,
of life, of love, of truth.
Darkness is itself a prisoner
enclosed in a void of loneliness.

Risking, reaching out
searching for truth
vanquishing that cloak of darkness
enclosing my heart no more.
Hope plants seeds of love,
tears water
and joy brings forth new life.

Hesitating, hope-filled, risking all
once to trust
once to touch, to hear, to see,
to know at last the truth.

For once becomes a habit
And we travel a different path
together.