

Light in darkness

I awoke and found I could not see.
I knew not where I was nor where to go
I searched for a source of light, a candle, a lamp, a switch,
searched in vain.

I cried aloud "Show me where to go. Tell me what to do."
The answer came not to my ears but to my heart
"Why do you look without?"
I could feel the heat rise from my chest. I sensed a faint glow around me.
There was joy for a moment .
For where there was darkness before, now there was light.

But it was a dim light and I could not see far ahead
Then I saw another light shining faintly in the distance
I ran towards it and felt a hand reaching for mine,
Felt its warmth, felt its comfort.

"Do you know where you're going?" a small voice asked of me
A light was likewise glowing about her
"No" I admitted "Do you?"
"I'm not at all certain" she answered "but if we stay together we shall have twice as much
light, a hand to hold ,a voice to answer ours.

I agreed and on we went.
Often we stopped to discuss which way to take.
More would join along our way through the never-ending dark halls.
Some would leave after awhile, their lights adding to ours for a time before moving off in
their own direction.
There was uncertainty then and sadness at parting even though the journey together had
been short.

We would lead those who left on their way with best of wishes. often waiting still until
their lights faded from sight.

Then we came across one ,who though his light was no bigger than the rest, spoke with a
voice as if he were the sun.
"I know exactly where to go" he announced in a booming voice.
What relief washed over me for a moment , echoed in the murmur of our company.

"Follow me" he with the loud voice boomed
But he would not stop to take our outstretched hands.
"Do try to keep up. " he hollered backed to us. "If you are not fast enough, I will lose you
you will never find your way."

Many broke hold with the group in an effort to keep up.
A few times even the group had lost one of its members as it a whole surged forward.
I watched their lights fade and heard their cries with a sickness to my stomach.
On I rushed even as it felt my own inner light was fading.
Then I lost touch with my first friend's hand,
the first voice that had greeted my call in the darkness.
the first to add the strength of her voice to my own.

I stopped and turned back before her light could fade.
I grabbed her close and for the first time in hours simply stopped and reflected.
"I'm certain we passed this way before" I said slowly
"At least twice before" she agreed.

"I do not believe he knows where he's going" at all I ventured.
"yet here we are following him about like fools" she admitted
"You no more fool than I" I said ashamed.
"I would not even had stopped had I not lost your hand.
Would not have stopped to think. Would not have stopped to notice."

So we simply rested, each sharing the others light, our thoughts about the madness we
had allowed ourselves to be sucked into.
Our sorrow for the friends still following the path of he would be our phantom sun.
he too busy to miss us or any who'd fallen behind on our fast trip to nowhere.

Still on reflection, we were able to eliminate false steps we would not make again.
We walked on carefully for what seemed like days.
Finally we came to a place bathed in light.
Many companions we had lost along the way were here though they had taken their own
path.
For all we know our would be guide is still wandering in darkness.