



## NEW LIGHT

Ann Siefker

As clouds film the moon  
to pitch darkness,  
and night chokes  
with black gloom,  
as life falls in  
to smother happiness,  
then suddenly a wind from heaven  
gusts clouds away  
as a soft brush of a loving hand.  
Trees spread apart the thick dark,  
making room to breathe,  
and the moon  
becomes pure silver reflecting the sun  
and the day to come.  
Life fills with meaning  
and hope abounds,  
and I exclaim, "Father how wonderful you are!"