



### AT THE BIRTHING OF A DAY

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In the quiet of solitude  
 In anticipation of light  
 In the aching tears of loved ones  
 Comes the inspiration of sight.

Though living is losing,  
 Though bleeding is right,  
 Though darkness encompasses—  
 Be still—for Love shares its light.

Guilty thoughts, shaming thoughts, thoughts of defeat  
 Shall not linger long  
 Because trust and love  
 Shall make remembrances sweet.

Remember with trust,  
 Remember with conscience aright;  
 If dark casts its gloom—  
 Be still—for Love beams its light.

Perchance death takes the body,  
 But death can't defeat;  
 It can't reach the soul  
 And life will be sweet.