

“A LIGHT THERE IS”

The bliss of the Sun streams into me
From spaces beyond
Endless vistas fill my mind with light
Uplifting, making me happy

An ode to joy is sung from the heart
No one else may speak now.
My spirit soars on wings of rhythm
On crest of waves of its own melody—
Up, up to the Skies!
With fortitude, and lightened step
I strive to attain from within the Self
And leave shadow antics far behind

The River flows o'er cleft and crevice
Spirit seeking spirit.
And he who had made straight the way
By weeding out impurity
Will ever shed that ray
Of Light, into the heart of Humanity

The ray divine, a bride to Love,
Breaking through this dense garment of flesh:
This shadow in the valley, but a gradation of light
Turning into gold on the Mountain Top
Drop of soul merging into the ocean

Behold, the Christ shall speak this moment
Not with words, with deeds he will speak
Commanding his feet mired in mud
Of the earth plane, to lift and overcome
'Til victory be attained

Forebodings still unsettle the heart
Shadows I own, camouflage themselves as the enemy
Yet the light grows stronger evermore
Transmuting strife into peace and glory.

The echo of His coming I hear:
To the one Golden Light, glory!

—*Falk Haberland*