

M A G I

Last night's bright star
drew me in,
I who had wandered without,
turned by the winds of
the rootless soul, lamenting
the heartless ways of the world
and my own occluded heart.

So that bright star,
above the darkest night, drew
my own soul deep within, and
without despair whispered,
"follow me."

And into that darkness
I moved, past the fog of fear,
and gave up my own moving, into
a love that pulled me on,
that guided from behind, that
lifted on a warm wind,
in a darkness so deep
that stars arrayed themselves
to infinity,

Became intense jewels
of colored preciousness,
all enfolded by darkness deeper,
darker, and warmer in love, unknown
to fear, under the guidance of
that one, radiant star.

And so, after weeks
or years or millennia, out
of the arms of darkness I and
others were delivered, we whose
arrival was continual beginning,
and offered gold, frankincense
and myrrh, anointing
that preciousness
to which we ourselves
were led,

We who had no choice:
either to dissolve in empty
greyness, or to turn
and follow light.