

# Where Light Touches The Land

Light descends down from the skies,  
As a spectrum of heavenly beacons guarding the world,  
Their halo beckons to somewhere beyond the scene.

Sea breeze washes away the worldly contaminants of torpidity and cynicism,  
Surf pounding on the rocks creates rapturous lingering music,  
Serenity distills from the ethereality of the scene.

Works of God seem to beckon us to a land beyond this land,  
Where solemnity and beauty prevail,  
Where there are no todays and tomorrows but everything is tinged with eternity.

Looking at the wonder at Montessory Beach,  
I want to know what His thoughts were at the creation of the universe,  
Rest is details.

I absorbed as much joy as I could in the transient interlude,  
And packed up to return to the world,  
Waiting for me like a prison for a furloughed prisoner.

On my way I thought of the works of man,  
So much blindness, so much insecurity,  
Man is a prisoner of his own vision.

Suffern, New York, 12.4.2010