

“And God Said”

“Let there be light.”

I imagine Elohim’s voice as a whisper,
a gentle vibration into the dark expanse
of a formless void
they, Gods, knew intimately.

I recognize it, after all.
The scene, familiar—

The crest of sun over the mountain,
and I, a pupil of the institution which
calls the mountain home,
was nestled in that weathered womb,
awakened by the soft greeting:

Beam after beam of light.

That day, the sun climbed steadily
in the blue as I scaled the campus paths,
drawing nearer illumination.

When I saw her, my breath caught
in the crisp air: a doe, crunching
on twigs and browse.
She studied. I gawked.
Her greeting, though inaudible,
filled the path she and I shared:

“This is only the genesis
of the light.”

These many years later,
the pattern continues—

Now, I am up before the sun,
and I must wake
my daughter.

The wood of her door is cool
on my hand.
A second taps by.
My breath keeps the time.
Another minute and
we'll be late. I turn the knob.

Light as soft as I can conjure
floods the dark sanctuary,
tangling in the web we wove
the night before
for her four-year-old dreams.

I study. She squints.
A knotted bed head,
still too little for "five more minutes,"
covers her face with soft cotton.

Soon we'll sing and yell
with all our lungs, but
in this tender darkness
just broken by dawn,
love must wear the whisper:

"Good morning,"
Mother breathes.

Brown eyes appear.
Next, a soft smile,
a yielding yawn,
a satisfied stretch.

Her soul is up.
The new day unfurls
in light before us—

This brilliant, blazing
beginning.