

Outside and In

Outside in the night
a lamp shines
on a single pole
in an empty lot
behind our home.

Humanly speaking
its lone beam
is hardly enough
to explain the warmth
I feel on waking.

Yet borne by Spirit
and filter'd
by prisms of color
created elsewhere
it fuels my soul.

Who should be so blest
as to know
and feel what I do
time and time again
when light breaks through.

Inside it is morn,
time to wake
and offer God praise
with kindred spirits
who understand.

Night never prevails.
Sing it now!
Rise, shine, be thankful,
for your redemption
is drawing near.

