Darkness at the Eighth Hour

By M. L. Stewart

The hour has come when

one

by

one

The lights of day

depart.

For just one hour we are asked

to wait

and see through

glass darkly.

Tiny flames and glowing wicks

appear

Symbols of what is now

at rest.

The fire's glow is magnified

Casting its shadows in

greater abundance.

Twilight is without

Helping us ease into the black

that is to come.

Thoughts of millions world-wide

doing this

Bring awe

Can we wait on light for this

one

hour?

M. L. (Bunny) Stewart is a longtime member of the ITMS who has presented "do-it-yourself" reflective workshops at numerous ITMS General Meetings. She is a retired organizational counselor in the areas of volunteer services and pastoral services, and is a life-promised oblate of the (Anglican) Sisterhood of St. John the Divine in Toronto.



M. L. Stewart

Once long ago

some

could not wait

one

hour.

And darkness

descended on the earth.

Earth asks us now to share an hour of darkness

Can we not wait one hour in deep dark serenity

For our own Earth's sake?