white lights

by Tim G. Young

the little white lights i see mean many different things to me like candles in the darkness leading the way out of the night or a ship out on the ocean sailing from the black into the sunlight or a million other things too many to describe like thousands crossing the river only to reach the other side but if there is trouble in this vision a tale so old and told it is perhaps a nightmare if the story never unfolds a harsh cry of reality a dream locked in eternity a solemn face wrapped in wire a day unable to cleanse with fire

it must be sickening
to drive around the same block for hours
seeing the same lawns
the same watching towers
throwing beacons into the sky
waiting for time
to disturb and die
oh where did those little white lights go
having never finished their story
leaving us all hanging low
but do not speak of heaven
or the place where sinners go
no please don't let those thoughts

come close to what we know
i'll choose to remain on vigil
i'll choose to stay instead of leave
i'll choose my white lights in the darkness
for it's there
i'll find what to believe