

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

