

House Lights

Poetry • Stephen McLean

Rising with horizon's curtain, rays of pale gold scatter into the sky.

Open your eyes.

The world is still dusted by shadows,
But brilliance rears its head from below.

Shine! O glorious light, unto the world!

Strings and woodwinds, fresh as morning dew,
Harmonize effortlessly, ushering in a soft beginning.
Brassy horns blare in blazing whites and yellows,
Equal parts blinding and beautiful.
Dance, in those vibrant beams,
Until time takes a final bow.

glow, o beauteous light, upon the world.

lustrous sunbeams run back home,
as soft shadows take their place.
close your eyes.

a curtain of stars closes over tonight's stage.

constellations slow dance together,
their partners light-years away.
the moon performs a lonesome waltz,
companion steadfastly slumbering.
but soon enough the orchestra tunes up,
and the audience fills their seats.