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Dies Natales - for Lydia

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College of DuPage

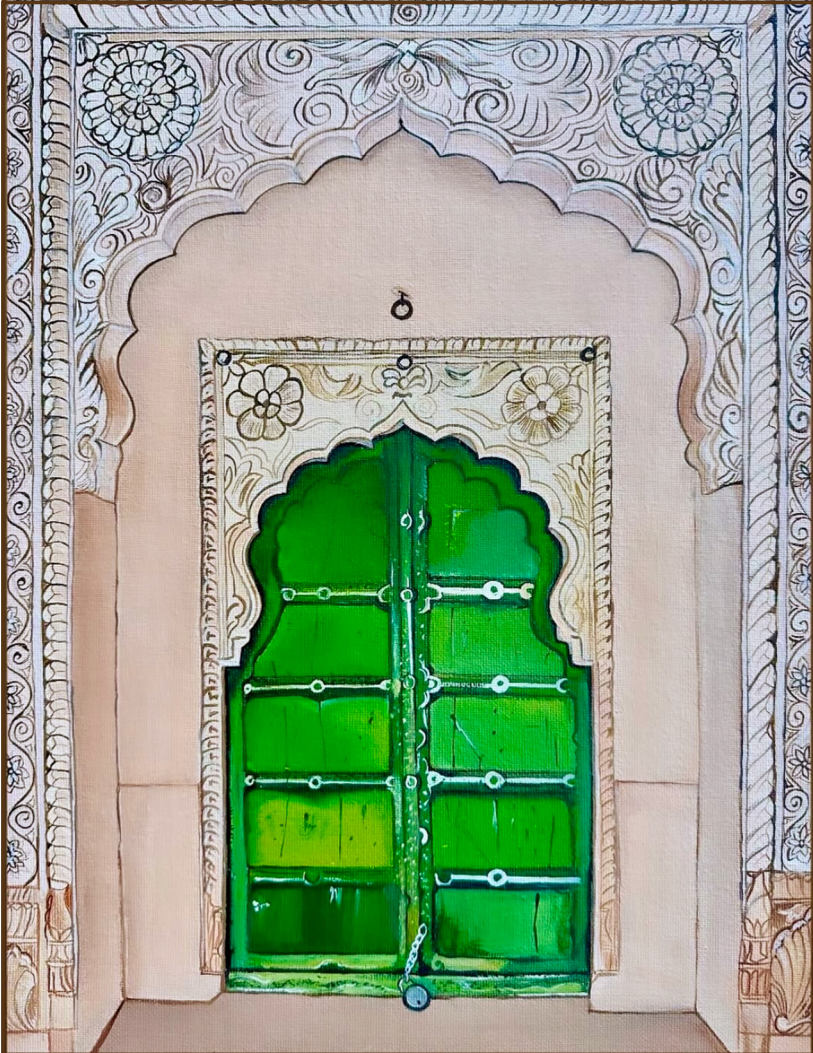
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Door of Rajasthan



Megha Jain — Acrylic on canvas

Dies Natales for Lydia

Tom Tipton

Aloft in the clouds,
a thought was formed
that etched you into being.
The billowing of souls
intermingling in the mist
was crossed by a white ray
that pierced and quickened you.

Heads bowed,
parents of sacrifice
threw themselves down,
floating from the clouds
into the mystery of your being,
calling your name
before it was known.

An incantation of spirit
sung by a shroud of humanity
found your melody,
droned a harmony to it,
unheard.

And darkness swirled
within the pall of your being,
sharp edges lunging against the mist;
frost sliced the design of your heart,
and revealed the beauty of its Maker
in your wound.

A fog settles to ground,
hangs within the low spots of fields,
and presses you below,
and ever below
its heavy droplets.

Until the streak of warmth
breaks through blue.
And above,
the yellow glow of creation
bids you rise

to walk again
upon the soil
that bows before your feet, unnoticed;
And that fog that had weighed you down
as tears now washes your eyes,
clears your sight,
and opens it to sun-glared vistas,
hitherto hidden,
now gloriously open before you.

Behind you falls
the ebony monolith of your past,
as you are pulled forward
into the ever-curling vibrancy of nature.
A world of green movement
transports the self beyond the self.

Rising again aloft,
upon the echoing upward draft,
you look down upon what was,
and see what will be –
a symphony of silence
bursting into eternal peace,
touching the face
of your Maker