

## I WILL BE ALL LIGHT

Summer is done with me –  
The leaf, the petal, the flower.  
But all is not over.  
My spirit grows boundless,  
soaring without worry, without tiring  
through the most wreckful storms.  
I see through death and refuse it.  
Having known the firmness  
of branches and vines;  
of so many suns and moons;  
of every ennobling cloud flake,  
I have learned to endure.  
No lament for this season.  
Peace shares the space where harsh winds cry.  
Summer has fallen silent,  
but its virtues gather in waves.  
No winter tears. No parting sorrow.  
I am meant to grace this world  
that blessed me with such abundance.  
When this disgruntled season passes  
I will wing my way back to you.  
You will recognize my fragrance  
strewn along your footways.  
I will be all light.

Gordon Parks - *Arias in Silence*