

A Prayer for Light's Dominion

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O *perfect* Word before all tongues!

May it be, one radiant day, prized words strung *most precisely*, right and true, *will come*—that *do not* stutter, flummox, break—and emerge, *triumphant*, from beneath these fervent palms! *These fractured thoughts!*

A field pristine *just here* appears—shimmers brief. Enter *lux aeterna*. Enter Eros *most Divine*. Enter *blinding* sheen! A clearing soft in Mind *is near*.

Enter gently now this flaxen Vale in calm.

Hope stirs, grows—up, down, in, through—this River, infinite, ever-same-yet-fresh. Let *all such omens good* turn a tolling Tower euphonic, *resonant and smooth*—a gonging Coup despite *inestimable* cost! May *all my loss* Ferment work Rich and ever-New! Let its written End *be a balm* Generative to all!

Begin now ascension to this great Summit.

God, may Good language hid now *be aroused*. May Song long bottled-up *spill out*. May lavish Crowns *all my lone toil point to loud*. *Get in light—get in!* Come on, Love—*raise this life!* Wake its digits! Give it Sight! Shake its torpor! Set *whole aching vistas* Alight! Come quick Love—*come quick*.

I ask—*be this an Hour* light's Dominion shone down lucent!

Perhaps Thou *might deem Now—this—just such a Time?*

Perhaps so, yes.

In One alone—boundless—arise!
Go forth with Tongues of Love.
Let Joy take this pen! *Begin.*

Amen.