

in the dawn  
(written for the choir program dec 19 / 21)

in the darkness  
before the dawn  
when the temperature in the air  
drops  
by two degrees  
and the breeze  
begins to stir  
like a bird  
warm in the nest  
stretching its wings  
in anticipation  
of the thin  
crimson line  
that opens  
the first rays of daylight  
over the crest  
of the earth  
lifting the heavy  
blanket of night.

in the darkness  
in the bottomless  
ocean of space  
and time  
a star  
hangs  
like a crucifix  
in the promise  
of a coming light  
that will fill  
the universe  
like a symphony  
and chorus angels  
singing  
hallelujah  
in the glory  
of morning  
the rising son  
scattering light  
like flax seed  
into the deep folds  
and furrows  
of a fertile ground

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in the darkness  
the air  
stirs  
like the breath  
of the holy spirit  
watchful  
in wakefulness  
like a mist  
seeping  
into the minds  
of those who have been sleeping  
seeping  
like water  
creeps  
into parched soil  
embracing the seeds  
and the earth  
like music seeps  
through the cracks  
of the everyday  
until it fills the lines and the open spaces  
dotted like night stars  
on pages of black sky  
in a celestial constellation  
of crook and staff  
and burbling spring water voices  
in a treble clef  
until it crescendos  
like prairie wind  
through the sanctuary (of the earth)  
where the harmony of sound  
spills from the order in the unseen  
to dance within the walls  
and along the benches  
and into the hearts  
of those who will not resist  
the cacophony of silence  
in that which is unheard  
unspoken  
(and) unsung.

in the darkness ...  
god's light is already burning  
the son has already risen  
it is the earth that does the turning ...  
and with it,  
our ... acceptance of the invitation  
to the season's warm song of hallelujah

robert peters