



There is no darkness so dark . . .

There is no darkness so dark
As the darkness of a mind that is closed.
No window permits a sliver of light.
No new air steals through cracks and crevices

Stuffed with dogma and creed.
Smoking wicks cast misshapen shadows on barren walls

There is no light so bright, so frightening, so promising
As when un-shuttered portals admit snow-blinding light.
A fearful vista of doubts and questions
Swirl pell-mell among endless truths
In quest of a terminus cloistered beyond imagination.

Better to battle the dragons of doubt
Than lie benumbed in a blanket of security.