Let Your Voice Be Heard,
O Morning Blessings

A troubling thought
held my spirit in its palm
all night long
and I couldn't sleep—
its fingernails tore the images
of my dreams
and I drowned in the space
between the pits
and the world.

Like a soul mate that the heart
has despaired of ever seeing again
in the lands of the living,
the morning appeared.
Welcome, welcome,
angel of redemption!
And how the sick wait for the sunrise
as they turn from one side of pain
to the other,
and she, too, who moistens
the patient's scorched lips

in the dark,
her heart filled with fear.

And see, the sun exists—
here, here—
and a world
exists.
The houses are already marked
with gold.

Let your voice be heard,
beloved blessings of the dawn,
in the midst of the radiance
let your deep voice be heard.
Soon the radiance will turn
into a devouring fire
and thin hope will be consumed.
But perhaps the soul will respond
to the Comfort ye, comfort ye
of the evening winds.