

No matter the number of shadows dancing
round the universe, there can't ever be enough
to snuff out the light of a single candle.

Still, I keep forgetting. The same is true for
this Light Glowing in my own heart and soul.

No matter how loudly darkness licks its chops on
The circumference of its radiance, this Light
remains unconcerned and holds steady—
whether I'm aware of it or not.

Doesn't
that
mean
I'm
being
taken
care
of,
despite
what
I
might
think?

