On That Beautiful Day…

A poem

A lamp flared warm, my chest unfurled,
And petals of joy spun through the room—
On that beautiful day!
Answers to questions, cool and deep,
Rose like clear water from a well—
On that beautiful day!

When I asked, “Who am I?” at last,
A bright flame climbed through the shadows past;
And “Who are mine?” thinned into air,
Like mist dissolving in morning glare—
On that beautiful day!

No words to speak, no sounds to hear,
Just breath, warm skin, and this moment clear;
“What more could life bestow?” I’d say,
Cradled in sweetness that blessed day!

The distance between each word and its sense
Melted like frost beneath the sun;
Between speech and silence, bright and true,
A silver bridge came into view—
On that beautiful day!

From “I am here” to “We are one,”
My feet moved softly beneath the sun;
Old roads fell open, my journey whole,
And quiet warmth wrapped round my soul—
On that beautiful day!

Loving others, and loving me,
With hands unclenched and breathing free,
I learned to live, to breathe, to be,
And meet my face with tender dignity—
On that beautiful day!

Amid the crowds, with all I’d known,
Yet standing inwardly alone,
Even solitude became
A warm hand resting near my flame—
On that beautiful day!

My questions and answers, side by side,
Joined like streams in a widening tide;
Then, needing neither, they grew still,
And silence settled over the waiting hill—
On that beautiful day!

Though heavy clouds, so dark and wide,
Pressed low across the heavens gray,
My eyes still caught, beyond their veil,

Hidden colors breathing through the day—
On that beautiful day!

Let me remain in those days of light,
Let me linger in moments bright;
Though time moves on and worlds may change,
Let me stay where that glow remains!

I am no poet, this much is true,
Yet in those days I long to renew;
To live forever in their song—
What else but poetry could belong?