



The Light of Love

How will I believe now
in the power of love
when it has been reduced
to a lonely moth's candle
burning at both ends?
After countless philosophies
after so many war trophies
after endless climate atrophies,
how will I sing the symphony
of mutual affection
that primary cause of existence
when I am dithering
on the edge of extinction?
Will I turn to the silvery streaks
traversing the blue vastness,
the waves of cosmic entanglement,
the eyes of the innocents,
or my Love's healing heart
for they all emanate light
and challenge my raw fears?
Oh, I will embrace them all,
and make them
my rhymes and reasons
for survival and revival.
Like ecstatic lovers and mystics
will I then whirl around,
immerse myself in the light
for the light will inspire love
and love will spread the light.
I will follow my restless soul
to wander into
space and time
seek the source of my energy -
mysterious and ineffable,
yet pulsating in all my being,

accessible, yet inaccessible,
visible, yet invisible - all at once.
I will cling to the light of love
with all my heart
with all my being -
forever and forever.

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Poet based in Washington, D.C. He approaches modern themes using metamodern, mystic, and romantic poetic styles.