

Poem by Kelly Ann Hall

Recreation work can get dark, My loves—
Light so sparse it takes willingness to catch a glimmer.

It is not a comfortable time and space,
and though you may not recognize Me,
I AM in it, waiting alongside you.
Speaking your eyes wide open,
illuminating faces, guiding Lights,
scattering flickers of hope
and traces of warmth not only to sustain you...

but lead you by your willingness
to holiness embodied,
where we can reflect one another, altered—
Me wearing your humanity, You hosting My divinity.

It sounds too good to be true, but I tell you...
you will discover unmistakable beauty
in unmade-up places.

Wait for it.