Angel Light  
by Shawn Jacobson

In my house today  
surrounded by seasons lights  
I am lifted up.

The angel on my tree with white halo shines.  
Her companion glows bluely from the end-table.  
On my bookcase, an angelic host lend their colors,  
green, cardinal, and gold they shine out strongly.  
With the lesser lights they claim this place  
for color against the leaden season,  
an oasis of multicolored brightness  
on this grinding gray day.

Once in deep and misty time,  
when history and legend intertwined,  
shepherds saw strange lights in the sky  
a great angelic host, a star brighter than others.  
The choir proclaimed a light beyond nature,  
that would break through the leaden world,  
with color that would be our salvation  
from the grinding grayness of our lives.

And through the ages color has broken through,  
great hymns and master works of art,  
writers with gifts of wonder and imagination,  
and prophets calling us to change the world,  
so that it would be a citadel of light and beauty  
against the leaden spirits that assail us,  
with the grinding grayness of their beings.  
Against such, we need the salvation of light and life.

One day I look to see in awe and wonder  
a great anticipated time of endless beauty.  
We will delight in light and life forever  
and cherish rainbow glories for all time.  
This symphony of blessings will not perish,  
for leaden spirit’s malice will be banished  
and grinding grey oppression will depart us.  
We will bless angel light for evermore.

Lights of the season  
are an arrow pointing us  
to a greater light.