Reflections at Dawn

Buildings hold the sky;  
The sun is captured by the glass.  
I journey onward.

I ride the train my conscience dark with troubles.  
From morning accusations, crimes against mindfulness.  
My wife wants to know where I am; am I in space?  
The verdict bids doubt creep into my soul, that jeering cynic,  
that questions my worth, my connection to the world.  
Am I an alien here? Do I belong? Who am I anyway?  
And then the light appears calling me from darkness.

The dawn calls to me  
Stop, gaze into life’s mirror,  
that shows not yourself.

The sun, the clouds reflected in the glass  
as day strengthens around me.  
The world prepares a place  
for one more forward-moving day.  
My gloomy troubles skulk back  
into their dark lairs defeated by light.  
My life no longer monstrous delights  
lit by the mirrored sun.

Depart the center  
view the mirror of the world  
see a truer peace.