



'Light'
by Clodagh Clerkin

The last rays of sunlight filter through the grey, the beams become diffuse as they strobe
the forest floor like parting spectators as they vacate at the end of the show.

Leaves reveal their speckled reluctance to submit to the day, at first they sway defiantly
like the wildebeest that exhausts its reprieve as the pride fold in and shatter its earthly
illusions.

The bark is desolate as its majestic stance becomes reduced to an eerie shadow casting
an unease in all who dwell below.

Some take slumber and retreat into the folded and creviced margins, but others emerge
from their murky and silent wait.

The leaves have become all but resolved to their bitter fate as they turn their gaze to the
earth below, dropping in tandem like the beaten army retreating to their verges.

The night is long and the canopy masks the stars and the moon, so that all hint of light
and beauty is obscured by its enveloping prowl.

It is not sudden as dawn decides to loom.

At first it tentatively caresses the edges, feeling cautiously for any hidden danger, but
soon it is feeling brave as it senses those that lie asunder, urging for appeasement and a
chance to feel those cascading rays warm against their fringes.

As it washes in, it bathes the forest floor in a smooth coat of renewed purpose.
The birds sing with their steady stream of amorous intention. The leaves lift their gaze to
the sky once more and spread themselves thick and wide, ready to absorb the sun's
energy and nourish every ounce of their being.

The bark stands tall once more, rooted firmly within the ground.

It will not sway nor will it fall.

It will hold its stature and announce its strength and nobility to all.