



SHE: LIGHT, HE: DARK

By Wayne Visser

In the dark, there is she
She is the light
In the light, there is he
He is the dark
Between the dark and the light
There is we
We the shade
We the place that light and dark
Has made

Night falls, she rises like a star
The dark welcomes she
Day breaks, he rises like a path
The light beckons he
Sunset, she passes
He flashes a smile
Sunrise, he passes
She blows a kiss

Then into the void, steps she
Against the voiceless silence
She cries
Amidst the heartless desert
She dies
So that others may speak
Be heard
So that others may breathe
Be free

Then into the sun, steps he
Under the glaring brightness
He sighs
Beneath the blinding whiteness
His guise
So that others may shine
Be seen
So that others may see
Be seers





She, our light, our passion flame
Sword of justice
Cleansing fire
Burning in the loveless night
He, our dark, our musing cloak
Pen of peril
Choking ash
Falling in the shameless day

Where darkness be
Let light become
And there is she
Where lightness be
Let dark befall
And there is he
She: light, he: dark
They pass, they touch
Together, they make shade
And that is how the world is made

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