

Curse Not the Darkness, My Son

Curse not the darkness, my Son  
when the moon is by the sun  
not reflected of its light  
and the stars are out of sight.  
Curse not the darkness, my Son.  
Get a match and light a candle.  
Let its shimmering glow, be able  
to radiate throughout the dark.  
Let every flicker warm  
the tip of every leaf of the trees  
whose breath sighs with the breeze.  
Let every ray send warmth of its chill  
from the grove to the windmill.  
Let every glimmer give hope  
to anyone out there with a rope.  
Let every twinkle stir a troubled soul  
who is standing on a cliff about to fall.  
I tell you, my Son.  
Curse not the darkness.  
It gives way to the sun  
at dawn rises with its brightness.

Maria from Philippines