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