

# The Messenger

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Volume 1987  
Issue 1 *Messenger*, 1987

Article 8

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1987

## Our SunShadows

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### Recommended Citation

Branch, Polly (1987) "Our SunShadows," *The Messenger*: Vol. 1987 : Iss. 1 , Article 8.  
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol1987/iss1/8>

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## Our SunShadows

It's hard to see the sunrise at my house  
for the obstacles of others.  
Unless I go to the Holiday Inn parking lot.  
The kind that has a wide ramp ending  
on top of the garage for those who dare  
leave their machines to the vexes of  
Mother Nature,  
who reveals her wonder when the tilt is just right  
for those of us who take the courage  
to see what our "time-saving" automobiles see.  
And still, the horizon on which she lifts her life-giving  
soul, glowing steel and concrete,  
does not for me make a real sunrise.

I searched for the sunrise today,  
and noticed foreign-looking structures in the distance.  
One must have been a church steeple, the other  
resembled the Sacred Heart cathedral.  
God must always see a true sunrise.  
It's hard to see the sunrise for the fortresses  
we build around ourselves.  
When I take the time, I see the light  
whitening the faded wood, warming the bricks  
around the panels to orange  
on the house across the street,  
and shadowing the night-time tree to green.

When I take the time,  
I see the light  
reflected off those who put themselves in its path.  
To see the rise, I must walk around the block,  
cross an automobilized street, Broad,  
and climb the ramp.  
And then it is the light of darkened man.  
I want to see it from dark and  
living Gaia.  
For her to feel my face as I stand  
on our earth.  
A daily ritual,  
A natural reaffirmation  
that we all must not be shaped by the shadow  
only, but by the light.

*Polly Branch*