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Our SunShadows

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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 automobiled 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.

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