

IT IS WISDOM CALLING TO ME AND YOU

In a display of glory and painted hues
That speaks of eternity—an earthly clue.
The sun blazes up for me and you.
Lights sparkle on the dancing dew;
It is Wisdom calling to me and you.

Like a lion hunched to meet its prey,
Night is captured by the roar of day.
The dark is chased by each new ray,
And the dawn of colors has its say.
It is Wisdom revealing the way.

The sun is set on stage to perform
From the dark and gray of dungeon dorm.
The Light blazes through as sight is transformed.
The cold will flee and also the lukewarm.
It is Wisdom in its glory form.

The sun shouts out and night becomes morn.
The birds chirp in, little trumpet horns,
“It’s Day, it’s Day, the earth is adorned.”
The loyalty of Light is a forewarn.
It is Wisdom that needs to be born.

The defense of the sun is that it’ll shine
In a manifested time, line upon line.
The fruit will ripen as it hugs its vine.
But, night, again, will come to dine.
And, Wisdom, again, will wait to shine.

The day will not always have its due.
Our work on earth will one day be through.
And while the sun still arises anew.
We must to our Creator be true.
It is Wisdom calling to me and you!

by Kathleen McCullough

