

## THE LEDGE OF LIGHT

I have climbed up out of a narrow darkness  
on to a ledge of light.  
I am of God; I was not made for night.  
Here there is room to lift my arms and sing.  
Oh, God is vast! With  
Him all space can come  
to hole or corner or cubiculum.  
Though once I prayed, "O closed Hand holding me..."  
I now know love, not a vice. I see aright,  
set free in morning on this ledge of light.  
Yet not all truth I see. Since I am not  
yet one of God's partakers.  
I visualise Him now: a thousand acres.  
God is a thousand acres to me now  
of high sweet-smelling April and the flow  
of windy light across a wide plateau.  
Ah, but when love grows unitive I know  
joy will up-soar, my heart sing, far more free,  
having come home to God's infinity.

*Jessica Powers*