

## Me and Supernova

I want to be transparent to the Inner Light  
To see myself, an earthbound constellation,  
Biophotons (as the scientists tell us)  
shining from every cell.

I shout, "Halleluiah – I am made of star stuff!"  
I am part of God's promise to bring Light to the world.

Yet, I hear another voice speak:

Hold on a minute, please.  
Don't get carried away with this Hymn to Yourself.  
Remember that between the stars  
Stretch millions of miles of empty space—  
Dark and cold--  
Very dark and cold.  
And in your heart, stretches the same expanse  
of dark, cold space,  
With a few tiny, scattered lights here and there,  
separated by vast distances.  
The Light is fragile and fleeting.  
On some frosty night,  
Will you gather your scattered bits of light together  
in one blaze to warm the world?  
Will you?

Carol Giantonio  
April 17, 2021

*Carol Giantonio attends Eugene Friends Meeting  
(NPYM).*

*Published by Western Friend April 24, 2021*