

THE BIRTH OF A NEW DAWN

By Angela Jung-Palandri

In the graying twilight of my life
The winter seems to linger longer
And dimmer grows my eyesight.
For pity, grace has shown me a vision of
The creation of a new dawn.

February Eleventh of this year falls
On the eve of the first full moon
Of the lunar New Year.
As we cruise north on I-5 before 7 a.m.
The sky to my right is laying out
A red carpet woven in silver and gold
Waiting for the rising of the new sun..
Over the western horizon hovering the crimson moon,
Unyielding, ready to confront its opponent.
Suddenly through a quantum leap
The Yin and *Yang are* joined in communion
Out of this cosmic union is born
The bright new dawn;
It's dazzling radiance illuminates the entire universe.

And i no longer am
The ego has ceased to be!
What remains of me is a lasting memory of
An indescribable work of art
By the invisible hand of God.