

Where There's Light By Kitty O'Shea

I'll sit by the window – the usual bay,
From there get a glance of life in sway;
Guises, motions, folk on their way,
Pitch, pattern, rhythm of day.
I hear a click, the sound of a stick -
Someone sounding the rim of an upturned brick.
The stick is white, messaging his sight,
Manoeuvres his way, folk step aside.
He may want to cross over – he heard me think?
For he steps by the kerb, alert, listening.
A youth in school dress steps to his aid
Takes his arm, his fears, concerns allayed.
Safely landed he sounds out his standing,
Then loud and clear
 "Over here Steve, over here"
He turns, smiles as recognition defies
Every fluster, stumble, every incline.
I stepped outside marvelling this cameo of life,
But the scene changed course in a lucid light -
The journey had morphed to a glaring insight
 - A raft of Faith rigged with Hope
 Had ferried Steve onwards
 To that shout of Love.