Exsultet Lux

Still, still my heart I play the unending game!
I do not seek a candle, but a flame
That answers mine and knows it whence it came,
Burns and transmutes unchangingly the same:

That laughter cruel to time, mocking itself,
Joy of a ruthless love too light, too strong,
Balance excessive of the unstable self
Which empties all its breath in living song.

Come butterfly, moth to my dazzling light,
Dance, tricked to orbit out of scheduled flight,
Trapped free in transformed matrix of delight,
Ceding, rejoicing in, finding your right!

Reuben Thomas

11th, 14th April 2009

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