

Glimmer

**In a thunderstorm in Prades,
I sought shelter in l'Eglise Saint Pierre,
lit you a candle in its dark interior.**

**I took in the tiny light that you were,
living, as you did, in the shadow of God.**

**In the nave, the dimmed glimmer of gilded saints
fought the weight of the rainstormed day**

**When the sun tinkled finally through the clouds,
cast a dusty ray through a high arched window,
the saints seemed lightened.**

**And you, a dim puff of light,
part of that fight against the gloom.**

Charlie Gracie