

Flame(less) Candles

Barbara Simmons ~ Advent 2018

I'm caught first by the colors, the orange the blue the violet
the candle's flame connecting to celestial bodies we know as stars
heavenly emanations of sodium carbon hydrogen
here before me with my candle
and there above me flickering
asking me
look within look beyond look behind look ahead,
just as the Star that guided those wise men must have asked them.
This ancient wick, papyrus swaddled in melted beeswax,
lighted their way within, beyond, behind, and ahead.
I'm caught now by the light, the light without its colors,
a flameless candle set before me here, two thousand years later
away from a manger's dimness lit by candles, my flickering flameless candle
no less asks me to look within, to look beyond, to look behind to see ahead,
to ask what light I've shone on
how I live my life, how I share my life,
how I serve You in my life,
to ask me
when I turn the candle off, in this new version of antiquity's flame,
will I remember what lumen means:
as light, the measure of the candle lighting my life within without behind beyond,
in me, the measure of so many channels made more luminous by You.