

Photosynthesis

The Tangent

The Light falls so softly on the village's roofs
Spreads indistinctly over valleys and plains
The last grasps of daylight hand onto the trees
The branches retracting...becoming one with the night

In their secret places the late birds bed down
In steeples and pylons their life carries on
And in TV-lit windows we all find our home
On the great star-lit landscape we see from the air

We need no more fear of the dark than the morning
For light needs a place it can play

Shadows eclipsing the light that remains
As ten million hot suns beat down on they prey
While one half is blinded the other watches in awe
The universe turning on its infinite way

Watch as the night sky revolves into daybreak
Wait for the first rays of light

Think of new lives, think of new days
Here as the sunlight goes under
Hope our new hopes, dream our new dreams
Think of new worlds without number

And all we can do is imagine the morning
On worlds that we reach in our dreams

The sun is still shining where the eagle set down
And on the people 'neath the westerly sky
But keep our eyes skyward with hope in our hearts
For space is not black, and dark's a new day