

*Sunstruck*¹

'Twas a stroke of genius
Which I must admit at first seemed fiendish
But permit me to elaborate on why this is not so

A darkened path, a fleeting light
Demonic powers flexing their might
Ill-luminated, ill-warmed life
Hopelessly lost within my plight
Howling to the moon on high
Blood curdled screams
Life defied
Unseen beneath the pitch black sky
I huddled up,
Waiting to die²

But there, I found it
Or it found me
The lesser light to rule the night
The greater's intensity reprieved
The beams shined down were not teasing
Nor menacing, but pleasing
Beams void of much, but sentiment
Yet in that I took delight³

Naught had changed
Darkness remained
The jackals prowled
The lions raged
While perching owls questioned with me
Whose mind was more insane

No circumstance was different,
Yet I found that I was
A warmth had left me,
Moon returned none,
Yet its light brought with it love
The moon, a potted, pitted sphere
An imperfect celestial body
Waterless, barren, thin atmosphere

¹ This is a compliment to the “Moonstruck” poem. It pulls ideas from there. I think that poem stands on its own, and it would detract from it to try to make it hopeful. However, I also want to create a second poem to bring in the aspect of hope. That being said, this poem isn't naively hopeful. It recognizes the harsh realities of life, but the existence of hope – even if that hope is distant.

² This summarizes the previous poem and where it left off.

³ At some point, the moonlight lost its menace and became a beautiful thing. It seems this happened when the light was recognized for what it was, not for what I wanted it to be. When I thought of the moon light in “Moonstruck,” I thought it was a useless, patronizing thing. To provide light, but scant light – and light without warmth – of what use was this? It just teased me of the light I really needed. However, here I recognize that while the moon is still ultimately inadequate, what it carries with it is in sentiment. While sentiment doesn't warm and doesn't fully light, it has its use by building hope. While warmth and light may get me through the day, hope gets me through difficulties and is more substantial than immediate provisions. Recognizing that the rays of the moon carried with it the hope of the dawn – the hope of sunlight – it was huge. In fact, the moonlight didn't just remind me of sunlight, it was sunlight itself, just in smaller measure.

A mar there - brought amor here⁴

It's true I was darkness consumed
Hunted by predators
- the prey
But light shined down upon my face
Was heaven's sun's bright rays
They unaggressively pushed through the dark
A mere abeyance, 'til clouds rolled in
Yet hope was brought to my dark soul
Reminded that darkness could not win

Jackals still feed
Hyde still appears
I still hate the dark
I still have fears
But light that shines's promise to my ears
Saying "always on high, I am with you." ⁵
For light from sunstruck moon shines down
And strikes a chord within me too⁶

⁴ I elaborate more on what the moon brought me. It brought me a reminder of warmth not only in 1) the fact that it was sunlight, 2) the hope of the dawn, but also in 3) the symbolism of the moon itself. The moon is a disfigured stepsister of Earth. It is pockmarked with craters, lacks much atmosphere, is half dark all the time, and is really of little beauty or value. Yet this disfigured form beautifully reflects the sun to the world 24 hours a day. When I again experience the sun, half of the world will experience the moon. While I bask in their hope, the moon holds true in its position of "reminder of the dawn." Such a disfigured form is the perpetual harbinger of hope.

⁵ Things aren't magically better, but hope is there. These two lines are supposed to trigger Christ saying, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the ends of the earth." Here I say "high, I am with you" as a play on the "Lo." The moon is the reminder that the Son on high reigns and is with us, even when he seems distant.

⁶ Here I bring in the title of the poem, "sunstruck." It conveys a number of meanings. 1) It brings in the irony that when I was "moonstruck" in the last poem, I was really sunstruck, since the moon is simply reflecting the sun. 2) "Sunstruck" sounds a lot like "sun stroke." In fact, the first line of the poem incorporates the word "stroke" to bring up this connotation. While I don't really elaborate on it in this poem, I had originally wanted to explore the benefits of being in darkness at times. Being too much in the sun can give us sunstroke. Now, when we are in glory, bring perpetually in the "sun" will be a fantastic thing. However, we are being sanctified, and it is a vital part of our growth that we experience trials. Perpetual comfort and ease, at least at this juncture in our humanity, is not a beneficial thing. We are to die to selves, take up our crosses, and experience persecution. Being moonstruck reminds us that this world is not our home. 3) Finally, this "struck" and "strikes a chord" are meant to bring into play the commonality of Christianity and suffering. Acts 2:1 shows the earliest believers sitting around waiting for the Holy Spirit. "They were all with one accord." As believers, we are all connected – or all in one accord – in our trials and our being conformed to Christ. These moments of darkness that we face are ubiquitous in the Christian world. Just as the believers who had their Lord taken in death, then taken up to heaven – were waiting around without direction for 40 days, so it is with us at times. But we have a great cloud of witnesses who have gone before us, are in accord with us, as we await the day when the eternal sun will shine and push back the darkness forever.