

Lights and Shadows

Volume 18 *Lights and Shadows* Volume 18

Article 17

1974

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Recommended Citation

Conner, D. (1974). The Silver-Stained Glass Cave. *Lights and Shadows*, 18 (1). Retrieved from <https://ir.una.edu/lightsandshadows/vol18/iss1/17>

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Honorable Mention: Poetry

THE SILVER-STAINED GLASS CAVE

by Deborah Conner

Through the mist I saw a man
That waited for me.
I followed him to a stained-glass cave,
Filled with silver sunlight.
He wore colors I had never seen: icy blues, mystic blues.
From his hand crystals fell and exploded into music
And rose and fell as rain
Into a silver cup from which we drank.

As we sat near a blue fire, that came from his eyes,
His voice wove a silver tapestry.
In the threads I saw stories
And legends
And moonlight butterflies
And single worlds that contained a world.

His voice wove on and all harps stopped to hear.
From the air there fell a stream that disappeared into the stone.
And from the icy floors I gained new warmth.
His eyes blinded my eyes so I could see.
And my mind rose to the silver sun.

We climbed the starlight staircase into the mountain.
The night was hung with our beautiful words.
We laughed.
We cried.
We smiled.
We saw the darkness die.
We fled the golden light and found his silver cave.

Now I am in the mist alone.
But there always waits,
The silver-stained glass cave.