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## Light at the Edge of the World

Bill Meissner  
*St. Cloud, MN*

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## LIGHT AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD

It's always out there, even though  
you might think it's night. It's always  
just beyond your vision, the blink  
of your eye. The light  
is still somewhere, skimming off the lips  
of ocean waves, massaging the sides of granite mountains,  
softly outlining the features on the faces of lovers.

There's darkness out there, too,  
but the light, the light  
always overpowers it, turns it to mere  
shadows that can only hide behind  
what's been brightened.

After these years, I know this much:  
Light is a kind of fire. And  
inside all of us is a place no one can touch,  
a place where, at midnight, we can still see,  
in the distance,  
the first tentative kiss of dawn.

Bill Meissner  
St. Cloud, MN