

**The Source of loving** by Jim Price

The sun has set into a lake,  
leaving the day with its fading bloom.

Darkness moistens my lips  
and softens my gaze.

I was lost for a single fault,  
sun-burnt for the lack of proper clothing.

Now, clothes seem superfluous under  
the expansive dark and infinite flecks of shine.

Light is forged in the vastness of space.

We were made through the alchemy of starlight.

A star is shining from my heart.

We can stoke the radiance together,  
rekindle an ancestral glow.

Wander with a purpose, oh dear heart,  
to share the Source of loving.

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