

# Holding

I turn to the moon and I bathe  
in its light and I reach out  
to pick up its dust and instead  
I hold colour, that off-white,  
warm-white white, and it goes  
into my hand, my fingers,  
like the softest glittering schist  
and I feel its colour  
palely shining through me, to me  
with me, in me.

Just so, I turn to people,  
touching their lives as I  
would the light of moon dust,  
holding them sacred,  
feeling their light, that off-white,  
warm-white white, fill me,  
suffuse me, spill over and out,  
and all of us holding as much  
of God as we can,  
each of us embodying  
whatever phase of the moon  
our gross bodies can sustain--  
we glow, both soaking up  
and reflecting, frail bodies  
luminous in this pale life.

By Eabhan Ní Shuilleabháin