

# **Persistence of Your Light**

## **by Belle Vang**

When the clouds have engulfed the skies  
When the croaks of the frogs are all you hear  
When the birds refuse to unfold their feathers  
When the rivers run of reeking waste

Does the light within persist?

When the blinds shun the horrors away from you  
When the sly warmth of your lamp comforts you  
When the cries of your brothers are muffled through the walls  
When the table is occupied by dust

Does the light within persist?

When the curtains have been drawn  
When the snow is no more  
When a bitter taste is on the mouths of others  
When all feels lost

Will you let the light within persist?