

## ***BEGINNINGS***

I stop one moment, standing on the threshold,  
Looking forward. No light falls there,  
No dawning glow or glittering star  
Shines in the distance, no dark-lit warmth  
From a tunnel's entrance, as told by those  
Refused entry at the final gate.  
Why do I stop? I stand one moment  
Gathering my self, separating truth  
From all I leave - from long anguish,  
From faded sight, from sound, from taste,  
From panicked touch picking the coverlet,  
From a world I knew - to a new wonder.  
I stop one moment, steadying myself,  
Lest I go gently when I would jump to joy.

*Alan Jackson*