

*For Phil and Rita Dawson*

A magus leading solitary souls

As a star gazing shepherd in the night,

Beheld one member of his flock grow bright

And take off through the dark the moon unrolls.

“I am a wise man, sheep, and shepherd too”

He said, “of pilgrims seeking Bethlehem-

I love my sheep and would not part with them,

But where does this one lead her shepherd to?”

It was the dawn, arising in The East

To which his lamb on wings had been released

To blaze as fire, concluding his dark night:

Because she saw, arising as his face

The sun, that made all earth a different place

When turned to her, at last to shed its light!

*By Dominic King, Leeds, UK*