

Her words are light

by [Charles Hughes](#) in the [March 13, 2019](#) issue

*In memory of Dorothy Parkander, scholar and teacher (1925–2018)*

How strong I feel the sun!  
I feel the rain some days  
That strong. Today is one:

Sunlight has evanesced,  
As if itself become  
Dark clouds, cold rain, unrest.

I move through this blind day  
By words—their small gold glow—  
Words treasured, given away

For love's sake, which still burn  
As candles do in church,  
Lit each to each in turn,

Flickering, growing faint—  
Surviving, almost holy,  
In weakness like a saint.

I know rain will efface  
More than the sun. But words?  
Her words? Always there is grace.