

Half-light

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [March 13, 2019](#) issue

Waking to winter's dawn  
the room drained of color,  
except for neon numbers—  
6:14—blinking on the bruise  
of the bureau against a pale  
wall while out the window,  
*seen through glass darkly,*  
a world shrouded, everything,  
all of it, wrapped in gauze:  
like Lazarus, I think, when  
Jesus, weeping, called him forth,  
and he woke from death, blinded,  
his body bound by strips of cloth  
that, like a chrysalis dissolving,  
fall away as he rises, trembling,  
to stumble through the darkness,  
confused, and stunned, perhaps  
afraid, not knowing where he'd  
been or what comes next until  
emerging into sudden sun, he sees  
Jesus, face to face, and, dazzled,  
celebrates, as I do each new day,  
the miracle of light's return.