

# Paramaecium, Echoes

The morning has nothing to fear from the night

Reaching the monastery of St Catherine  
The burning bush where Moses spoke with his God  
The chamber of skulls of the monks, they who had gone before  
The library of early Christian texts and the pathway of repentance  
Steps cut into rock by monks so they could  
Climb to the peak and commune with their God

As I climb the long pathway of repentance myself  
Towards the peak of Sinai in the still dark hours of the morn  
I yearn for the daylight which will tame my hesitations

My soul had hungered for the truth throughout this aching quest  
And as I watched the sun rise over Sinai for the first time in my whole life  
I realised it shed its light not only on the earth  
But also on the darkness of my aged heart within  
Now was the time to shine