New Light

Lin Mocejunas
St. John Fisher College

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?

Follow this and additional works at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1998/iss1/10

This document is posted at http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1998/iss1/10 and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
New Light

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: October 1997.

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1998/iss1/10
**New Light**

As the candles were lit,
we suddenly sank
into a dream world all of our own,
our bodies connected,
our souls sang out
in a passion we'd never known.

Our spirits soared,
our hearts became quick
our bodies instantly
rhymed in sync!

As the intensity poured through
every cell of our souls,
I could feel our passion cry out
for the communion of light
that was ultimately calling us home.

We rested in peace and stirred with delight,
- then once again we began,
to let desire take command,
flow through us and capture the night.

--- Lin Mocejunas

---

**In these Arms**

In these arms I hold the most precious
gem ever bestowed onto man.
A gift directly from God's Grace.
So vastly powerful it can change entire
lives.

Surely the omnipotent one knew the blessing
he allowed in this gift of love.
The proof lies in the actual acquisition of this
attribute.
The love that undoubtably must occur is the
same love it takes to raise and care for this jewel.
None more and certainly nothing less.

This delicate clay left in my arms to mold at times
seems to melt like butter when I hold it close.

*He is my Son.*

Him, I shall hold in these great arms for the
rest of this and beyond.
I shall shape him in the image of men like me
and better.

*He shall not want*

Ironically, it shall be these same arms I use to hold
him and lovingly raise him, that I will also use to
defend him, until the death.

And later when he grows and asks,
"Daddy why are your arms so large and scarred?"
I will sit him down and teach him life and history.
Thus beginning a patrilineal heritage that will
produce a strong man and legacy that will rise
and be twice mine.

Then and only then will I lay down my arms.
after I have shown my son,

*How to raise his.*

--- Malcolm Payne