

# The Clean Edge Of Change

Carrie Newcomer

First there is the folding in,  
To gather light and dark to you.  
The journey down so far that it,  
Has nowhere else to go but through.  
I thought if I tried hard enough,  
With endless motion like a bribe,  
As if by this the will of God,  
Could be bent to my version of right.

What happens next is nearly weightless,  
The opening where we stand breathless,  
On the clean edge of change.

She cannot live beneath my wings,  
No more with he see seventy.  
How many mornings did I wake,  
And wished that it would be you I'd see?

And who am I, who makes this sound,  
Who rode the shadow all the way down?

In that clear space of knowing there's  
As many names for dark as for light,  
I am choosing mostly now to speak  
The names that get me through the night.  
But always, with humility,  
With a worn out but grateful heart.  
Having sang so recently,  
Full-throated In the dark.

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The journey down so far that it,  
Has nowhere else to go but through.