



Rediscovering bright lights

In the early morning of the rest of my life,

Light colours my path.

I knew it... soft, flamboyant...

Sometimes it appeared obscure.

Now it bursts forth in explosive waves, pure,

in glimmers, in joys, in dances and in music.

Raw, burning,

It tears away the veil that stands before

My eyes, my preconceptions, my sleepy heart,

And reveals an unknown reality,

Which each day renews.

Impossible to fight.

Why go back?

With its many voices, it calls...

‘Dare, live, surrender!’

It dances with me

And I don't know the next step.

If my heart trembles from time to time...

From the depths of my memory, nothing can stop

A cry of joy, admiration, gratitude:

I have rediscovered the colour of bright lights!

Sister Marielle Lobry, Togo