

## Lanterns Ignite

A smokey ruin of day comes claimed by dusk,  
And shadows play anew as I gaze down the,  
narrow, winding cobblestone choked path  
inset as memory in the ancient town.

This way has been marked as long as thought has;  
etched, inlaid by labored hands, across a march of generations, dust in the streets.

Echoes arise and fall upon the steps and walls, as a mosaic of music and voices blend to the  
rhythm of the unseen streets below.

But, here I pause  
as the lanterns ignite.

a soft glow at one with windows and iron wrought balconies alight,  
and the faint traces of the brilliant sun fading from the sky.

Emerald climbing ivy, spills from weathered stone vases,  
and the bright blue door at the last curve in sight awaits my passing tread, the din of my feet,

As I rejoin my journey to what must be.  
This path familiar, yet different than all I have known.

Peace, heart  
For your path is lit, in the dreams from shadows.



“Lanterns Ignite” by Pete Planisek

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