



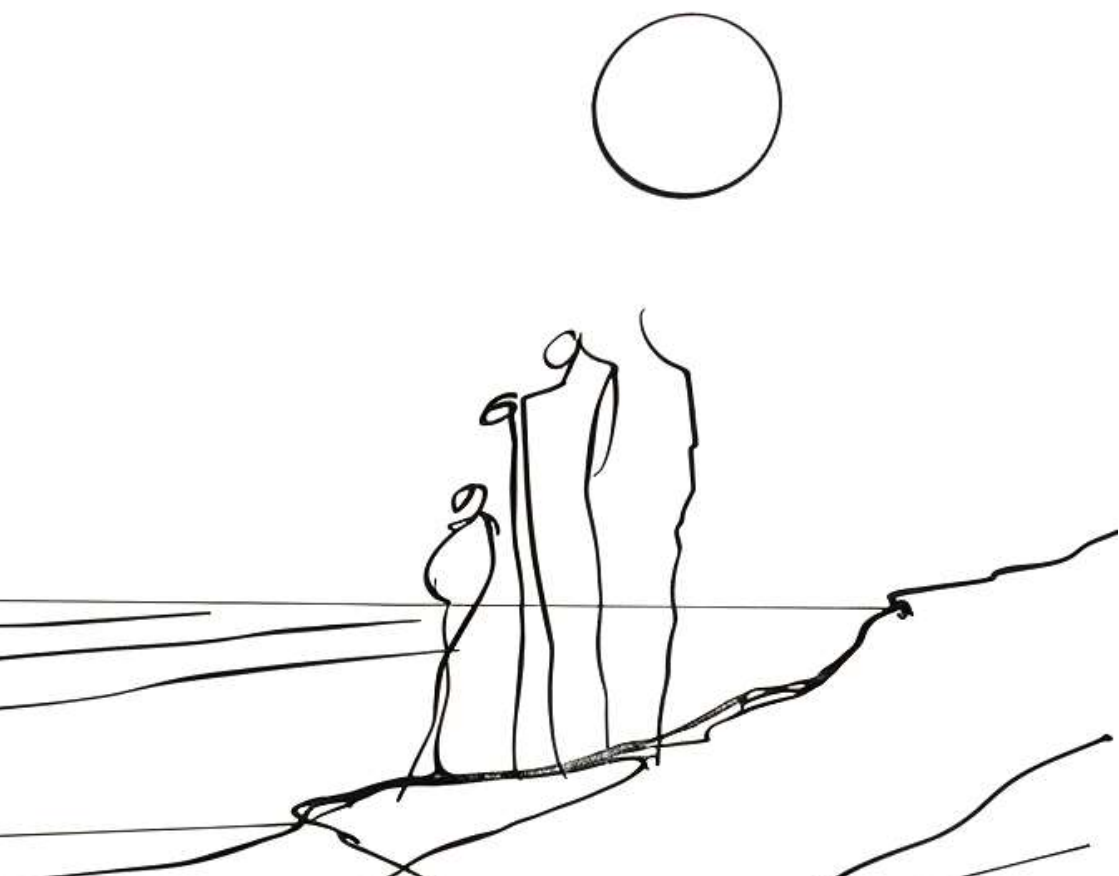
The day and the darkness

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Dedication

To the children of the world.

We all desire a home, a safe place to call our own. May you seek it and find it in this maze we call life.



The day and the darkness

There once was a boy named Sam,
Who lived in a land where the sun always
shone,
He was always surrounded by friends and loves
ones,
But most of all, he was never alone,
And this gave him comfort;
Wherever he went,
He was certain that there'd be a friend.
But Sam was young and the world was still
simple,
Everything simply black or white,
Everything clear as day,
Everyone smiled and
Everything always seemed right,
And everything turned out okay.



As Sam grew older,
Things started to change.
Slowly at first,
The days turned shorter,
And shadows set in,
Long grey shadows where sunlight had been,
And then one day, the sunlight was gone,
A pitch-black blanket had covered the sky,
And Sam could feel a knot in his throat,
His smile had gone,
He wanted to cry,
A storm raged wildly inside,
It tore at his mind,
It lashed at his heart,
He searched for answers that
He could not find.



“I wish I knew what was going on!”, he said to
anyone near,

His heart felt conflicted,

His throat was constricted,

His frail body shook;

For the first time ever,

Sam felt fear.



“Don’t worry, my friend,” said a voice in the tree,
He looked up to see a charcoal cat,
Staring absentmindedly,
“This is what we call ‘night’,
A wonderous time for one such as I,
Who choose the dark to the light.”
“It’s scary,” said Sam,
“I can’t see a thing,
How will I know what the darkness will bring?”
“Sure,” said the cat,
“The darkness is different,
There’re cats that hunt,
And things that sting,
And sounds that clang and cling,
But the darkness can hold many wonders,
To those who do not lose hope!”



“Like what?” asked Sam,

“Oh, that depends,” said the cat,

“In the darkness live other creatures,

In the darkness you find other things,

In the darkness,

- like in the light -

One might make some friends,

One might learn a thing or two,

That makes a better man of you.”

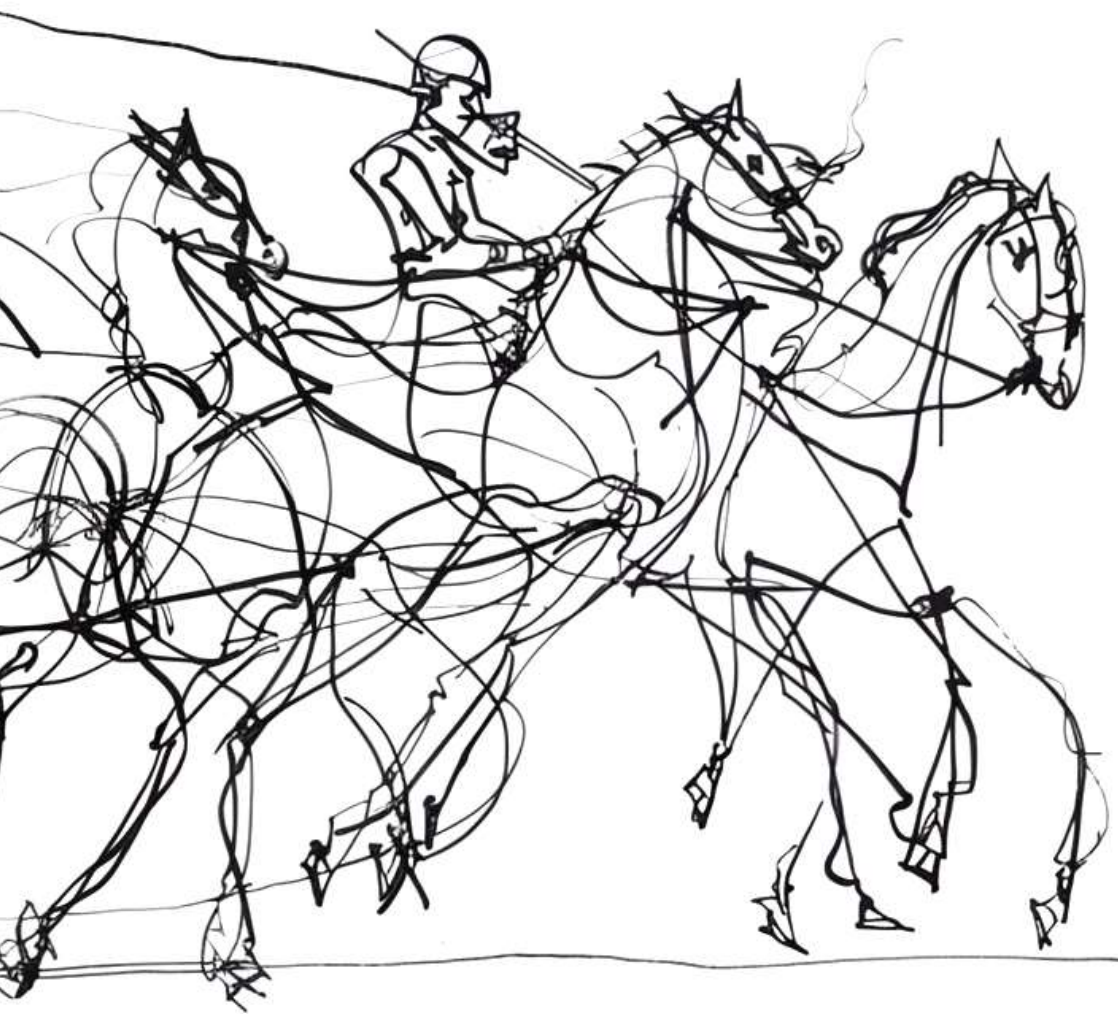
“But I am a creature of the day,” said Sam,

“It’s how I was made,

And it’s always been this way.”



“Could you be both?” enquired the cat,
“Fully alive, both night and day,
A life to live,
A lesson to learn,
A bigger - and even a better - role to play?”
Sam thought for a while,
Rebellious currents and gusts of wind,
Carried his thoughts through fictitious
scenarios,
Playing out battles, imagined and real,
And testing and tugging how
That made him feel.
After a while, his thoughts settled down,
He could see a picture where he could exist,
Both in the day and the night -
For in sunlight or darkness,
In autumn or spring,
The source of the light was discovered within.



“So,” repeated the cat,

“Could you be ‘you’ in the day and the night?”

“I suppose,” said Sam,

“But where would I start?”

“Hmm,” said the cat,

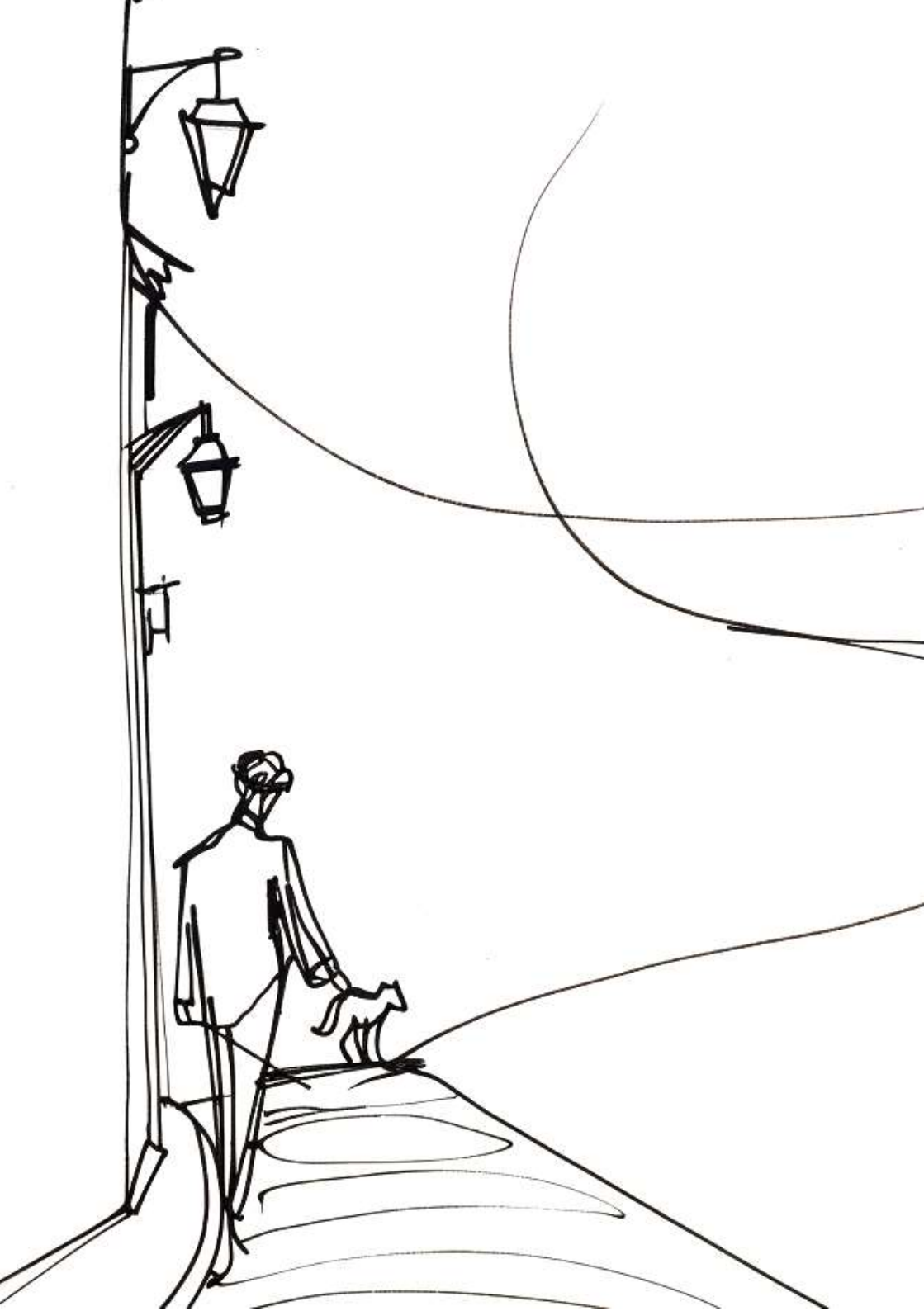
“I think...

With friends and hope,

As all stories must,

And a dash of faith,

And a smudge of trust.”



“One more thing,” said Sam,
“What if the day or the night become jealous,
and what if they fight, because each one feels
that it is their right to be loved,
Maybe I’ll love the one slightly more...
The last thing I want is a war.”
“That is for them to resolve,” said the cat,
“Love cannot be demanded,
(and they should know this too)
That love does not keep score, and
The honour they’ll have, is knowing that
They are loved by you.”

That being said,
He jumped from the tree,
And purred and smiled,
“My friends call me Tom,” he said,
“You hungry? There’s pizza ahead.”



Sam breathed.

A weight had lifted,

His focus had shifted and all of a sudden,

Things looked different indeed,

The world was the same, he was sure,

For worlds don't change as quickly as this,

If ever they change at all,

But he had changed, ever so slightly,

And that made all the difference,

A tiny shift,

And the dark clouds faded,

And the raging storms died down,

And peace walked and danced in the streets,
where fear had paraded,

Only moments before.



The moon was bright and friendly,
The stars were glistening like pearls in the sky,
He pierced through the night and saw
Colours and rainbows, and
Breathtaking wonders that captured his eye,
And against all odds,
He was not alone,
Not in the day, and
Not in the night,
And his heart felt warm,
And his joy returned, as he
Smiled at his friend nearby.

