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# Light from Love

Trails had disappeared their own lifetimes ago  
and the pilgrimage continued.

At some point along the quiet way each realized time was left  
behind and color within their prayers became focused on the  
particular hue of previously unknown possibility.

Hearing breath beyond their own fed their limbs.

It was the light of love for others that had been guiding each of  
them all along.

*Eliza Naranjo Morse*

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