



SIEBENQUELL

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# You are my spark of hope

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we threaten to grow weary  
the eyelids almost fall shut  
wake up, someone calls  
WHO?  
too heavy the eyelids  
only a slit  
through which the light beam remains visible  
only a slit  
through which the spark  
from my depths  
risks stepping out  
infects you  
to open my eyelids and yours

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to take away the veil  
of too much deception  
so that your Thou ignites the new light  
wake up, we then hear, best right now  
IT IS I, who hears and calls, never wearying!  
You with us, who kindles the embers anew?  
we, flying sparks, for a new morning  
may it then be good  
I believe in it, you are even more  
than a spark of hope

**Sylvia Ditt**

*Vallendar, November 5th, 2020*