

Elgin: City of Light

by Aron Ryan

We remember
loved ones, seres queridos
on Día De Los Muertos,
firelight welcoming families home
to ofrendas - like the sunset welcomes stars
to their cradles in the sky.

We remember
our inner light, celebrating Diwali.
Sand pink, green, yellow, blue,
every color, every hue, sprouting into a lotus
bloom. Fire adorns every petal,
clay lamps glowing marigold (a pungent perfume.)

We remember
reclaiming sacred spaces,
celebrating Hanukkah
with each candle on the menorah.
Brighter with each night,
our light grows like a garden in the window.

We remember
our city of light, the smell of smoke
in death and in life.
Even our birth blazes bright, every life
in our city worthy of a candle
and a wish for something, everything wonderful.