

TURN ON THE LIGHT

Turn on the light to shine bright and escape the blindness of the dark.
Open eye and welcome beaming rays which go through variable lens to destination retina.

Revealing firm shapes and vivid colours, rising up like that ascending lark.
To see detail of many close objects, big and small, plus landscapes afar.

Turned on the light, our forebears watched flickering flames form shadows as stories passed from one to another.

Family fires and burning braziers torched their path to lengthen the hours in their day.

Gas lamps and sensitive candles lit the bedchamber when children were bid goodnight by their mother.

Hilltop and cliff-top beacons ignited to send messages across the valley and the bay.

Turn out the light, draw the blinds, "blackout, put it out," we heard the warden cry.

In wartime Britain, this was our darkest hour, of that there is no doubt.

To detect enemy aircraft, searchlights scanned to search the wide expanse of sky.
With the conflict of battle across borders, the lights all over Europe were going out.

Turn on the flashing lighthouse that guides and warns of dangerous shores to passing ships.

Illuminated indicator boards convey their message and colour display traffic lights say when to stop or go.

Street lamps, cat's eyes, side and head lamps assist drivers on night time trips.

Warning amber or red dashboard lights display with the temperature high or low.

Turn on the bedside, standard and desk lamp, turn on the central chandelier.

Turn on the library strip lights as classics students take their place to read King Lear.

Turn on the desk top computer, the mobile phone all tidily arranged. It's all so neat.

Turn on the electric fire glow to pretend to the neighbours it radiates both light and heat.

Turn on the morning alarm, power shower, radio, music and breakfast TV.

Turn on the theatre lights and cinema projector plus illuminations along the promenade by the sea.

Turn on detectors for smoke and carbon monoxide the google home, those garden lights and security device with its laser beam.

Turn on the lamps before the camera records, she'll soon be a star, the cat who has the cream.

But now look up at the night sky to see those lights that have no switch.

Astronomers and scientists send unmanned crafts to travel near them to explore.

From transmitted data, it's important to discover more about them, that's their pitch.

But when they have analysed one, then on to the next, there's always more.

But wait, have we forgotten that there is really only one important light.

Its almighty power is so strong, we cannot look at it because it is so bright.

It is our constant source of energy, both when we see it and when we can't.

It gives life to mammal, bird, reptile, insect, fish, tree, flower and plant.

It gives heat and light as each day starts with its rise and ends at its set.

It is the light that turns us on and because we owe our lives to it, we are ever in its debt.

THE END

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