

## **Guiding Lights**

Wandering the streets  
Wet, cold, hungry, and lost.  
We drift past dark alleyways  
Dismal, uninviting, lifeless.  
Reluctant to pass through them, we continue.

Far ahead, reflections of light illuminate the damp pavement.  
Pulsating blue, green, orange.  
We quicken our pace.  
This alleyway is different, alive.  
Cheery, warm, welcoming.

Whenever discouraged,  
We should search out the bright lights  
Bringing color to our sometimes shadowed world.  
Revealing a promising path for our future.