

Vimy at First Light

Phillip Louie

She holds her laurels low, alone; the night
and tears renew—the empty tomb remains.
Her shrouded head stays bowed. High above, light
lifts through dark; watchful monoliths gain sight.

Rays whiten stone: first the crests at height;
it washes down, a glowing fuse of dawn,
and catches on the torch held high—sun-white.
The names read clearly, etched in stone and light.

