

# THE WEIGHT OF LIGHT

## Oyedokun Ibukun Penawd

No one warns you  
that healing shines too brightly.  
That the same sun that wakes flowers  
also exposes the cracks in the vase.

They tell you time will heal,  
but never that it will first strip the wound  
of every bandage you called comfort.

Light is not gentle;  
ask the eyes that have lived too long in shadow,  
even miracles of light can blind them.

People say, 'You're glowing',  
but they don't see the fire burning.  
They don't see how much of me  
had to burn to look this warm.

Hope was never weightless.  
It sits on the chest like morning dew,  
beautiful,  
but cold before it becomes graceful.

I've learned that peace isn't the absence of storms;  
it's knowing which thunder belongs to your growth.  
It's sleeping through lightning  
because you've rebuilt your house  
on the rock of forgiveness.

I no longer chase happiness;  
I water endurance instead.  
I no longer beg joy to stay;  
I let her sit beside sorrow,  
and they share a cup  
without naming who the host is.

Now when I walk into the light,  
I walk gently,  
because I know every brightness  
has a breaking point.

So when you see light in someone,  
don't ask for their glow;  
ask what it costs  
to stay visible.