

# THE FIRST DAY

Ng Kian Seng

*Emptiness.*

*In the hidden void  
of stone-cold formlessness,  
darkness brooded over  
the face of the unreflecting waters.*

*Aeons of hushed expectancy  
rushed headlong,*

*unseen and unseeing  
to that consummation*

*When God whispered,  
"Let there be light."*

*A frisson of unmitigated joy  
stabbed the embryonic silence  
as light exploded  
showering shimmering sheets  
of incandescence,*

*wrapping all-that-was  
with its all seeing  
shroud of white.*

*The tunnel of darkness ended  
at where the framed light  
met the surface of the waters  
where God first saw*

*His own image bathed in the glory of first lights.*



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