

# EX NIHILO

## ORIGINAL PROSE AND POETRY

### STILL LIGHT

*Cassian Derbes, O.P.*

Dominic's door -  
Darkness sent.  
Drawn down to rest  
In night's ample still.  
Peering sight's clouded lens:  
Tired, though rest feels far spent.  
Until he forgets but the divine,  
Whose hand he sees not;  
Nor feels not.

Not to sight knows still;  
But to heart and breath he hears:  
The whispering spill from Our Lady's love.  
Fills the soul with grace.

*Cassian Derbes entered the Order of Preachers in 2009.*



THOMAS COLE -  
STUDY FOR THE PILGRIM OF THE CROSS  
AT THE END OF HIS JOURNEY