

The Light within the Gloomy Woods

by [Walt Garlington](#) (July 2025)



Man in the Woods at Sunrise (William Keith, 19th C)

The shadowy woods present an ominous face,
Leafless hands on withered branches, driven by the wind,
Beat against the black clouds that fill the sky,
Obscuring the fiery orb and its blazing beams.

Isn't this the home of evil fiends, of wights and thieves?
But Saint Evroul has wrought a mighty transformation. A
refugee
From the Frankish court, now a hermit of these woods,
Eking out a life on scanty fare in his mud-branch hut.

From the eye of his pure heart shines the fair and holy Light

Of Christ, radiating gently through the forest of Ouche,
Dispelling the nightmare forms that abode within,
Attracting the outlaws and brigands,

Reforming them by his example and his words.
Three and a dozen other abbeys he formed and filled,
Populating the woodland with angelic men and maids,
And, with his passing, his lustrous relics now its chiefest
treasure.

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Walt Garlington was born and raised in that part of Dixieland called Louisiana. A chemical engineer by training, he has spent the last several years writing full-time. He has written essays and poems for *The Hayride*, *New English Review*, *The Tenth Amendment Center*, *The Abbeville Institute*, *Reckonin'*, *Katehon*, *Geopolitica*, and *USA Really*. He writes regularly at his own web site, [Confiteri: A Southern Perspective](#).

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