

Brilliance

I have seen fierce stars against the black
and shifting countenance of space;
have watched the edge of shadow sliced away
by moonrise on new snow, and I have paced
a sheen of desert in the press of sun.

I have felt the pulse of unborn thoughts
quicken in my brain; have changed strains
of genius from a violin
into poems patterned in my mouth.

I have watched the flame devour air
and burst the heart of wood to free the fire;
have caught wild lightening in a wire
to ignite the wick of lamps within my walls
and send the dark suddenly away.

There is another flaming not of Earth,
of magnitude beyond a sea of suns.
It is the glory that I long to taste
when God at last unwraps to me His face:

Unnumbered burnished trumpets sound the blare
and celebrate with rich and shimmering psalms;
their honey, holy-sweet, upon my tongue
makes all of vibrant Earth seem bare beside
the nurturing of angels in the blaze
and brilliance of His white, delicious light.

—Pamela Hamblin