

The Ambivalants

John B. Harris

The time is trembling into advent
As we stand amazed at the burdening brink
Bursting into Everlastingness like the bang of a balloon
Frightening the child in us.
And souls stretched tip-toe tall shrink timid
While hope, head hanging, hurries headlong
Into expectation of Salvation.
What does it mean
That we expectantly doubt life's sole certainty?