

GLIMPSES

When I was seven or eight
I imagined
storms were swept-up piles
of evil, black bags of it
the devil hung over us
to break suddenly
with writhing weight.
And when all that corruption
began to spill,
it clawed like a falling cat
ripping open the sky, letting
heaven show for a split instant,
brighter than compounded suns.

And then the earth jarred
as God snapped shut
the jagged tear
with an irate boom,
knowing we weren't yet ready

for such unshielded shining.