

SEEING DARKLY FOR NOW

Glenna Holloway

Born with an ancient will to fly,  
yet we cower, attempt to hide  
when the hour of freedom nears, clinging  
to a finite worldly flight plan.

Death is only a different plane,  
a form of change, a soaring  
from earth's pull--inviolable, unfailing,  
always waiting patient as a star.  
Death fulfills all contracts.

In the aura of our skyward yearning,  
long past the wax and feather era,  
new metaphors hold us back.  
Our probing beams waver, earthbound  
and pale against the vastness.  
Facets of polished night reflect  
our flawed designs and opaque facts.

Death smoothes the hurting struggle,  
all ambivalence. Malignant and fought,  
still death remains constant, bright  
as a sun, surpassing all knowledge  
we possess. Looking, we lack the vision  
until the smoky glass is passed beyond  
and we attain the apogee of our species,  
the sure and certain contact  
our inner spaces are programmed to compute.

Just as the master pilot pioneered the way,  
we complete the holy circuit, imprinting  
our imperfect cells with old coordinates  
for our collision course with all eternity.

Death is the creation machine,  
the mighty-engined transport,  
the wings on which we rise to meet and see,  
at last, perfection face to face.