

SEEING DARKLY FOR NOW
(1 Corinthians 13:12)

Off last night's starboard
the morning's wings rise red
beneath the brow of the moon
and the sun's opening eye. Slowly we launch
our own first light from sundry planes,
following homemade flight plans.
Long past the wax and feather era,
the old metaphors that held us back,
we borrow the heavens' aura
and plod against the pull as earth inhales.
Our probing beams waver,
pale against the vastness. Oblique rays
ricochet off melted sapphire mists;
leftover facets of night reflect
our flawed designs and opaque facts. Yet
for all our yawing, for all the slip stream
flowed across the way of our species,
there is a certain contact point,
a benison-bright apogee
our inner spaces are programmed to compute.
Having gained it once, One completed
a holy circuit, imprinting our imperfect cells
with codes and coordinates
for our collision course with eternity.

--Glenna Holloway