

# To See Thy Face

Randall L. Hall

1.

I come rising from the water  
Like an angel,  
Breathing rarer air,  
Leaving buried in the quivering grave  
The crippled part of me that trembled in the light,  
That dark and warring part of me  
That I had bruised and wounded  
But could not totally subdue.

I come rising  
With the new blood singing praises  
To the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
Through whose names and power  
Every whit of me is cleansed!

2.

There is fire,  
In those hands placed firmly on my head,  
That ignites a thrill and quiver in me  
And I begin to fill with flame  
As I open wide my arms  
In joy and greeting  
For the promised Brother  
Come to be the mentor of my soul.

He enters bringing gifts  
In preparation for our journey to the light:  
A scouring flame,  
A golden vial whose scent is peace,  
A compass,  
A key that opens time.

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Randall L. Hall received an M.A. in English, with an emphasis in creative writing, from Brigham Young University. In April 1979 he was named Poet of the Year for Utah by the Utah State Poetry Society, and his first book of poems, *Mosaic*, was published in September.

3.

In the center of this circle ringed with power,  
Hands once again upon my head,  
I receive the hallowed power  
That transports me to the mountain  
And allows me to behold the glory  
And the everlasting burnings of His face.

My own hands come alive with flame  
And I am sent to minister.

The future blooms before me  
Where, standing in His stead, my words

Guide infants cradled in my hands

Collapse the life from wind  
Restore it to a failing body

Organize and kindle stars  
And govern suns that roll upon their wings  
In orbit through the air.

4.

I reach upwards,  
In this palace spiring towards the sun,  
Eager to be lifted into heaven by Thy hand.

Time and space  
Are shattered like a pane of clouded glass;  
And the metaphor of Eden  
Shares its quickened struggle with my heart.

Sequestered from the world  
The eyes of angels watch  
As, one by one,  
I lay upon the altar  
All the jewels and baubles of my soul  
And seek the promised recompense  
That floods with charity and light  
This necessary emptiness.

5.

In this room of whiteness, silence, mirrors and light  
I kneel  
And take your hand.  
We feel the words of power  
Thrill the air  
And fuse our love forever.

Now one, we kneel together, truly,  
Creating an infinity of images  
That, in our likeness, shuttle back and forth  
Within the mirrors of eternal lives,  
Harbingers of that unnumbered myriad of sons and daughters  
Rising into grace upon the earths and kingdoms we have formed,  
Rising to the fullest measure of creation,  
Rising splendidly in that bright flux beyond the stars!