

## Creator

Over there, at the singe of morning, is a tern  
At the edge of shadow. Visions of streams turn  
Under the edge of the airy fields that burn  
In pale indigo with embers of feldspar in the fern  
Of starlight stilling. Someone lingers there, stern  
In his holiness, to guide us beyond the gossamer urn  
Of gravities that hold time in its slow sojourn  
In the universe. All will still before him as he advises  
The mind of light. And this I touched in the frail  
Blue frost far distant under the cliff of the pale  
Of dust. Will he, shaping the billowing veil  
Of light in time, pause to reveal the end and adjourn  
The seraphim into still another place? What arises  
From his hand now but the burnishing?

—Clinton F. Larson