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