

Temple II

Michael R. Collings

There is a certain look—across a tatted lace—
A certain look—a light—that passes, silent,
Between tall mirrors centered face to face—
That without words initiates consent—

There is a gleam that touches soul to soul,
Entwines twin eyebeams—penetrates the heart
of Each—of two creates a single Whole,
Eternal, greater than its mortal parts—

There is a whispered word—a phrase—that binds
More intricate than lace—more bright
Than inborn hopes to swell through singled minds—
Consenting to their place on Heaven's height—

There is a look—a gleam—a whispered word
That signifies consent before the Lord.