

Canto 12

Ronald Wilcox

Lightning's no easy light to see alive reflecting
Joseph's mind : No magic bottle holds it nor do I
Believe it possible, try as I will to engage in mirrors
As images : how can I imagine what ignited flashing glass
As Joseph fell through the window of his martyrdom?
Keen shards, bright glints, encrypted revelations
Yet to be told but not by him. More foretelling
Could only be by those who followed him in faith,
Believing he had passed all means of streaming
Insights from God to those of Holy Priesthood
Who sign and signal and see expanding explanations
Like ringing lights tossed childlike upon a pond,
Its surface broken as if by diamonds flung
From a steady hand downward like radiant hail
To intervene in man's mind, sheer miracles
Mirroring prophecies like drops of God's thoughts
Ringing outward concentric reflections,
Creating waves, interference patterns
Of affirmations emerging in convergence,
Laws far beyond the child, man, but delighting
In a whee & a squeal dizzily reflecting ourselves,
The simple act engendered by prayers answered
In surprises, secret toys that instruct,
Not the no-nonsense-lessons of a schoolmarm
Strictly teaching with love-taps that sting,
But rather like a rainbow finding a lovely bowl
Of Cherries at its fingertips, a pond
Flaming sundown and shadow,
A drink that cools but never burns the tongue.