

## One Glory of the Moon

*Doug Talley*

—1 Corinthians 15:51

Wild raspberry leaves had turned deep crimson and the stalks black. For prayer I bowed in the field like one of the stalks, no less resigned. Leaves of silver maple were shed and their underside had surrendered to autumn mauve. In the eastern acre of the woods a sheet of yellow

and orange and brown leaves suggested low fire. Though blue asters had shriveled, with two or three, because of the Indian summer, still clinging madly to their color, a whole nation of robins were feeding in the pasture, the field alive with birds. My prayer? What words

fit for resignation to the death of such beauty? If God can raise children of Abraham from stone, let that late sinking moon, pale and full in the smoky blue, sinking to the low fire of turning leaves, let that late moon rise again, splintered into a country of angels.