

flicker

*James Dewey**with gratitude to Adam S. Miller and Ryan W. Quinn*

in the beginning, God
gave grace away
fast and free to all

this is what we call creation
which was actually continuation
and still continues

every day, every hour, every minute
timelessly tick-tick-ticking away: grace, grace,
grace!

the fall? that's on us
that's us
stepping away from grace
which is Him

like flickers in the field
hunting for ants
we dance, looking from one meal to the next
and we pause to say grace

He whispers, *Real grace*
is the tree in which the ants are hiding
the seed from which the tree sprouted
the egg the flicker was in when its mother
lived in the egg of its mother
long before flickers learned to fly

before flickers and ants and trees and all this
we swam in a dark lake of grace
we wandered in ancient forests of grace
we gazed at grace-ridden stars
all of them suns in the skies
of other grace-made worlds

their light is reaching us now
 when we need it most
the tree has fallen and sprouted ants
 just as the flicker lands
the egg is cracking just as it should
 and His grace is already given
like a mother's hand reaching out to help us stand
 before we ever fall
the grace of our Savior is always
in the beginning

JAMES DEWEY has had his poetry appear in *Inscape*, *Integrated Catholic Life*, *Irreantum*, *North Dakota Quarterly*, *Off the Coast*, *Perspectives*, *Radix*, *Reformed Journal*, *Sojourners*, and *Time of Singing* and is forthcoming in *Dappled Things*, *Rock & Sling*, and *St. Katherine Review*. Together with Robbie Taggart, James manages @ComeFollowMePoetry (Instagram), where they publish weekly poems in dialogue with sacred texts. Originally from Boise, Idaho, James currently lives in Bogotá, Colombia.