

## Finding Place

*Doug Talley*

A fire in the pasture undulates  
of blue and white and yellow flower,  
a fire like a snake, it would seem, iridescent  
by sunlight and undulant in the wind.

Here one will understand the Nazarene's joy,  
awash in the lilies of his own field, a spicery  
of uncommon radiance in a common hour  
rising from the dark, speluncular sod.

*Consider*, he said. Simply consider. Flowers  
catching light like the scales of a serpent's skin,  
a yellow apple sun delicious to the taste,  
and temptations to joy irrepressible!

The kingdom of heaven found on earth  
is like a pasture, a strange, little kingdom  
full of spicery, the undulant and speluncular,  
all the words with which we choose to frame it.

In this life we find the peaceable kingdom  
within, then above, beneath, and all around.

What can a person driven by grandiosity  
know of the quiet, hidden God found here?