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## When Visions Spread Themselves Across the Sky

Gareth Phillips  
*Cedarville University*

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## About the Contributor (Optional)

Gareth Phillips is a junior, studying philosophy and English. He hopes to pursue graduate studies in literature and creative writing.

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*When visions spread themselves across the sky*

When visions spread themselves across the sky  
Like ashen clouds exploding on the wind,  
Like stinging strands of light -- when echoes lie,  
Deny the words that bid them to begin,  
I fly beyond the reaches of my home  
And falter at the gates of heaven's halls.  
I cannot sway the halting hinge alone  
Or rise above the lucid, looming walls.  
In times of agile thought and broken wings,  
When sense and spirit catch, beyond the clay,  
Some silver hint of angels whispering  
In awe above the weary wanderer's way --  
Epiphany estranges me from men  
And hangs me in their city once again.

-- Gareth Phillips