1996

When Visions Spread Themselves Across the Sky

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Recommended Citation
Available at: http://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedavillereview/vol1/iss1/9
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Keywords
Poetry

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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