

See/Saw

for Marcelle

Hans and I
are confused
and puzzled
to suddenly
find ourselves
oceanside.
We are two
lost souls.
Then lost
to each other
through the
thickening folds
of swirling mists.
And as I'm trying
to gain ground
and find my
footing, my breath
gradually is taken
into a vast, extended
displacement
of above
and below:

The valley
of the shadow
of death, where
I can see
weighty beams
of dark and light
entwined and
intersecting
on the dimly-lit
horizon;

And where
I saw the inner
workings of His
building, his holy
ghost building.

Joe L,
2007-2026