

# Gleaning In The Fields Of Light

*“Blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted.”*

## Sometimes Always

By Ken Woodley

Sometimes,

when the moon seems skillfully slung

to skip across the rushing clouds,

I wonder whose wrist and fingers

give this crescent light its motion

and if the heart behind the hand knows I'm watching,

wading toward the deep end of the sky,

up to my neck now

and wanting to swim

in communion

with the reflection of the sun

along the surface of the lunar song

being sung across the skin of heaven.

Sometimes,

the light splashes  
and I feel its current all around,  
lifting me for a moment so brief  
that it seems unreal,  
as if it were only a fantasy of my own desperate yearning.  
Sometimes, I feel the heart behind the hand  
send me skipping, too, across the clouds  
in the wake of the singing moon.  
And then my wondering turns to wonder,  
turning sometimes into  
always  
until the shouting, weeping, tumbling world sweeps always aside  
and I find myself  
looking up into the night-time sky  
when the moon seems skillfully slung  
to skip across the rushing clouds,  
wondering whose wrist and fingers  
give this crescent light its motion  
and if the heart behind the hand knows I'm watching.

And that is where I find you

finding me

again.

Always.