

Gleaning In The Fields Of Light

By Ken Woodley

“Suddenly when they looked around, they saw no one with them anymore, but only Jesus.”

—The Gospel of Mark

SOMETIMES, I WONDER

Sometimes,

when the moon seems skillfully slung

to skip across the rushing clouds,

I wonder whose wrist and fingers

give the crescent of 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.

Always.