

Gleaning In The Fields Of Light

Heaven's Skin

By Ken Woodley

A bird feels the silent darkness
of a world invading love,
of a world laying siege to tenderness,
of a world seeking air supremacy over compassion,
and so the bird does the only thing it can:
fills the world with the song of one bird.
One bird outside our window,
you next me
holding on to our holding on,
the silent darkness spreading its convoy
across the continent of all hopes
as our souls spread their wings
and follow the melody
of one bird singing, instead,
flying toward heaven's skin,
goosebumps breaking out all over it—
we feel them all—
the beating heart of heaven hoping
that we will share the splashing light
now breaking like waves

on the shoreline of the continent of all hopes,
under the wrinkled sky
above a world that spins in space
as vulnerable as a child
and filled with children of so many ages
in so many places
even more vulnerable than
the world that spins them
round and round and round
in space,
praying for the soft contours
of the everlasting light
that will spread across the edges
of everything
and everyone
after everything
and everyone
lets go
of the darkness.