

## Hints and Glimpses

All we have  
are hints and glimpses,  
something seen fleetingly  
as in peripheral vision,  
a shadowy shape  
beyond the drape,  
the voice that whispers  
behind the grill,  
the merest murmur  
of Elysian melody,  
a prickling of the skin  
which might be  
but a draft  
from an open window.  
But it is the window  
opening on eternity,  
seen now darkly,  
but then  
face to face.

This is the title poem of a new volume of poetry by Bonnie Thurston  
that will be published by Three Peaks Press in the coming Spring.