

Not Static

Bonnie Thurston

Behind the altar
a wall of windows
opens on autumnal woods.
At a morbid moment
in the morning's homily
Canada geese honk by
in homeward flight,
moving reminder that,
like every living thing,
the life of faith
is never static,
that God called
a pilgrim people,
planted in our hearts
an innate restlessness
which this very moment
stirs me to spread
slightly molted mental wings,
rise above these holy
but misguided attempts
to concretize mystery,
soar toward the maker
of migration, movement,
and the wandering mind.

Bonnie Thurston's latest book of poetry, *From Darkness to Eastering*, was published in September this year. For further details see page 57. For biographical details see page 25.

Evensong

Bonnie Thurston

Gray clouds retreat
in slow moving ranks
across a faded blue sky,
each ephemeral line
booted in ruddy bands,
an astonishing, bloody
dying of the light
after a day so clear
the heart stilled in wonder.
Hills spun out from ridges
with fields stubbled gold,
trees bronzed and orange,
in unusual clarity of place
where particulate matter
from coal fired plants
obscures in haze the horizon.
I don't know the physics,
whether those particles
refracted in upper air
embroidered the clouds
with crimson hems.
What I do know is how
hard it is to see clearly,
to gaze unblinkingly
into the mysterious face
retiring behind it all.

The Great Loneliness

Bonnie Thurston

There is a great, expansive
loneliness in the universe,
perceptible when the heart
courageously enters the clarity
of the shining moment
after long days of rain.
Its immense void ripples
out beyond visible beauty,
intellectual certainties,
what we can know.
Neither beckoning
nor repelling,
neither threatening
nor inviting,
it knits in solidarity
the tangled threads
of our deepest loneliness
to the eternally orderly
solitude of God,
and, being the reality
of what actually is,
brings both consolation.
If you listen carefully
into the emptiness
you can hear the soft click
of those conjoining needles.