

On Heaven's Sill

by Cammie Corlas Quinn

Oh, I have sought the God of shimmering stars in prairie fields
On sundry eves with dust-encumbered soul;
Upward I've peered, doubt on doubt on daily doubt
Until with mortal awe I did see
The pane twixt Earth and Heaven unlatch and lift a trace
As if God's passing whispered loose
A servant's flume where silver hints tumble down
From bins too filled with beneficence
For even Heaven's magnitude.



And I beheld a multitude of glistening jewels descend,
The holy wake of the essence of the Lord of Hosts;
Sifting down to light upon the slumbering napes
Of pillaged stalks and toppled dreams;
A million missives floating down,
A million whispered confidences,
To guide me forth through midnight halls
And pave the night with peace aglow.

One night I walked when iron burdens shod my soul
In the gloaming ere the stage had set for evening's stars;
Down the beaten corridor
Where parades of weathered feet have trod, one by one
Until I came unto my utmost end
And grasped the shutters of the silent sill above
Where ancient paint is clawed by hands long grown cold,
And cried, "Where are you?" to the stubborn firmament.

And ah! I spied a servant's hand of the ilk
That holds the staff of lambs and washes weary feet
Prop the pane and bare His will from left to right
To trace a bright and morning star across the sky;
God at hand, grace came down the servant's slide
Through the curtain, torn in two,
For one poor, helpless soul, on this lonely, lonely night.

And thus mankind lifts his eyes, fixed upon the sill
On this holy, mapless quest;
To seek the impulse of too much coincidence
As if there was one flaw forgotten, too much love
In a mindful God, shepherd of man;
And so it spills in diamond dust and hallowed light
On beaten paths where troubled men still tread;
Holy evidence of God's prevalence
Set adrift for seeking souls on Heaven's blessed sill.