

January 21, 2019

*Elizabeth Pinborough*

Hello, God, small and obscure, distant twinkly point of light.  
Perhaps, you are the portal and I am the time. I long  
thought the other way 'round.

I whistle through this little dark  
corridor of space, an earthly continuum—

waiting.

Waiting for the advance.  
Waiting for the Final Anointing.  
Waiting to be called up.  
Waiting to be chosen.

The giant night pearl blisters black, shrouded by earth-shadow.

I, your little girl with a willing heart, am ashes,  
burned to the ground of being, which is to say—  
whatever spiritual geometry you find, whatever  
compass and square with which you shape my mind,  
whatever plumb line you drop into eternity's pool,  
whatever thread with which you spool and unspool my nerves—  
come back, O God! Come back to me.

Do not hide yourself in lunar umbra. Reveal the light of your shining.  
From behind the sun's weak glare, release your radiance. Consume  
my heart with your lively burning. Infuse my cells with every wavelength  
of love you possess.