

Loon

A cry from the spirit world
rouses the heart to rehearse entrance songs;
a litany in procession for the filing in.

A voice of one in the wilderness
declares the way has been found.

It was not easy, every overgrowth defeating
the probing eye; not here, not there,
and the light fails. In the darkness
oars dip, a paddle slices and folds
current into current, questioning
inlet by inlet.

But the first grey light
has released information for its finding.
A gate on a far shore flings
wide; the day that will not be the same
wakens. Alleluias moisten the tongue;
hosannahs shape themselves on the drawn breath.

—*John V. Hicks*