

# One Quiet Time

By Ben Utz

It started like a trickle of syllables  
Swelling and surging till some mental wall burst  
When poured forth a torrent, sheer river of words  
That rages with the sound of many waters,  
And thunders and shakes my heart to its aching core.

My covered eyes and mind now sweep away -  
Borne up on great fountains of living cries,  
Upwards and higher and the earth grows smaller!  
And I see myself, I am small and  
I hear my own voice, the mouth of this stream,  
Distant and strange.

High above this waking escarpment  
I see my simple, fragile frame  
Aware though hardly present in its numbness

And the mystery of life waits silently before,  
Stunning, unconceived glory surrounds -  
Taste and see His light! His warmth!

Soon the river flows and rolls,  
Then slows,  
Then stems.

I wait to hurl swiftly at an unrelenting earth,  
But these open eyes can't yet contain a soaring spirit,  
And I walk about in heaven for a while.