

Sandgerði Iceland, midnight

by [Marci Rae Johnson](#) in the [July 14, 2021](#) issue

On the mountain, it's not necessary to say anything—  
to decide what you and I might become.

Here the sun sets for only a moment,  
thick cloud of fire and ash

all the oranges and reds we haven't invented yet—  
and the sound of the wind too loud

for human ears to hear.

But holy the smoke, the quaking, the desire  
to ascend—to hear the voice that speaks only

in silence.

You can't paint this, though you will try—  
the canvas and birds—the words that are meant to hint,

but not say. Thunder and lightning without rain—  
we cannot sleep through it,

though the shades are meant to darken,  
conceal. Instead, we wait in the foothills

like those who are still afraid  
they might perish under His gaze.