

The Quickening

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Oh, then, on that spontaneous, light-filled day, the world
will begin singing again after our dim, silent millennial waiting—
—you and me and every one of us. After the dark days
the sun will be no longer reluctant in his shining (we'll
lift our faces to him, believing him to join with us, jubilant,
peering from behind the heaving clouds). Then will our old limbs run
and climb again with new vigor, and even the ancient barns,
settling deeper in their fields, will sway and creak their praise in
unison with the thunder, and the storms of wind and hail, while
the old horse nickers in his stall, shaking his white mane at us,
we standing by the barn door to greet him, full of joy. We'll even
see fish leaping and eagles soaring, ascending the sun-glanced air.

At the autumn in-gathering, the ground will boil with fallen apples,
their fermentation making the feeding cattle tipsy. And in the frost-
whiskered creeks, swimming the in-creeping tide, wood ducks will
once again nudge each other along, making beatific bird music. And
then—Spring! When it is all, everything, thawing, leaping, calling us
back in time, in tune, as we, with the whole passionate earth chorale,
will practice our scales for the ultimate performance. We'll be, every
one of us, overflowing with a brilliant, unstoppable, alleluia joy,
singing songs that we'll need not rehearse, since by then we'll know
all the tunes and words by heart, with love brimming over our souls'
rims, like wine. And together, leaping, rampant with a vertical energy,
and freshened voices and a brand-new score, and well-tuned,
enthusiastic instruments, and our almighty Lord leading us, we'll sing,
and keep on raising heaven's roof without ever needing to stop.