

O bluedark dream

by [Steve Wilson](#) in the [August 10, 2010](#) issue

O bluedark dream.

O heart of space,

open. O end of days.

O ending of light

that streams into the wood.

O invisible gate,

whose finials rise now

greened in doubt.

O hold and trust.

O face at the window

again, your thoughts

are prayers. Always

and O forever

the slow waters

along the edge of what

we give ourselves

to see. O peace that is

a shadow, or a grayed stone—

come word me comfort

surer than such

hurt, O surer O

deeper than song.