

Under cover

by [Luci Shaw](#) in the [May 30, 2012](#) issue

We see God in the shape
he shows to us. For some, fire.
For others, holy smoke, oil,
a running river, sheep's crook,
muscular right arm that holds
against the dark, the dread.

It is the oddity of poets
to not see the world straight on
but at some slant, under the skin,
behind the scrim—a scurry
of leaves, clouds. God speaks
his presence in the wind.

I sensed him even in the ink
warming within the pen before
these words arrived.