

Passing

by [Bonnie Thurston](#) in the [August 8, 2012](#) issue

I do not expect to breach heaven
(if there is some heaven
beyond our good, green earth)
via pearly gates, golden streets
with searchlights searing the sky
and something noisy from Handel
blaring from the speakers.

If at all, the passage will be
secretive and silent,
a chink through which I slip,
perhaps between the rosebud
and its fragrant flowering,
the moment when baton is lifted
before overture's first note sounds.

Rarely in gaudy glory of liturgy
as Host is elevated, eaten,
often in spring's gentle uncurling,
autumn's downward spiral,
I see a shadowy hand beckon,
or hear a quiet voice calling,
"This way. Slip through here."