

## Sonnet

by [Anthony Opal](#) in the [August 8, 2012](#) issue

so the angel Gabriel kept his word  
and hid his face for my own good he spoke  
things that I couldn't understand I was  
filled with sparks and my joints began  
to burn and the sky above the interstate  
was a needlepoint of my life and I  
could finally see how eternity  
was not the same thing as forever but  
rather an all-at-onceness which really  
makes time a kind of grace that protects us  
from something like the expanse of the sky  
or the reality of such a feeling  
in a vast field the universe falling  
around me like a veil and then lifted