

God enters through the eye

by [Lawrence N. DiCostanzo](#) in the [May 13, 2015](#) issue

Like a fish that sees the wobbling silver roof
That caps his world, dim, lit by flashes,
I look at Mono Lake, its sky and clouds
Silent in a mountain bowl, centered
In the rocky gateway of Tioga Pass.

God enters through the eye, a small, bright hook,
A thin floating line. We blink. He yanks.