

Little revelations

by [Luci Shaw](#) in the [July 28, 2021](#) issue

Perhaps we should consider stars as
outposts of heaven. But right here, on our own
lovely planet, the flickers of early light
glance in a bright air along the morning highway
compelling response. At the stoplight I write
an answer, a scribbled line for a new poem.
It starts to rain. I notice the way a single
drop on a windshield magnifies the whole
landscape. Look close. It is like
a book of revelation.

And then remember how we, when walking in winter
beside an ice-covered stream, listened intently for
the flowing, hidden, underneath, singing—
the changing song of water under ice that
tells us what fluidity sounds like: The wash,
and wash, and wash of river water over stones,
each repeat fluid, a unique rehearsal for
the one that will come next. And next . . .