

Gordon Grigsby

MIDNIGHT AND MORNING

Now beyond the quasars, half again as far  
as they are from us, a wall of light  
is what we see surrounding the universe,  
just as in Dante, with God outside.

But it isn't there. It's there  
only here. The quasars we see  
10 billion light-years away  
burned out, they say, 8 billion years ago.  
The sphere of light's gone too

leaving darkness and stars.  
Where God was may be infinite emptiness.

Or put it another way: that curtain of light  
died into a universe  
to be flesh, air, bread, tree, stone,  
God everywhere. It's much the same.

WATER THROUGH TREES

I come down from clearing brush. At a turn in the road, the spaces  
between trees fill with light. It's the bay beyond them shining through  
a multitude of open doors, dark pine trunks, dark boughs, another  
world flowing into this one and happiness and instinct freshened into  
knowledge that floods the whole body, as if I've known this joy in some  
other life—the mind opening a new sense, the world luminous around  
pain and death from this time on.