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To See Thy Face

Randall L. Hall

1.

I come rising from the water
Like an angel,
Breathing rarer air,
Leaving buried in the quivering grave
The crippled part of me that trembled in the light,
That dark and warring part of me
That I had bruised and wounded
But could not totally subdue.

I come rising
With the new blood singing praises
To the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Through whose names and power
Every whit of me is cleansed!

2.

There is fire,
In those hands placed firmly on my head,
That ignites a thrill and quiver in me
And I begin to fill with flame
As I open wide my arms
In joy and greeting
For the promised Brother
Come to be the mentor of my soul.

He enters bringing gifts
In preparation for our journey to the light:
A scouring flame,
A golden vial whose scent is peace,
A compass,
A key that opens time.

Randall L. Hall received an M.A. in English, with an emphasis in creative writing, from Brigham Young University. In April 1979 he was named Poet of the Year for Utah by the Utah State Poetry Society, and his first book of poems, *Mosaic*, was published in September.

3.

In the center of this circle ringed with power,
 Hands once again upon my head,
 I receive the hallowed power
 That transports me to the mountain
 And allows me to behold the glory
 And the everlasting burnings of His face.

My own hands come alive with flame
 And I am sent to minister.

The future blooms before me
 Where, standing in His stead, my words

Guide infants cradled in my hands

Collapse the life from wind
 Restore it to a failing body

Organize and kindle stars
 And govern suns that roll upon their wings
 In orbit through the air.

4.

I reach upwards,
 In this palace spiring towards the sun,
 Eager to be lifted into heaven by Thy hand.

Time and space
 Are shattered like a pane of clouded glass;
 And the metaphor of Eden
 Shares its quickened struggle with my heart.

Sequestered from the world
 The eyes of angels watch
 As, one by one,
 I lay upon the altar
 All the jewels and baubles of my soul
 And seek the promised recompense
 That floods with charity and light
 This necessary emptiness.

5.
In this room of whiteness, silence, mirrors and light
I kneel
And take your hand.
We feel the words of power
Thrill the air
And fuse our love forever.

Now one, we kneel together, truly,
Creating an infinity of images
That, in our likeness, shuttle back and forth
Within the mirrors of eternal lives,
Harbingers of that unnumbered myriad of sons and daughters
Rising into grace upon the earths and kingdoms we have formed,
Rising to the fullest measure of creation,
Rising splendidly in that bright flux beyond the stars!