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Manifest

Virginia E. Baker

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Manifest

I watched horizons for a sign,
 any sign to show that solid truth:
 a flash of light,
 an image dreamed,
 a visitation holy asked—
 not much.
 Not for a God,
 to show
 that solid beam
 to found the rest.

I cried

I need to know,

an echo

of former voices along
 some unremembered line;
 and strained my eyes to see
 more than heated fantasies
 within the fading clouds

—while you
 stood behind me, whispering
 beyond what could not be.
 I knew poets—*miglior fabro*—
 who had been denied that face before.

Why not me?

As I looked out on empty skies
 A gentler breeze than trumpet blasts
 called me to look in.

Had I turned
 and heard the voice
 behind the thunder,
 what then would I have seen,
 I wonder?

—Virginia E. Baker