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Brilliance

Pamela Hamblin

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Brilliance

I have seen fierce stars against the black and shifting countenance of space; have watched the edge of shadow sliced away by moonrise on new snow, and I have paced a sheen of desert in the press of sun.

I have felt the pulse of unborn thoughts quicken in my brain; have changed strains of genius from a violin into poems patterned in my mouth.

I have watched the flame devour air and burst the heart of wood to free the fire; have caught wild lightening in a wire to ignite the wick of lamps within my walls and send the dark suddenly away.

There is another flaming not of Earth, of magnitude beyond a sea of suns. It is the glory that I long to taste when God at last unwraps to me His face:

Unnumbered burnished trumpets sound the blare and celebrate with rich and shimmering psalms; their honey, holy-sweet, upon my tongue makes all of vibrant Earth seem bare beside the nurturing of angels in the blaze and brilliance of His white, delicious light.

—Pamela Hamblin