The Revelation

Martin B. Hickman

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The Revelation

How was I to know,
Lying semicomatose
There upon the table,
Realizing now the worst
Had come to pass,
Yearning for a blessing
Before the brooding darkness
Snuffed out the fading light;

Imprinting on my soul
A transforming vision
Of that hidden sacred realm
Beyond this fragile flesh?

How was I to know
God would reveal Himself
To me in none of these?
But in a pilgrimage deep
Into the inward essence
Of familiar scenes,
Where my JoAnn, weaving
Her protecting web,
Swept away my longing
To see beyond the veil,
For in her tenderness and love
The divine disclosure came.

―Martin B. Hickman
(deceased)

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