

## **A VISION**

**ON THIS JULY NIGHT WE SIT IN THE VAN  
HOLDING HANDS AND LISTENING TO SINATRA  
WE TALK OF NOT MUCH, OR NOTHING AT ALL:  
ENOUGH IT IS TO SHARE  
THE FULL MOON HEAVY ON THE SWEEP OF SOUND.**

**AND THEN A SOUND LIKE A SIGH  
AND THE SLIGHTEST SHUDDER.**

**I CRY OUT TO TELL YOU  
THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH THE MOON.  
IT HAS TURNED BLOOD-RED AND IS FALLING SLOWLY TO EARTH  
AND DISAPPEARS IN THE OCEAN  
INVISIBLE BEYOND THE VINEYARD.  
THE CAR RADIO IS SILENT: THE LIGHTS OF THE WORLD  
HAVE DIMMED AND GONE OUT.  
THERE IS NO LONGER A BREEZE OR SOUND OF SURF.**

**AS IF YOU UNDERSTAND, YOU SAY IN A STRANGE QUIET VOICE:  
*- NOW THE STARS TOO ARE BEGINNING TO FALL.***

**SOON THE BRIGHT STREAK HAPPENS, SPLITS THE CHAOTIC SKY  
NORTH TO SOUTH, NOT LIGHTNING.  
IT WIDENS: RAINBOW LIGHT  
BEAUTIFUL, TERRIBLE, POURS OUT. AND SOUNDS -  
A MILLION TRUMPETS, A BILLION LAMENTATIONS.  
ON A SHINING CLOUD RICH WITH THUNDER AND PRAISE  
COMES ONE WE KNOW.**

**A VOICE SAYS: *IT IS THE TIME, THE END TO TIME.  
WHAT IS NOT MINE WILL HENCEFORTH CEASE TO BE.  
LET ALL BE JUDGED.***

**AS FIRE BEGINS TO FALL UPON THE WORLD  
WE KNEEL SIDE BY SIDE, UNSURPRISED,  
ON THE SOFT DAMP GRASS OF THE LITTLE HEADLAND,  
PRAYING FOR WHAT HAS BEEN  
AND WHAT WILL BE. I TAKE YOUR HAND  
(BUT NO TIME NOW TO SPEAK OF UNENDING LOVE)**

**... WE ARE TOGETHER IN THE VAN AGAIN.  
SINATRA, AND THE MOON, AND THE VINEYARD: ALL ARE THERE.  
AS OUR LIGHTHOUSE FLASHES QUIETLY BEHIND US**

## ***A VISION***

**WE WATCH A SAILBOAT TACK SOUTHWEST  
INTO A GENTLE BREEZE  
HEAVY WITH THE AGELESS SUMMER BLEND  
OF SEAWEED AND WILD ROSES AND HONEYSUCKLE.  
SOMEWHERE ON THE BEACH BELOW US  
A DOG BARKS AT THE STARS.**

**FOR SUCH AS THIS WE HAD PRAYED AS THE FIRE FELL  
AND GOD THE FATHER AGREED: NOTHING HERE NEEDED CHANGING.  
- THE VISION HAS BEEN HERE ALL THE TIME, HE SAID  
AND I KNEW YOU HAD COME CLOSE TO UNDERSTANDING.**

**- 1992**