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Poems

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Poems

ED HIGGINS

Of Light

Light's labor
is to tell darkness back,
push it toward eternity's edge—

although much darkness slips back
through, grieving the hearts
of all who must live here.

Like lead, darkness weighs
nearly as much as gold.

But light's feel
is the alchemy of love
falling in bright color,

as stars sometimes do,
back to earth's gravity.

There turned to chemical
(even among fireflies)
it burns gold-like

attracting more love still,
across open fields,

against night's threshold.

Galaxies

I have been there
 up to the Milky Way and further
 under winter and summer's night sky

loneliness like the ascent of whales rising
 or the dead's silent waiting

urged up, up to where a door there
 phosphorescence or glitter both and neither

milt of God

nebulae charted into fate by the always cautious
 or those curious to set the darkness
 visible

formed as readable sign
 improbable blue-white luminesce

or else these may be dead souls waiting
 hurled everywhere gathered in astral gowns

we are all here
 they say
 a billion billion eyes watchers out

God's swirling light
 the mystery alone so focused.

**For the children
of Dunblane, Scotland**

“Evil visted us yesterday
and we don’t know why.”
—Dunblane school principal

The faint breath
of knowing
others’ loss.

Dumb to one another
if even
asked:

When will we ever wear out
that old shoe
evil

that fits so well?

Death is always
senseless,

but sometimes
it outdoes
itself.

Eve's body

It was her mind
the Devil
desired most.
Really.

Lust had long ago
gone rigid
in his one track
mind.

But he could see
Adam's steady
attachment.
And lust's echo,
even attenuated,
accused his leaden
manhood.

So into the ear
of Eve's body—
at once columned
like a boy's or
a bare Greek
temple—

he whispered
the tallness
of knowing:
And lines once solid
foundered, undulating
into pale curves

& smooth surfaces
even a Devil's mind
could curse
for their
distraction.

Silent Prayer

At this moment
there are struggles

beyond these words
to write down,

images that scheme
or dream unable

to become wisdom
or even travail

in this mute present
where I endure truth's

anxious paradox.
Past this false self

I can never wholly claim.

Let my words be few,
renew the silence itself

that was not shattered,
nor enough.