

Cross

by Nathan W. Harter

Always alone
In quiet postures of examination,
Where thoughts reverberate
Like shuffling footsteps,
Where theories wander
Into many rooms exploring,
I leap in being,
You fix me in Your crosshairs,
Skewering the moment in one pang,
And leave me revelation
Not of what but that You are.

Both object and observer,
Half-demented by its loss,
I quiver, stop, and ponder
On the nexus of my faith.

Plodding logic, owing debts to premises,
Would conjure half an argument and fail.
But, like a conduit of power,
A synapse in a systematic world,
I am an intersection of two realms
And hang with apprehension,
Thus transfigured from beyond.