

Deliverance

“Give us this day our daily Faith, but deliver us, dear God, from Belief.”

Aldous Huxley, *Island*

Belief shatters like crystal rocked from an oak shelf
by a shift in the plates of the earth into shards
from each one of which shimmers the fractured
colors of the whole, shards large enough to tempt
reassembly into something resembling the original —
a task nothing but impossible. I have been that astonished:
leaping at the crash of the crystal of what I knew
against the cold stone of what I didn't. Wanting for heartbeat
after heartbeat after this shattering to find a way
to recreate the thing I had polished and displayed,
pointed to and exclaimed; a way to restore order, restore
time. What had been certain. Recognizing for the first time
as I looked at the glittering chaos of split light in the shards
what is impossible. What will be inevitable: What is precious
cannot be delivered all of a piece, polished and displayed;
it cannot be held or pointed at. What is precious is what can be
or not be, depending only on faith that it will not be contained
simply within everything we believe elegant and shatterproof.

*Paul T Hogan
From Inventories, 2012*