

The Hourglass

Graham Nicholson

Oh but we might have a glimpse
Oh to view with the eyes of angels
Upon that Kingdom beyond all names
Moving calmly from the finite to the infinite
Past the Lote Tree of all understanding
To fragrant meadows green and pure
Below which flow spiritual streams
Merging in the Most Great Ocean
Suffused with blessed light
With tranquil certitude
Becalmed
Still as
One
1
So
We wake
Face the day
Moored in earthly seas
Into which flow real streams
Conveying a life anchored materially
Trials and pressures of life enveloping us all
Humanity under attack from without and within
Leaders wandering in delusion, bereft of solutions
Feeling caught in a whirlpool of fear and confusion
Grasping frantically for fast food fixes to suit
But finding nothing there in the hand
As the sand slithers through
The hourglass of end time