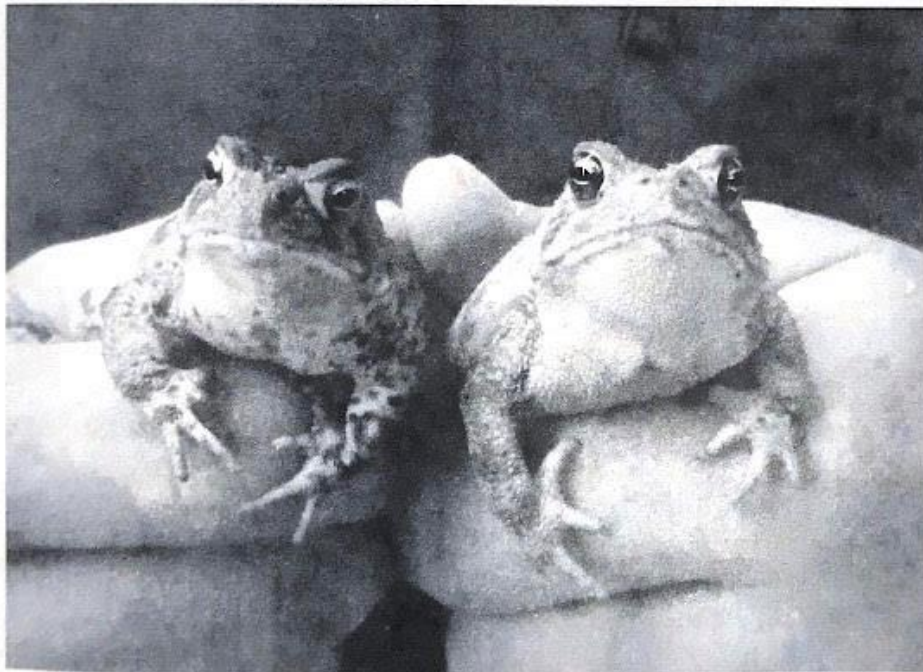


# Time Of Singing

Volume 48

Number 2

Summer 2021



GLORY BE

I. *as it was in the beginning*

"Where is your faith?"

In a single cell on the ocean floor  
that grew into the world around it,  
a world so bright it created its own eyes  
& forced them to open to light.

In the fingerprints that time preserved,  
in existing and returning,  
in knowing I am not the first, or the last.

II. *is now, and ever will be*

The dead discard their shrouds  
pull the earth about their shoulders.  
An Owl stands guard  
the only witness,  
Her voice is lost on the wind.

All the world is still when the snow blows in.  
Under that frozen down,  
we are all the same again.

III. *world without end*

I don't know if there is a heaven  
or what happens when we die  
though I am open to the possibilities.

What I do know  
is that to become dust

ground to dirt  
grown to green  
is a kind of afterlife

& that is enough  
for me.

*Faith Cotter, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*

*\*Title and italicized words taken from the doxology "Gloria Patri"*

