

Hope



Night Sky, Edward Middleditch

by [Walt Garlington](#) (December 2021)

We pray with our eyes to the east, longing

To catch a small glint foretelling
Your second, final arrival—the lightning
Flash of Your Divinity across the sky.

The poison of human sin grows more deadly
As the hours of our days accumulate:
The clergy connive with the wolves to devour
The sheep; the governors do not hide their
Contempt for one another; those ruled are
Mostly full of bile. The few able
To collaborate constructively
Hasten the digital singularity—
The cosmos regurgitated from the stinking
Bowels of man, bearing all the filth
Of his fallen image.

Will there be
Repentance before Your Glory pierces
The sky and the eyes of our heads and our hearts
On the dreadful day of Your return?
Will You not send saints to chide us and kings
To guide us? Are we worthy only to be
Slain and cast into the abyss of darkness?

The night-time sky is mute; the only movement
Is a leaf twisting in the tortured breathing
Of the wind. But suddenly a star
Is sparkling high above; and there is hope.