

# 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.