

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/2

J. M. Wilcox
A Vision

I see her glowing face, star-eyed moon-boned,
kaleidoscopic superluminal.
All objects fade, recede in the background,
thrusting exhorting her flowing beauty.
Organic time circumvolves, red blue green,
entropic space chalks points, infinity.
Her colored veils, the universe encurves.
Form from matter disengages, breaks clean,
her eyes, rich radiant wildflowers.
A suffusion of seraphs encircles
her musical, sparkling sphere, adoring,
 imploing her pleasure, wishing her world,
a bliss of cherubs enbounds her brilliance,
blowing in brightness, an ether of thrones,
Doric-proponed, wings iridescent,
ennobled in nearness, harmless enchanted
in her charity, radical precious,
sweet ineffable, fair holy fire,
a drill of dominions, wind-driven, swerve
in her wonderful downfall of spotlights,
a vortex of virtues, lavender-hued,
revealed in her crystal veracity,
surrounding her aspect, her certain shine,
sustaining her silence, her look divine,
a pillar of powers, Ionic, still,
ornate nebulous, tall with tight volutes,
winsome, wearing gay garments, glory-graced,
a possible of principalities
color-propelled, ensuing asunder,
commanding glamour, Corinthian-cooled,
a crash of archangels, clamor-compelled
 with shimmering gowns and crowns of fire,
a halo of angels behold her eyes.