

What Has He Wrought Again?

(a Midwestern perspective)

**From protracted dark an insinuating hint.
A demure light with susurrant tint,
Sends increments soft and subtle,
Crawls north and south finding no abuttal.**

**It seems as if a thousand fires are lit,
On distant plains where light had quit.
Across the east, deep red pervades,
Extrudes arched phantom brocades.**

**Cirrus and cumulus borders blaze,
Along with earth-based things that raise
Their images. Silo and storage bin,
Seem silhouetted, all akin.**

**Pastel clouds along earth's edge
Soon lighten as by privilege.
Orange and pink underlain by blue.
Or is it opposite, the sky's main hue?**

**The question can't be pondered long.
The sun's full rays too quickly throng.
Yet again night's reign resigns,
What God has wrought with His morning signs.**

Robert Blair ©

“I (the Lord) form the light and create darkness,” Isaiah 45:7