

## Passing

by [Bonnie Thurston](#) in the [August 8, 2012](#) issue

I do not expect to breach heaven  
(if there is some heaven  
beyond our good, green earth)  
via pearly gates, golden streets  
with searchlights searing the sky  
and something noisy from Handel  
blaring from the speakers.

If at all, the passage will be  
secretive and silent,  
a chink through which I slip,  
perhaps between the rosebud  
and its fragrant flowering,  
the moment when baton is lifted  
before overture's first note sounds.

Rarely in gaudy glory of liturgy  
as Host is elevated, eaten,  
often in spring's gentle uncurling,  
autumn's downward spiral,  
I see a shadowy hand beckon,  
or hear a quiet voice calling,  
"This way. Slip through here."