

Under cover

by [Luci Shaw](#) in the [May 30, 2012](#) issue

We see God in the shape  
he shows to us. For some, fire.  
For others, holy smoke, oil,  
a running river, sheep's crook,  
muscular right arm that holds  
against the dark, the dread.

It is the oddity of poets  
to not see the world straight on  
but at some slant, under the skin,  
behind the scrim—a scurry  
of leaves, clouds. God speaks  
his presence in the wind.

I sensed him even in the ink  
warming within the pen before  
these words arrived.