

Holy, holy, holy

by [Anya Silver](#) in the [July 20, 2016](#) issue

How to love the Trinity, its vagueness,  
non-sense, God talking to God on the cross?  
Theological geometry, stumper of metaphor,  
God humbled to a peanut butter and jelly sandwich.  
Only when I heard that voice singing *Our songs*  
*shall rise to thee* did I feel a welling of love  
that, at best, visits me occasionally in prayer,  
indwelling and expanding within me.  
Yes, God, *the darkness hideth thee*.  
Too often as I sit in the pews, nothing  
happens. Or worse, Nothing happens,  
doubt a scrim over every word I pray,  
a tepid mutter of *Father, Son, and Holy Spirit*.  
But that hymn's falsetto, surrender, the not-  
knowingness of it—Lord, though I can not see,  
I did hear a shimmer, some wick in me caught  
fire, and fear, that liar, left me, momentarily,  
free in the Holy, music, the blessed Trinity.

For S. S.