

The dawn of glory

The sun rose in the cold, snowy dawn,
 creeping slowly over the hills
 and lightening the wide valleys.
I watched, up there on the narrow road,
 frozen but fascinated,
 as the golden tinges spread across the hills,
 from grey to white to blinding gold.
 Glorious! Glory!
Glory to the Creator God who could find such colours.
Glory to the Majestic Lord who could command such,
 out of nothing, with a word.

And in the clear valley, pin sharp in the frosty air,
 men were stirring by the town.
Diesel was frozen in the fuel tanks
 of the lorries parked overnight,
 and old tyres were burning under them
 to thaw them out.
Great columns of black smoke, plumes of it,
 rising to the skies,
 hardly finding a breeze to drift on, hanging in the air.

The men stamped their feet and thumped their arms as
they waited:
 ‘Get some warmth. Get the lorries started.
 Get the day going!’
Oblivious, you might think,
 of their black against God's pristine white and gold.

Yet the miracle of that morning was
 that the black did not smudge the light.
 It couldn't seem to do it.
The great expanse of glory was, not untouched,
 but untinged.
The greatness of God shone, and contained the figures
 far below,
 the puny fires, the billowing smoke.
And so is God's miracle in our Saviour Lord, so great:
 to swallow up our waywardness,
 and to go on spreading gold
 across the human landscape of cold experience,
 for those with eyes to see.

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