

How God Sees

Look out from the top
of the Gatineau Hills,
lean over the stone wall
at the Parkway's edge
and cover the whole expanse
of glittering green
in one wide sweep,
know, without tracking it,
how the river bends,
twists through fields
that lie like pillows
on their limestone bed,
how roads stitch between.

One glance, it's all there.

And then, pick a leaf
from the ivy on the wall,
cup it in your fingers,
trace the fine veins,
bend closer,
see

the whole wide valley
focus
in a green beam
along a slender rib –

ray out to the rim.