

At One A.M. in the Winter

Rob Crouch

A minstrel ventured to the edge of the world,
beckoned by
God's blowing voice
slashing his face, snapping his bones,
hurling his body through the wall of sanity:
attempting to grasp omnipotence and omniscience
with the voice of a singer.
But human frailty betrayed him,
leaving him cringing when God ceased to speak—
or when he ceased to listen.
Emptiness devoured reality,
the cosmic clockwork bowed to chaos,
and the tenor unclenched the thunder,
praying his blanket would hide him
until the sun restored order
and he could crawl from beneath the flannel
to warm himself in the palm of morning.