

The Point of a Needle

Edward Sarmiento

My mind is like the point of a needle: without extension, penetrative;
and yet of infinite capacity to contain and penetrable.
Angels in great numbers come there to play, to work.
They take on the iridescence of the mind they visit:
some have the diamond-glinting wings of a dragonfly,
some the inky red and blue of Islamic miniatures,
the rich and amethyst glow of deep introversion
or the soft clear light of Ezekiel's vision of the sapphire throne.
They speak of all things under the sun. They show how order
there must be even when things are so many that I cannot see it.
But mostly they speak of the love of God.

The things I see around me, the furniture of the world:
birds, flowers, clouds, trees but also worm and toad, speak of him.
Even men speak of him when they are not minding what they say.
But the angels at play on the needlepoint of my mind
speak of his love, for their great office is this:
even while they dance their stately sarabands and slow pavaues
in the arched and pillared halls of my mind
lit with a thousand glimmering lamps of gold,
they have not left their stations before the throne of heaven
where, in a great pattern of colour and light, still, silent intense,
they gaze upon the face of their God:
and in the midst of their play I catch this glimpse of them at their work.
Any number of angels may dance on the needlepoint of my mind.