

## Clearly.

Something [sacred] is adrift in [the other end] of the Jet stream.

It's coming.

[I can feel it.]

Every now and then I catch its incense whiff as clearly as [cool comes to clover] in late August eventide.

I'd like to pry it from its far-away [hazy horizon] and bring it to my lap.

But its lips are [holy].

And the story of its doctrine is [too hallowed] for my hands.

Still...it fetches me.

It comes like the sudden sound of [nothing], when the breeze has stalled and the locusts quit their crowing.

It drafts its faint but penetrating broadcast to my ears.

[I strain to hear it.]

Like the crooning fan in the room just down the hall, it is only [barely] there.

But it has begun its [becoming] an element of me.

[It flutters in my middle like an Eighth Grade kiss.]

As it drifts to me, it makes [no more wake than a lace-wing beetle] lighting on an inch of basined rain.

It is not famous to me yet.

But [it will be].

It's coming.

[I can sense it.]

The scent of its [seraph taste] has already reached my nose [and grows a longing that has set my honey tooth to aching for its flavor].

I waive my impatient urgency and gulp sweet savor in [the waiting].