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## Because the Unseen May Vanish

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# Because The Unseen May Vanish

David Schelhaas

Bright, grinning Venus sits low in the winter sky, as  
dawn's first pink touches the gray brush-branches along  
the river bottom. I hurtle south down Highway 75  
cager to be done with night and traveling. Then  
the sun like a blessing climbs from behind a  
bread loaf hill and hits the road. I come alive

with the long curving corn stubble rows that  
arc across white fields, suddenly golden  
in the new-born sun. Distant rolling hills are  
veiled in thin silvery mist and old barns  
and sheds, red bright in dawn's first light, gleam  
like glossy photographs. Along the Rock River

four brown horses between me and  
the sun rejoice in the morning, three of them  
racing south together while the fourth  
rears up and turns to the east. His  
long mane and tail unfurl in the wind  
and the sun makes of them a halo. Radiant  
creation sings in multi-colored harmonies as  
I follow the sunlit highway home, warm in  
my car. Surely, I tell myself, "that which  
may be known of God is manifest in these."  
Still, I am merely warm. No fire burns in my slow  
beating heart and I long for something more. Some-

One. You, Lord Christ, I'd like you to ride with me a while,  
chat, have a cup of coffee and a donut (I would share),  
then, like magic, disappear in morning's misty air.