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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 eager 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.