

God Is in the Face

by [Michael Shindler](#) (December 2024)



Green Wheat Field with Cypruss (Vincent Van Gogh, 1889)

God is in the face of the wilting green

Foliage on the hill,
The flitting impressions
Of an hour in evening,
What is, will be, has been,

A thousand successions
Of seasons convening
At a point in-between

The torn sky and its twin,
And the way the sun hits
The far side of the hill
And there lends itself to
The marshalled earth until
It fades in sweeping fits
But then escapes from view

For the hour's foot race to a changing scene.

[Table of Contents](#)

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