

Deus Absconditus

The Hidden God
Glimpse behind these bardic trees.
I walked with him in the ninth century,
Dressed in a creamy rag and sandals,
Deep in a British forest.
We are continuous,
Holding hands underground
Like roots. In the clearest moments
His garments are almost palpable,
Translucent flame.
I cannot turn around fast enough
To see him. One day
He will greet me face to face
And smile.

PATRICK WHITE