

Kathleen Gunton

Bliss With Jane Kenyon: Cento

On the last day I heard a voice
A sound like tiny bells in cold air. . . then
I'm falling upward, nothing to hold me down.
With such freedom
Everything seems simple and good
And free, bright and free.

Searching for God is the first thing and the last.
Lord, you know
All my life, until this moment,
Living, what a sorrow it was; and still
Just like this day
Everything seemed right just as it was. . .

Then I heard wings overhead
And God, as promised, proves
We might enter singing.
The white light, the vast freedom
The last door to the last room.
These things happen. . . the soul's bliss.

Out to a world made new
Time to head home. I wait.
When you think to call my name
I am writing about you
For you alone.
It seemed like the next thing to do.

Each line is drawn from a different poem in Kenyon's collection, *Otherwise*.

