

Faith

Faith is a waxing moon as it rises tonight.
It swells ever closer to completeness,
that last sliver paused to emerge
through a tablecloth darkness it rests on.
A final silvery fullness, which will
emit a smoothed glow.
Perhaps that's the faith I search for
tonight in this stanza.
Faith that something more predictable
might come to replace, that
which has become so uncertain.

Craig O'Flaherty 2020