

# Taking a Sighting

*This is what I see and what troubles me. I look on all sides, and I see only darkness everywhere.—Pascal*

My eyes on the horizon make me think  
The sky out there's the sky above but over more.  
But I know that when I see the sun arise  
Dawn is a million miles parallel away.  
(Men will rise to the level of the horizontal day;  
Levels of days circle on up into the heavens of time  
And history is the spiral on the ever-widening mount.)  
At high noon and sun straight  
I think—vertically—  
And the reason why the general rise and widening.  
Unable to stare the sun I look across  
Where it began and where end,  
Mindful how my eyes are curving  
Tending to look down on either horizon  
Instead of out.  
Out there is past and future  
But neither is seen straightest  
You see  
If the perpendicular is not kept sight of.

**Timothy Mahoney, O.P.**