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.