



Sonnet for the Aslan House *Meeting Place for Annapolis Fellows*

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This article originally appeared in the Winter 2012 issue of *Knowing & Doing*.

Listen, brothers. You know well what I will say.
We rose early to tether the day with psalms.
Our eyes still moist from sleep, we sought
Our God, and heard his growing silence.
Now the ropes slacken and the sunlight
Folds its golden hands; again we turn
To wonder if the bonds of friendship
Or the unexpected blossoms from the sidewalk
Had glinted holiness. Listen, men:
Our God breathes. Why can we not find him?
We double over dawn's railing, straining,
We peer back over evening's shoulder, hoping,
And all night dream at the murky ceiling.
All throughout our conversational nods
We wait for what we really want to hear,
For what might shatter our doubt. So brothers,
Listen now: As our God lives, he loves you dearly,
And since he loves you, he is everywhere near you.

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