

When I Am In Heaven

By

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On white shimmering clouds,
through great pearl gates, I tread
onto golden soft streets,
into the glittering
city of gems where light
sits fixed, brilliant,
along the ground,
along the base of the golden walls.

Beyond the glassy sea, no sun,
no stars, no moon need shine,
for the city is bright with the glory
of the One who will wipe my tears
when I look down from lofty heights
through wispy sky, to see my family,
young and old, weeping, praying,
drooping around my grandson
as he lies dying.