

Renaissance and Reformation:

Finding Grace with Eloquence

by zell ford

*One ponders eloquence that moves as gentle grace—
Yet no smile her stoic stance dare now pretend it makes.
And deep within the slumbering heart silence will awake;
Flames ignite! Piercing eyes do possess its throbbing place!
What changes must be gone this pale look upon the face?
A cold surge gushes to freeze breath it can not but take.
Does heaven's sun now pause to watch the body quake?
Even time zips past as lightening bolts in storm do race.
Then up from lowly plane of valley's floor doth rise . . .
Tall mountains to tower high above the lofty heights.
Tis it dawn of morning sun that shadows take flight?
Gently flows now the vision from once darkened skies
Not morning rays alone heal heart's emptiness of its fright,
But head turned back with smile be our future's saving light.*