

# Sanctuary Road (returning from Healesville on a stormy evening)

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**First Prize:**

**Poetry section. 2022 Marysville BookNest Writing Competition**

Clouds, heavy on the hilltop.  
Drooping wearily.  
They swirl down the hillsides  
and fill the valleys.  
Sun sweeps the ground,  
rests on the rain-glazed leaves  
and they gleam.

Clouds consume the sun,  
darken the hillsides.  
pale clouds writhing,  
awful, eternal.

We chanted in the choir  
One day when the dust lay still on the hymn books  
And the air was hushed  
"As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be,  
World without end, Amen".

Rain, quietly breathing,  
meeting a silvered road.  
There is love here.  
In this softening world there is love.  
On the hilltop is eternity.

Sun dies painfully.  
Clouds are purple, swollen,  
then gentled, golden.  
Darkness finds them  
and they fade.

Pale on the hilltop, clouds are weary,  
drooping, now misty.  
With the mist an echo,  
Formless, timeless.  
It swells and drones down the hillsides,  
It fills the valleys  
And is as God.