

Poem – Doctrine

I love the church
of the osprey, simple
adoration, no haggling
over the body, the blood,
whether water sprinkled
from talons or immersed
in the river saves us,
whether ascension
is metaphor or literal,
because, of course,
it's both: wings crooked,
all the angels crying out,
rising up from nests
made of sticks
and sunlight.

Todd Davis, *The Least of These* (USA: Michigan State University Press, 2010), 16.
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