

Poem – Pentecost

Bushes burn with red-bud at twilight.
Wind-breath speaks
the forest crowned with flamed leaves,
every language recognized here.

Fire is tongue of the soul.
The soul is heat of the body.

Bodies are always burning,
luminous unspeakable beauty,
each of us a glint in this radiant whole.

Gifted with breath, we join the wind.
Spirit rush from lungs
kindles everything spoken.

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