

BURNING BUSH

Orange flames
Engulf the stricken bush
Fire flares
Dances and Darkens.

I find I am knelt
Amongst stones
At the edge of the forest.

Through the quiet
I hear a voice;
The God of my ancestors;
The God of my deep soul.

Flames scorch
The side of my face,
Burn into my vain self,
Enveloping all that no longer matters.

I crawl into shadows;
The cool of Beech and Sycamore branches.
Trembling I reach out to touch;
Crumbling ashes between my thumbs and fingers.

I am open to grace.
Ready to receive;
The huge tender spirit of my fathers and mothers,
Ready again
To believe.