

## OWL FLEDGLING

Charles said over a slide of Kandinsky  
swathes of orange between pink and black vines,  
that religion

should have gone the same way . . .  
Headed off into abstraction.

Truth closer to music  
than to fixity of the word.

The deepening epiphany of ecology,  
of interdependency,

of a vast and transforming love.  
We have learnt to compare,

compete and utilise,  
whilst souls die in the earth.

Later I walked in the woods  
and came across an owl fledgling on the path,

we exchanged the look of the morning.  
I whispered, I meant him no harm

and crept by the sides of him,  
close enough

to sense the simultaneous presence  
of the ancient and newly born.

Blessed by his dark eyes and expectant gaze,  
his head revolved to watch me pass.

Enriched, I returned to the bench  
under the great Oak and wide armed Beech.

Branches hung like a giant edifice,  
a framing window onto the sacred fields,

light with buttercups and Friesians grazing.  
I prayed into the silence,

into my family, into my deep loves,  
to speak of this ministry to love,

to be beyond time;  
to be simultaneously ancient and new born,

whilst the blackbirds and thrushes sung.

