

## WHISPERS

Light came into Ysraela's body.  
White sun  
illuminating flesh.

We stared  
as she stood in the alcove  
sipping tea from her mug;

her skin,  
sudden glass  
to a soul.

Like a sea parted,  
a veil lifted.  
We dismantled our fears;

thought of shelters  
and of journeys.  
A week later

I was in a monastery  
in the mountains.  
I hand -raked a field

and began to hear  
the soft whispers of God  
moving through me

like wind in the fig trees.  
I listened to the silence  
through vespers

which hung  
in the air,  
like bells.

