

Incense

Reveal to me,
The Word,
The Secret Rhyme.

The Song,
Which opens Your Heart,
So that I may come in,
And lay down,
And sleep.

To feel Your warmth,
To know the Fire.
I kneel to this Word,
this Magic.

To become You,
To become more Me.

Reveal to me,
The Blessings
And the prayers
Of the starving,
And the wounded,
Crying children.

Let me know their pain,
So that I may know Mine.

I am incense.
I am nothing, until I am burned.

The Word would be a sweet word,
Full of beauty,
Clarity.

Ten thousand doves across my lips.
The secret in the humming of their wings.
A Spring breeze
Through the Eucalyptus.

What a word that must be!

| Brett M. Wilbur