



In response to Elle MacLaren

Moulin #4

Canticle to an Incarnational World

I close my eyes and see the blue on white,
flat, in a dreamer's backdrop
Blue, the color of god
White, the light at the tunnel's end
We are floating,
spinning on
our tiny blue dot in the cosmos,
each of us
a sacred DNA infused molecule

Our sin,
we ate the clouds
soft as down beneath a bird's wing
and were not filled

Now green returns to mother of blue
as it was in the beginning,
is now and ever shall be
world with end
We pray the amen

Our children's tears
melt like tender mercies
from unclaimed choices
We forgot
we were all divine,
obsessed with
our strong blue pulse
and our white knuckled grasp
of what was never ours to hold

Melanie Faithful
Roaming Writers



Elle MacLaren, *Moulin #4*,
encaustic, oil, on wood
panel, 35 x 34 inches