

WREATH  
Advent, 1996

Tonight, we will circle  
the tall trunks of these candles  
with a wheel of pine and cedar,  
twine spring of Veni, Veni  
into this compass with many needles  
pointing us to what's been lost,  
scattered to the periphery  
of its open-coned center.

In weeks to come  
we will light with the awestruck matches  
of our tongues a Word waxing unseen  
to the waning of these tapers;  
a branch pushing through  
the undergrowth of our waiting  
that fires withing us  
this burning toward the green.

-----Daniel Mills, quoted in SOJOURNERS MAGAZINE, Nov.-Dec, 1997