

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