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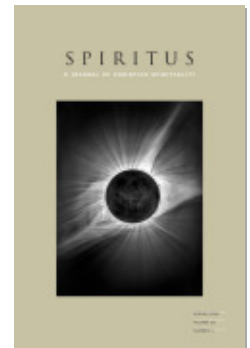
Burn

Jay Parini

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<https://muse.jhu.edu/article/698252>

# Burn

JAY PARINI

Death is our altar, where we tie the knot  
with all, with everything, with God's own flame.  
That's the biggest secret: God is one.  
His beam shines through the windows and divides  
in hard, bright colors, shimmering the house.  
God's there in that blue bowl of grapes,  
in juice that comes from each pale globe;  
in wine that fills, inflames us as we flush;  
this light that pours through everything around us,  
though we only see the flickering, the sparks.  
From sunlight into sun, a holy bond:  
this hot white flame that burns down days.  
God's in the firelight, so we spread our wings,  
fly toward the selfsame, the consuming burn.

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