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## Epiphany 1

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### Epiphany 1

But I meant to mention the hazel catkins,  
how they candle gray afternoons,  
wick and glow like there's no  
tomorrow—the Magi overwhelmed with joy.

And the star! Or stars, the way  
they cluster and burn, heat and ions, pollen adrift,  
setting new worlds in motion.

Crimson blossoms yawn awake  
in the universe of twigs,

and the pollen enters those mouths, touches those tongues  
saying yes,

starting tiny nubs to swell, hazelnuts,  
the same nut Julian of Norwich feels she is holding  
as God speaks,

telling how  
everything created—stars, trees, flowers,

men and women, wise  
and otherwise—is nothing more  
or less

than the nut  
God forms with a word in her cradling hand.

SARA BURANT