

Black fire on white fire

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [June 14, 2005](#) issue

There are tracings in the snow-filled field,
Tracks I see but cannot read; except the deer's
Small heart-shaped prints, the rest remains
A mystery. And so, I think of Hebrew script,
The jagged flame that writes of God, but
Is not God, the scholars say. God dwells in
White fire, not in black. In sky glimpsed
Through dark winter trees, in breath-filled
Silence when we pray.