

A voice transfigured in winter

by [Richard Rene](#) in the [December 26, 2012](#) issue

I

First Voice: I remember
Your laughter
Had many wings

And thinking
Your laughter was everything
I imagined you
Flickering on the hill
Your face pale as feathers.

But your laughter lifted you up
Carrying you over the sea to where
Silence overcomes all sound.

II

Second Voice: On the third day
I looked up
And saw Christ eat
A black apple
With fire for meat

Arms outspread under
The dark sun
His pale face
Unscorched

His right hand
Held flames that fluttered
With many wings.