

The word became flesh

by [Penelope Duckworth](#) in the [December 9, 2015](#) issue

A flash of colored wing;  
peacock, pheasant brilliance—  
turquoise, scarlet, green, bronze,  
settled soft to downy quiet.  
Then he spoke a greeting,  
the same tone as the deepest bell.

He addressed her as favored.  
Favored? By what? By whom?  
Even her wonder and her awe  
did not erase her reason.  
They conversed between two worlds  
until she clearly understood.

When she consented and he left,  
she wondered how her world would be  
able to wear such brightness.  
His words still rang the spring air  
and one, which seemed the sum of all,  
resounded, rounded, and remained.