

Feather on the breath of God

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [January 26, 2022](#) issue

*“The feather flew, not because of anything  
in itself but because the air bore it along.”*

—Hildegard of Bingen

It could have landed anywhere,  
swamp or forest; instead, floating  
on the quiet air, the tiny feather  
down drifted, weightless, from  
the open sky, into my cupped and  
waiting hands. Cream-colored,  
fragile, soft as milkweed,  
a wordless message from beyond,  
reminding me, how like the feather,  
we’re carried on the breath of God.