

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.