

# Breath, Breath

Brian Coatney

Breath, breath—douse the angry flame  
of my friend, destroyed by blame.  
Angrily, the condemnation has burned.

Soothingly, the stillness settles  
in Your motionless wind,  
wet in pearl-mist canopy  
over the place of destruction.

Stars, remain in the heavens,  
not falling. Stay—arrayed opulently,  
to stand witness of Your faithful  
holding together of all things.

Breath, breath—Your words, known  
and unknown, stream as logos  
pharmaceuticals of our one tree—  
hidden, until we see Thee.

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