



Praise

'Thou hast turned my mourning into dancing.' Psalm 30:11

Night surrounds mountains of apocalypse.
Ghostly wisps of smouldering ruin rise
like incense while ascending plainsong cries
of creatures echo in the eucalypts.
A cooling mist descends on withered earth
to heal the blistered landscape and restore
the spirit that had vanished long before;
a kiss of resurrection and rebirth.
The people of the village softly raise
their voices in familiar mourning chants
and join the creatures in a hymn of praise;
the rising incense in a solemn dance.
The fires of hell and death will not destroy
our memory, community, or joy.