EPiPHANY

i have struggled to meet this soul of mine…

to become as naked as the moon and

as strong and fragile as adobe,

baked hard and crumbling in the weather of time.

i have struggled to

shine without shame,

to stand face to face with my darkest thought,

to bare my loneliness in the song of a bird,

planted bright against leafless winter trees.

i have struggled to show this soul of mine…

to praise the god of sorrow with waves of deep, round belly laughs and

to illumine the god of joy with the fire of my tears,

burnt white and delicate like pearls on the neck of a child.

and i have struggled to free this soul of mine…

to sail on love moist as hot ice and

dance with spirals of fog on the morning sea,

vanishing ghosts that curtain and open the sunrise.

i have struggled to live from this soul of mine…

to bravely breathe in the incense of each day’s quest and

to sleep at night in the arms of a question,

whispered lullabies like innocent dreams that sing of mystery.

and i will struggle to love this soul of mine…

to take my fill of the blood of the river and the body of rock,

to find renewing friendship in a freshly plowed field,

turned over and under as the vine surrenders her fruit.

yes, i will struggle to rise each morning as the christ herself…

and to live each day in the glory of failure and the tragedy of hope,

until, in celebration of this soul’s epiphany,

i will die as the hero of no one,

wrapped in silence and gently laid in the home of souls,

an unmarked grave.

d. jean harding –

in loving memory of my father

august, 1995

*epiphany: (1) an appearance or manifestation, especially of a divine being; (2)the manifestation (often sudden) or the perception of the essential nature or meaning of something; (3) an intuitive grasp of reality through something (as an event) that may be simple and striking; or 4) the “ah ha” experience (mine).*