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Fiery Stone Breast

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Fiery Stone Breast

Stirred within—majestic fires suffused in shades unexpressed by my unadorned words, consuming determined paths. Literature, art, music striking fires uncontrollably ablaze throughout fashions of God’s artistic hand. Heat procured unfelt by hell’s most unfathomable depths. Shakespeare’s words, Monet’s canvas, Mozart’s symphonies—brilliance intensifies, the sun is shamed.

Unwillingly, fire encounters struggles—crushing waves, beating barriers of stone, now sand unseen on ocean floors. Heavy, forwarding waters deny mighty glacial sources, God. Smoldering charcoal, forgotten inferno; Remnants awaiting an enlivening spark.

Afire again—resurgence, God’s unabating creational, presence. Glow alights my eyes, unveiling fiery breast’s secrets. World’s waves ceaseless, yet failing against eternal guardian flames, fed by God, His spirit, His creations. Embracing works rich in spirit, as the infant to mother’s breast, suckling flowing nourishment—emotion, experience, not mine own, yet alive in me.

Kara L. Gsell