Your Radiant Heart

Do we ever really know who we’re talking to, the familiar spirits, the people we’ve loved for years? Who are they, and where did they come from? You look at me, and I know what you imagine. I can’t imagine you, without believing that perishing self is more than I can hope for. I won’t ever know you enough, love you enough. If you wore a crown of light, who would see you? And your heart, all beaten, like old wings still bringing you down to earth, in pain. Who knows what your radiant heart can bear, and who is asking?

DIANE BREBNER