

## 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