The Taciturn Phylactery

Death,
The taciturn phylactery,
Lies calmly in a sparrow's shape
Along the road.

A quickening breeze tugs gently
At small tufts of feathers:
Gray and brown,
And eases through the sunlit trees
Above the grass and purple flowers.

The air, so ripe with peace
And cleansed by careful glory,
Is trembling with holiness
So recently Thine eyes were resting on this place.

—Randall L. Hall

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