

## 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