

Phoenix

by Karen Mikkelsen

Out from the rubble of imagined dreams,
Conversations with myself, unheard,
And fragmented hopes from flabby trust
In fitful human strength, I salvage,
Fragilely, the smashed ceramic sherds
Of misplaced faith, sift the dust
For remnants of a base to build, not cage
Upon, but temple dedicate to Him.

And from the ashes of a soul quenched
By searing conscience-fires I finally rise,
The humbled child, a sorrowing penitent.
And wanton winds which once me, buffeting,
Broke, now upswelling skyward wing
And song. A golden surge delivering
to God: the Phoenix flies.