

# Times of Refreshing: 1820

Allie Howe

A wisp of the new morning  
Washes across his face  
And turns him  
To wooded temples.

The way along,  
Winged harbingers lighten above,  
Through, among, back and before,  
As alert, anxious buds  
Await nativities.  
Under his boot, and on,  
Dark leaf-mold, dew-dampened, patient,  
A teeming earth secures.  
Hearing his step,  
The stone beside quickens  
To its rolling,  
And the showered-clean air,  
Ecstatic,  
Freshens millennia past,  
Whispers everlastings.

Ancient in days, the awakening mother  
Lifts  
Against his suppliant knees;  
And a breath above,  
Reigning all the space around,  
The Holiest of Holies  
Unveil

And Joseph sups from Their Presence . . .