

A voice transfigured in winter

by [Richard Rene](#) in the [December 26, 2012](#) issue

I

*First Voice:* I remember  
Your laughter  
Had many wings  
  
And thinking  
Your laughter was everything  
I imagined you  
Flickering on the hill  
Your face pale as feathers.  
  
But your laughter lifted you up  
Carrying you over the sea to where  
Silence overcomes all sound.

II

*Second Voice:* On the third day  
I looked up  
And saw Christ eat  
A black apple  
With fire for meat  
  
Arms outspread under  
The dark sun  
His pale face  
Unscorched  
  
His right hand  
Held flames that fluttered  
With many wings.