

The word became flesh

by [Penelope Duckworth](#) in the [December 9, 2015](#) issue

A flash of colored wing;
peacock, pheasant brilliance—
turquoise, scarlet, green, bronze,
settled soft to downy quiet.
Then he spoke a greeting,
the same tone as the deepest bell.

He addressed her as favored.
Favored? By what? By whom?
Even her wonder and her awe
did not erase her reason.
They conversed between two worlds
until she clearly understood.

When she consented and he left,
she wondered how her world would be
able to wear such brightness.
His words still rang the spring air
and one, which seemed the sum of all,
resounded, rounded, and remained.