

The soul in paraphrase

by [Malcolm Guite](#) in the [August 14, 2019](#) issue

A fledgling hidden in an ancient tree,  
Singing unseen and darkling to the stars,  
The fount and spring of meaning, just upstream  
Of every utterance, unsullied, free,  
A prisoner who grips and bends her bars,  
The one who begs to differ, dares to dream,  
A child astray, still calling to your heart,  
A pattern, personal as all the swirls  
In fingerprints on hands that hands have held,  
Wholeness that knows itself within each part,  
A flag whose emblem every breath unfurls,  
A chasm bridged, and an old heartache healed,  
A new day at the end of all your days,  
A mystery you'll never paraphrase.