Gospel Reflection

The winnowing fork
yielded by an unseen hand
haunts the imagination.

Tossed in the air,
the breath of God
sifts and sorts.
The wheat ground to new life,
the chaff discarded and burned.

Masks broken and useless
vulnerability exposed
spasms of grief reshaping
transition interminable...
New life emerges.

The winnowing fork
yielded by an unseen hand
trembles.