

# Coming in from the wilderness

(to the St Brides Community)

I came barefoot from the desert  
with rough grains of yesterday  
chaffing blisters between my toes.  
I came with dust in my eyes

and the winds of sorrow in my  
hair. You washed my feet  
in goats milk, bound them  
in a poultice of peppermint

leaves, dropped your tears  
into my eyes, brushed my hair  
with twigs of rosemary, fed me  
dates and unleaven bread

wrapped me in a whisper  
of God's breath  
and sang my songline back to me  
as you looked at me with my Father's eyes.

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