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Augustine Chanting

Daniel Corrie

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Daniel Corrie

Augustine Chanting

...the drops of my time are too precious...

—AUGUSTINE

The wholeness stands. Its outlines cloud and alter.
The shape remains. It lives into reshaping.
A page recites the psalm, held whole in silence.
Memory traces contours of the psalm's shape.

Time chants the psalm. Each word distills to presence.
Words follow one by one into the chanting.
The psalm continues shaping through reciting.
The saint is chanting, as the saint is chanted.

The monarchs swarm, migrating from the milkweed.
The waxwings flock, ascending from the pine's crown.
The salmon rise through sunlight's dappled currents.
Shoots break from seeds, emerging into rainfall.

Each word unfolds. It opens into voicing.
Each rides a moment rising, breaching, spanning.
The crest of voicing climbs the wave of presence.
The psalms of waves recite the voice of oceans.