

*P*resence

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Controlled Burn

*"what is decayed in you shall be made clean . . . and what is
transient shall be reshaped and made new and established in you in
firmness"* —St. Augustine

I am a field that's overgrown, a forest
littered with leaves about to burst to flames,
a bonfire in the making, ripe to burn.

My body begs for fever and then rest,
release from rot's decaying grip of shames.

I do not long for a quick grave or urn,
but even I know that time steals all names.

I'm ash. Not yet. But soon. First blown, then scattered.

From sludge and slurry make me clean. I yearn
for a new form—freed of what never mattered.

For life, to You, I turn.