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Coogan: Pentecost

Pentecost

Jeremiah Coogan

He took me in the wind of his spirit into the valley of the shadow filled with death, the skeleton of a dreadful army. Not a spirit, not a breath of wind stirs the lifeless dust, parched beyond Elijah's three years' drought. And I am speechless, breathless as these corpses.

Son of Adam, son of earth! Son of the first corpse. Shall the breathless breathe? *Et dixi: Domine Deus, tu nosti.*

Deus dixit.

A sound, an earthquake, going before the LORD precursor to speech. Bone on bone. Sinew, flesh, skin—soulless, without spirit. A place for breath! For prophecy.

Shall the breathless breathe? *Et dixi: Domine Deus, tu nosti.*

Prophesy, son of Adam! Prophesy! "Hear the word of the LORD."

Come from the four winds breath, spirit! Breathe on these lifeless corpses. Recreate, breathe into the man of dust. *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*!