

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## Pentecostal

by Steve Brown

We each grew up with other tongues,  
but then exchanged them, altogether,  
for this one flame, bristling in the weather  
of one shared clime, its re-imagined songs

reversing Babel. This dream of love as all  
is the dream of Eden, the world washed back  
to its primal glare; the universal book  
against the world's white noise, its displaced syllables.

Paradaesa – the home's enclosing garden:  
the silver lines of springs, the green's fresh balm.  
So we tell ourselves such stories, to make calm,  
keep liquid what the world would harden.

Take this, my book: roll open, enter its soft covers,  
read – as if all at once could be both lovers and others.