

## Advent Musings Day 20

### THE BODY IN FULL PRESENCE

*The body in full presence  
holds its first creative essence  
in the pen that touches paper.  
Lifting the glass that holds the wine,  
this beckoning uncertainty is mine.*

*I'll follow my line to an early death,  
feeling out rhythm in the spoken breath  
and startled by flame  
this arrogance shall be my moth,  
flying with his burning cloth.*

*Then humility will rise  
out of poetry's deep surmise,  
then I will have confidence in my powers;  
wanting this presence, burnt by the past,  
I'll die in the first line – and become the last.*

David Whyte

