

Divided tongues, as of fire, appeared among them,  
and a tongue rested on each of them.

Acts 2:3, NRSV

Riot

Who set these streets on fire?

It blew up from the embers  
of the coals in the courtyard  
where empire warmed itself  
while it made its false accusations,

it smoldered in our midst  
until we could deny him no more,

it blazed with righteous indignation  
until tongues of flame danced  
above all our heads.

And ash filled the sky, and tears filled our eyes,  
we gasped in like a bellows, blew out with a bellow,  
with a rushing of wind,  
giving voice to the rage in an almighty babble,  
and we took to the streets as an ungoverned rabble,  
and we screamed, "Say his name!" in the face of the devil,  
with a rage that was matched to the scope of the evil,  
of an empire that kills, with a smirk and a shrug,  
takes an innocent life and then calls him a thug,  
and we took to the streets in the Spirit of love.  
Pentecost is a riot.

Beloveds, get ready,  
the flames are licking at the door.

--Amy Brooks, May 30, 2020