

Day of Pentecost

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,
against one whose cheek
was kissed with melanin,

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 fury that 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,
yes, we took to the streets
in the Spirit of love.

Pentecost is a riot.

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