Wings of Flame

A vision, inspired poem:

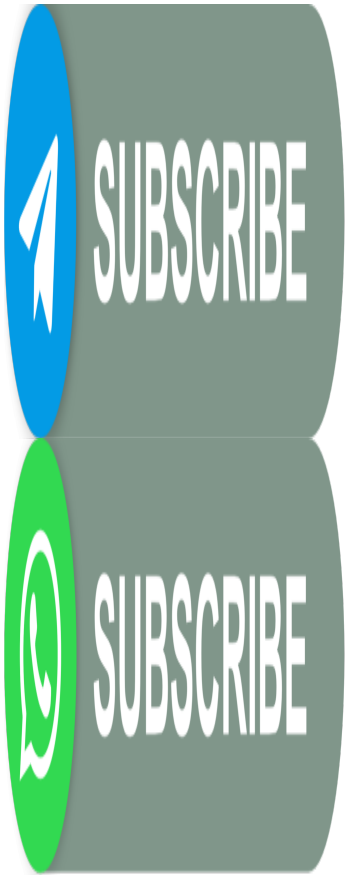
I kept seeing wings.

Wings of fire, wings of flame
Lifted high, no longer tame
Wings to soar above the debris of the world
Wings to let go, be flexed and unfurled

Those with wings can soar high again
As they remember whose they are
And why they were born again

Wings are the portion of My children
Their destiny, there inheritance
Not a simple added extra or a matter of chance
For to be in this world and not of it
Requires a means to rise above it

> *"...but they who wait for the LORD shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings like eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."*
>
> *Isaiah 40:31 (ESV)*


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