

The Firegiver

God, forgive my pen its trespass, And I forgive thee the sweet burning That drives it on through thy dominion.

God, if what it might encompass, If shapes of love, thy face, or being Itself are challenged in its question,

Indulge the hand that ventures into flame, Suffer my searching, for you share the blame.

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Originally published as: Eugene England, "The Firegiver," *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* 1, no. 1 (Spring 1966), 135.

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