

# Peregrination

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Eleanor Zuercher

The peregrine rides the air currents  
With such confidence, sustained in his  
Perpetual quest by the immutable  
Whirl of physics, trekking through blue and grey,  
Across and along the wind's contours.

Grant me faith to fall into the arms  
Of God, steered by His breath, traversing  
The country of the soul in odyssey  
For my right place, the place of God's choosing,  
Then resting there blessed in quietness.

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