

# *The Burning Bush*

Ng Kian Seng

*The evergreen bush  
with leaves as new  
as the first buds of spring  
was the freshness  
of my walk with God.*

*Yet this bush dies,  
brittle twigs and fallen leaves,  
relics of an old self.*

*Then the burning bush,  
aflamed for God is  
wholly consumed, unscorched.*



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