



# Poems for Eastertide

Advent Anglican / Spring 2021

# Welcome

After the challenges of a Lenten-like year, it's time to feast on some poetry: that miraculous union of sound and sense, that lyric mystery we cannot master. We never simply read poems. Poems "read" us. The best verse reads into our struggles and anxieties, gives voice to our wordless desires, heralds conviction in our hearts, quickens our contemplation, and ushers us back into the Garden of God's truth, mercy, and love. I have endeavored to select poems that accomplish this feat from a variety of eras and traditions, and look forward to touring them with you during this season of Eastertide. "O, taste and see that the Lord is good" (Psalm 34:8).

Deacon Jeremiah  
Eastertide 2021





Week One

# Cædmon's Hymn (8th Century)

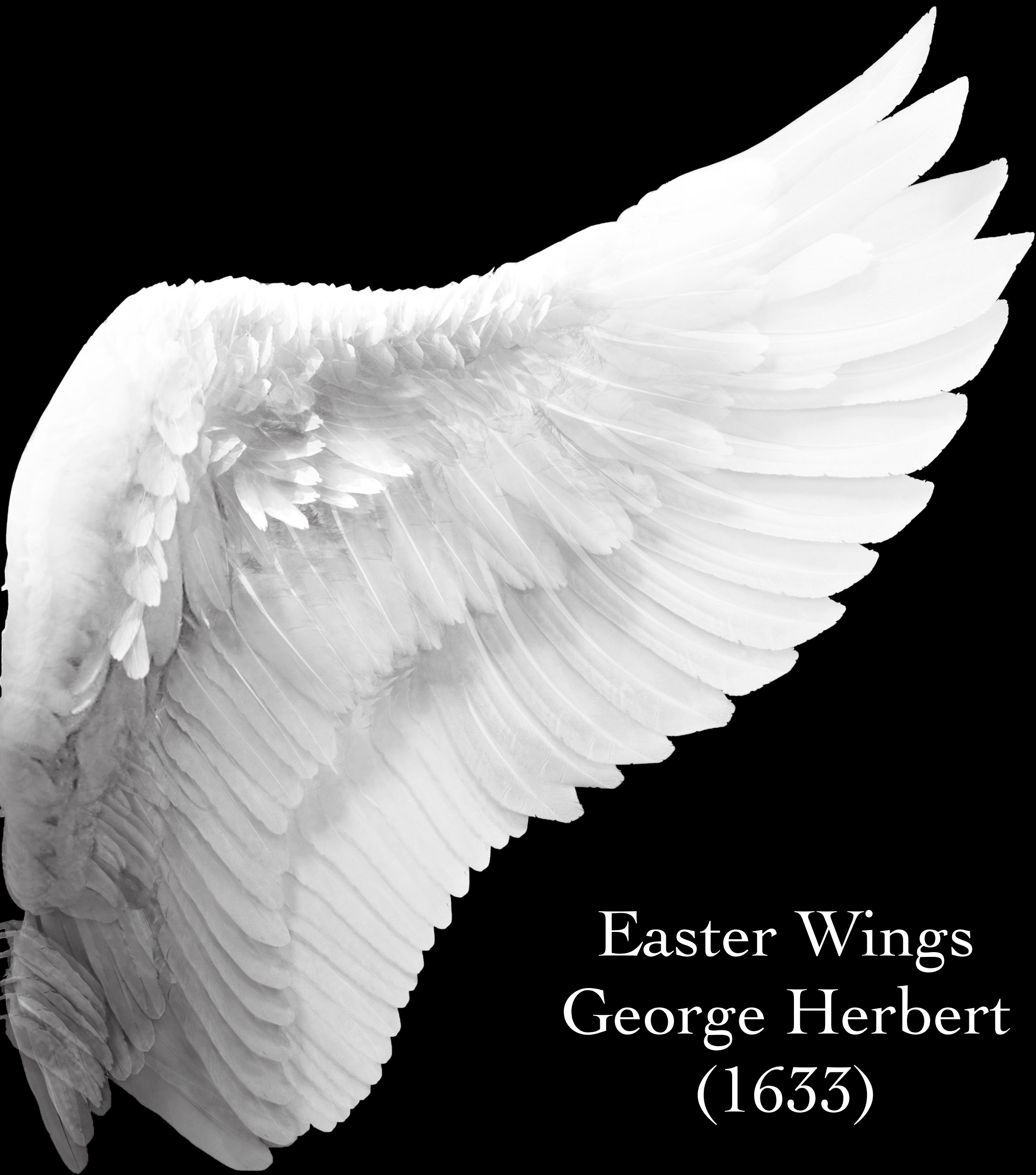
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Now we ought to praise the Guardian of the heavenly kingdom,  
The might of the Creator and his conception (mind-plans),  
The work of the glorious Father, as he of each of the wonders,  
Eternal Lord, established the beginning.

He first created for the sons of men  
Heaven as a roof, holy Creator;  
Then the middle-earth, the Guardian of mankind,  
The eternal Lord, afterwards made  
The earth for men, the Lord almighty.

Trans. Elaine Treharne





Easter Wings  
George Herbert  
(1633)

Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store,  
Though foolishly he lost the same,  
Decaying more and more,  
Till he became  
Most poore:  
With thee  
O let me rise  
As larks, harmoniously,  
And sing this day thy victories:  
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

My tender age in sorrow did beginne  
And still with sicknesses and shame.  
Thou didst so punish sinne,  
That I became  
Most thinne.  
With thee  
Let me combine,  
And feel thy victorie:  
For, if I imp my wing on thine,  
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

## Easter Flower - Claude McKay (1921)

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Far from this foreign Easter damp and chilly  
My soul steals to a pear-shaped plot of ground,  
Where gleamed the lilac-tinted Easter lily  
Soft-scented in the air for yards around;

Alone, without a hint of guardian leaf!  
Just like a fragile bell of silver rime,  
It burst the tomb for freedom sweet and brief  
In the young pregnant year at Eastertime;

And many thought it was a sacred sign,  
And some called it the resurrection flower;  
And I, a pagan, worshiped at its shrine,  
Yielding my heart unto its perfumed power.



# O Taste and See Denise Levertov (1964)

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The world is  
not with us enough  
O taste and see

the subway Bible poster said,  
meaning The Lord, meaning  
if anything all that lives  
to the imagination's tongue,

grief, mercy, language,  
tangerine, weather, to  
breathe them, bite,  
savor, chew, swallow, transform

into our flesh our  
deaths, crossing the street, plum, quince,  
living in the orchard and being

hungry, and plucking  
the fruit.





# Psalm 34

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# Notes

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Les disciples Pierre et Jean courant au sépulcre le matin de la Résurrection / Eugene Burnand (1898)

Supper at Emmaus / Rembrandt (1628)

Icon of the Venerable Bede / Westminster Cathedral

New York Subway Station / Edith Kramer (1994)

Icon of the Four Gospels / The Book of Kells (9th century)