



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



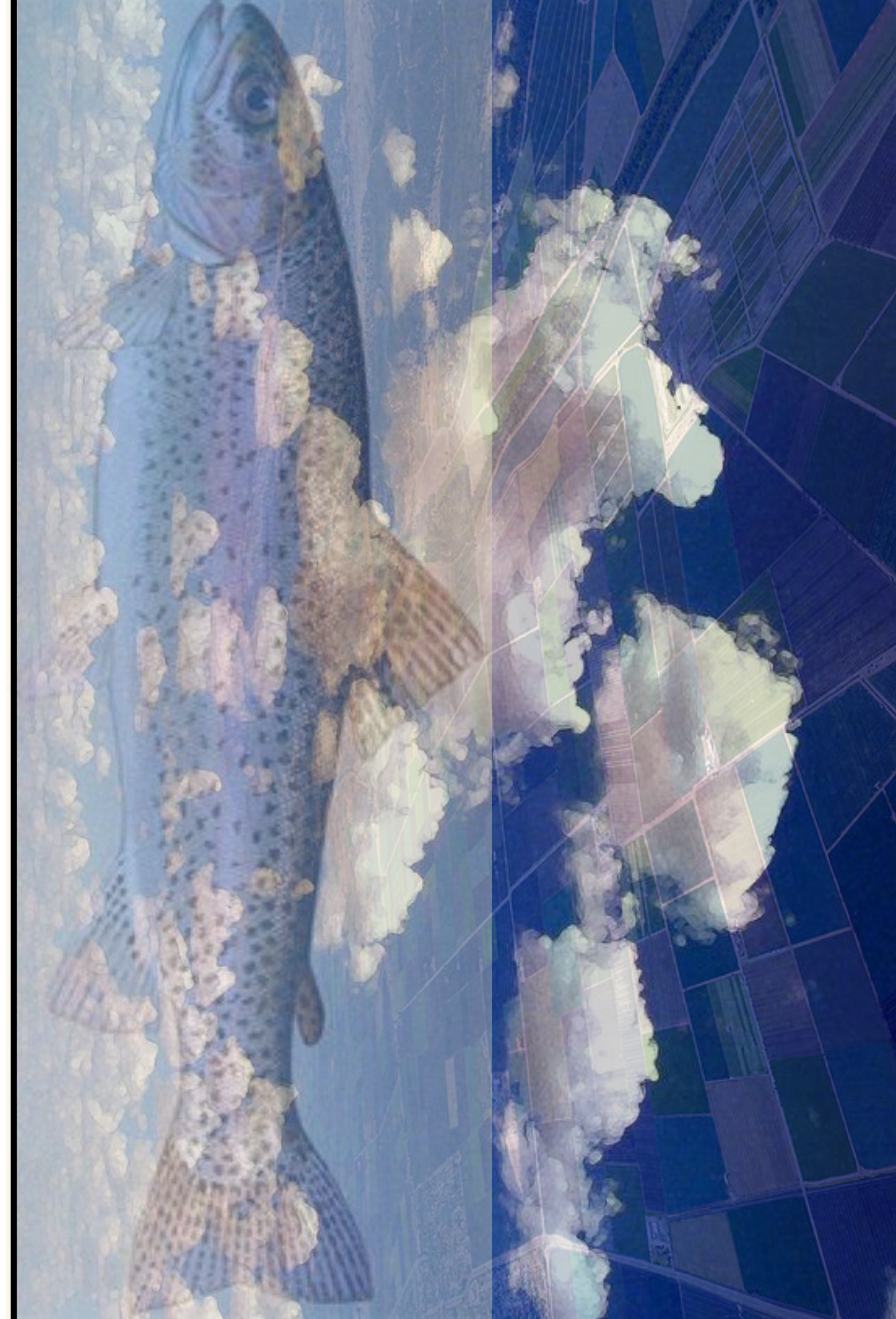


Week Four

Pied Beauty / Gerard Manley Hopkins

Glory be to God for dappled things –
For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow;
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;
Landscape plotted and pieced – fold, fallow, and plough;
And áll trádes, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
Praise him.





Good Friday
Christina Rossetti



Am I a stone and not a sheep
That I can stand, O Christ, beneath Thy Cross,
To number drop by drop Thy Blood's slow loss,
And yet not weep?

Not so those women loved
Who with exceeding grief lamented Thee;
Not so fallen Peter weeping bitterly;
Not so the thief was moved;


Not so the Sun and Moon
Which hid their faces in a starless sky,
A horror of great darkness at broad noon —
I, only I.

Yet give not o'er,
But seek Thy sheep, true Shepherd of the flock;
Greater than Moses, turn and look once more
And smite a rock.

I have surrendered and given my all,
and the trade I have made is such
that my Beloved is all for me,
and I am all for my Beloved.
When the sweet Hunter shot me
and left me vanquished
in the arms of love,
my soul, in falling,
was gaining its new life.
Such is the trade I have made,
that my Beloved is all for me
and I am all for my Beloved.
He pierced me with an arrow
dipped in enamoring herbs,
and my soul became
one with her Creator.
Now I want no other love,
for I have surrendered myself to God.
My Beloved is all for me
and I am all for my Beloved.

St. Teresa of Avila
"I Have Surrendered and Given My All"





Four Quartets / East Coker (IV)
T.S. Eliot

The wounded surgeon plies the steel
That questions the distempered part;
Beneath the bleeding hands we feel
The sharp compassion of the healer's art
Resolving the enigma of the fever chart.

Our only health is the disease
If we obey the dying nurse
Whose constant care is not to please
But to remind of our, and Adam's curse,
And that, to be restored, our sickness must grow worse.

The whole earth is our hospital
Endowed by the ruined millionaire,
Wherein, if we do well, we shall
Die of the absolute paternal care
That will not leave us, but prevents us everywhere.

The chill ascends from feet to knees,
The fever sings in mental wires.
If to be warmed, then I must freeze
And quake in frigid purgatorial fires
Of which the flame is roses, and the smoke is briars.

The dripping blood our only drink,
The bloody flesh our only food:
In spite of which we like to think
That we are sound, substantial flesh and blood—
Again, in spite of that, we call this Friday good.



Psalm 46

Notes

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

Supper at Emmaus / Rembrandt (1628)

Puffy Clouds and Blue Sky Photograph by Darlu Littledeer (pixels.com)

Trout / Big Horn River Float Trips (featheredhook.com)

Aerial View of Farmland - Monterey (fineartamerica.com)

Weeping at the Cross / (<http://thecatholicreader.blogspot.com/2013/06/the-four-sins-crying-to-heaven-for.html>)

St. Teresa of Avila (catholicireland.net)

Surgery / (coreykleinphotography.com)

Tapestry / (royalfurnish.com)

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