

The Grail Spiral

Convoluting to our roots
Evolved to the cosmos

Deep in the world
Far out in space

Rooted in the earth,
Its conscience
Branched out in air,
Its hope.

Centripetal in belonging
Centrifugal in sharing

The push of growth
The pull of future

Implanted in the now
The only touch
With divine presence
With daily reality.

As we pull away
To our own act
To do it alone
Spiral us.

Center of the earth
Center of the universe
Center of the cosmos
Center us.

[January 18, 1980]

An Aging Cup

I sit in an aging cup, my body,
I look over the edge to eternity
And wonder how long the cup
Can contain my Spirit.

The cup will eventually split open
And I will enter Mystery.

Like a tiny frog,
my jaw is set in faith amid the darkness.
Unlike the frog
My eyes are getting smaller as they sink into my skull
To contemplate
The inner reality
Of God's abiding presence.

To Die For

So as not to be afraid,
Let us prepare ahead
To get accustomed
To the fact
That someday we'll be dead.

"Because I could not
Stop for Death
He kindly stopped for me",
Emily Dickinson wrote.
Now let me see,
Will I stop for Death
or will he have to chase me?

She "died for Beauty."
What a lovely thing to write.
I ask myself the question:
For what will I lay down my life?

Will I die for truth
Or will I die for love
Or will I die for wonder
At Earth beneath and sky above?

I think I'll die for gratitude
For I could never ever end
The song of thanks
That fills my heart
And gives my life its bent.

5/6/1998