

CONTINUING THE POETRY OF EASTER

Again, in the poetry appendix to this volume of the Breviary, there is a touching poem by Joseph Mary Plunkett. If you are lucky, you can find a recording of it set to music by Michael Joncas...

*I see His blood upon the rose/And in the stars the glory of His eyes,
His body gleams amid eternal snows,/His tears fall from the skies.*

*I see His face in every flower;/The thunder and the singing of the birds
Are but His voice—and carven by His power/Rocks are His written words.*

*All pathways by His feet are worn,/His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea,
His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn,/His cross is every tree.*

This is a poem that speaks to us about how we see, as opposed to how we merely look. At first reading it might seem that the words of this Irish poet are really a form of “Everything is God.” But it’s really just the opposite: God, Christ, can be found (as St. Ignatius Loyola always insisted) in all things.

How do we see? Where do we find God’s hand and presence? Can we fall in love with our Lord because of the vision of a rose, or the stars, or the glorious surgings of the sea (Psalm 93)?