Poets are We...

Glory

By Joe Stefan, SFO
St. Margaret of Cortona Region

Once there was a man whose name we didn't know.
He wanted Glory for himself and called its name out low.
So in his quest for Glory he pondered day and night,
and thought that he'd find Glory by joining the Third Reich.

So he signed up with the Nazis and practiced
saying, "Sieg Heil!"
He thought if he got good at this he'd find Glory after awhile.
And in his quest for Glory, to a concentration camp he came,
his inferiors to eliminate. He called Glory by its name.

In this concentration camp, an escape had been made,
and so ten men had to die. The Nazis called it fair trade.
So this man who wanted Glory had the prisoners
stand real still and counted out ten men to torture and to kill.

One poor man begged and pleaded to maybe spare his life.
He told the man who wanted Glory he had a family
and a wife.
Then another man stepped forward.
"Just take me instead."
I'm a priest who has no family.
No one will miss me if I'm dead."

And so the man who wanted Glory took the priest
and the other nine,
and threw them in starvation cells to wait for them to die.
They had no food or water but Death just took its time
And when the cells were needed once again,
the priest was still alive.

So the man who wanted Glory
injected acid in the priest's veins
And in a dirty prison cell,
Glory called the priest by name.
For the priest who died, Max Kolbe,
was later called a saint
And the man who wanted Glory, well,
we still don't know his name.
Glory can wear out your shoes;
put holes in your hands and your feet.
Glory can raise you up tall
when you thought you were sunk in defeat.
And if you're meek you will inherit the earth.
You won't need fortune or Fame
when the Power and the Glory call you by your name.

IDENTITY

By Mary Louise Kreider, SFO
Our Lady of Poverty Region

COMPASSION and GENTLENESS

Flowing from me as water from a ceaseless waterfall
Kindness, peace encircle me as a rainbow
Love and caring are what I desire
Teach me your ways, O God
Mothering, birthing,
Teaching, joining
Community of love,
All the earth
Desires oneness
And peace.
Teach us your ways, O God
FORGIVENESS
CALMNESS
Refreshes my soul
Bathes me, purifies me
Keep me close, O God
CENTER ME IN YOUR LOVE,
WHOLENESS IS WHAT I DESIRE !

HEARTPRINT

By Cathy Pierce, SFO
Our Lady of Guadalupe
Empress of the Americas Region

Sweet and loving
Ardently longing
Reconciling to the
Ear of the Father
Daily

Humble compassion
Eternally flowing
Around those
Requesting the heart-blood
Triumphant

Slow Leaking Tire

By Stephen Kolter, SFO
St. Katharine Drexel Region

He didn't need soapy water
to find the leak.
The head of a nail shined
from the tread
like the head of a
drowning man in a dark sea;
searchlights and helicopter ripples
churning the surface.

His filthy hands only paused
while his furrowed brow briefly considered
which end of a nail would be called
the "working end:"
the head that accepts the hammer's
calculated beating
or the point that pierces.
Life is short
and answers like these don't really matter.
Only the work to be done.

The mouth of the hole hissed anointed breath
of gas station air compressors,
scattering the ashes of the cigarette
that slanted from his thin lips.

His hands,
tough with work
repairing the tires
patching the holes
of nails
he drove upon

His hands,
filthy with the grime
of spoiled rubber
and crusted with
glue

His hands,
bleeding from the places
where the awl slipped
and missed the plug

His hands
black wrinkled cracked and pierced
begin to resemble the tires.

He sits back.
Admires work well done,
knowing full well
that it will need to be done again.
It is never enough
to plug the hole.