

Poets are We...



Art by Jon McNaughton

He is Risen!

By Georgia Nagy, SFO
Santa Maria de las Montanas

He is Risen!
Have no fear!

He is Risen!
I hear the cry.

He is Risen!
He did not die.

He is Risen!
Our souls He won.

He is Risen!
Rejoice this day.

He is Risen!
Give thanks and pray.

He is Risen!
Our Redeemer, Savior, our King.

He is Risen!
Rejoice and sing!

Sweet Perfume of Heaven

By Juana Salamack, SFO
Province of St. Mary

Holy Spirit of God
Delight of the Senses
Loyal Companion
Healing Spirit
Love of my Life.

Spirit of the Father
And of the Son,
May You be
Praised, Adored
And Loved forever.

The Noble Tree

By John Virogh, SFO
Our Lady of the Angels Region

Dear Lord allow me to be like the
noble tree
It held you up when you saved
my soul
It reaches its arms out for all
God's creatures
It shelters the Homeless
It supports the Church
It teaches me to be humble to
allow all to walk above me
But most importantly it dies and
is reborn again in you.

Looking at St. Francis in a Cimabue Fresco

By Tom Cloutier, SFO
St. Elizabeth of Hungry Region

He looks back at me with eyes as
large as Love,
And speaks from a mouth
Small enough to form
The gospel with
Humility,

And hears with large ears
Ever attentive
To the night-time whimpering
Of the beaten down,
Lonely
Exhausted
And abandoned.

I have born these
Crosses
Upon my back

And there he has stood,
So familiar as to be as
Invisible

as hope

while bearing my burdens
as well.

Peace

By Larry Landry, SFO
St. Francis Region

Oh, Peace, where do you hide?
Brushed aside by my selfish
pride.
or outside in the cold.
Are you so simple or old
The heart cannot be told
You belong in our fold?

The world is so bold
As to send you down the river.
We have lied to possess only
gold.
We have slipped and fallen on the
world's grease
To make our hearts quake and
quiver.
It is for you we must reach.
Why not walk quietly along the
beach,
To seek, find, and hold you, the
Child,
The King of Peace!

Womb of Faith

By Richard Hurzeler, SFO
St. Joan of Arch Region

Charcoal gray
Menacing clouds
Pierced by luminous
Rays showing
A golden path
Where belief
Penetrates
Through murkiness
And seas of doubt--
Grace

Hope

By Emily Dickinson

Hope is the thing with feathers
that perches in the soul
and sings the tune
without the words
and never stops at all.