

Poets are We...

Life

By Tom Cloutier, SFO
St. Elizabeth of Hungry Region

The trick is to see
not just the cold, naked branch
But the straining bud.

Woodwork

By Stephen Kolter, SFO
St. Katharine Drexel Region

He releases the pressure
of the clamps and stands back.
He knows the structure is sound
but is always struck with marvel
when many fragments solidify
to become one.

Its all in the pressure.
Glue is stronger than wood.
Together, glue and pressure make the chair.
Together, they build the gallows.
Together, they hold the cradle in place.

The last brace removed, the Woodworker beholds
This was built to last.

Easter Ecstasy

By Gail Halada, SFO
Brothers and Sisters of St. Francis Region

Jesus lived. I lived.
Jesus loved. I loved.
Jesus labored. I labored.
Jesus died. But I denied.

Jesus gave. I gave.
Jesus grieved. I grieved.
Jesus groaned. I groaned.
Jesus died. But I denied.

Jesus lives! I live.
Jesus loved. I loved.
Jesus laughs. I laugh.
He's alive! I realize.

Jesus lived FOR ME! Jesus lives IN ME!
Jesus loved FOR ME!. Jesus loves IN ME!
Jesus labored FOR ME! Jesus labors IN ME!
For ME, he died! In ME, crucified!

The risen Jesus...alive and here! Inviting ME to HIM!
I opened my heart. I said "YES!" to HIM.
I welcomed the good LORD in! AMEN.

My Season's

By Carolyn Bel, SFO
St. Clare Region

Seasons of all colors
I see them all tick away.
And life with all of its strife
I hug to me today.

I sit and ponder all the ways
That life's been good to me
I ask not why, but do accept
And know they're not for free.

The beauty and the wonders fill
My soul up to the brim.
I shall not squander one more day,
And all thanks I'll give to Him.

In life we're given an equal share
Of pain, and joy to bear.
And in the end we'll all be judged
On how we love and care.

For now I'm grateful for the days
All filled with beauty and life.
I'll try to share my feelings and
Accept the daily strife.

When at last I go to meet my God
In heaven up above,
I hope I'm judged on just how much
I've shared with all, my love.

So look down kindly on me now
As I'm filled with song and grace.
So happy to be here and yet
I long for that fairer place.

The Fisherman

By Caroline E. Richbourg, SFO
Brothers and Sisters of St. Francis

The Hound of Heaven,
Francis Thompson called You.
To me, You're a fisher of men.
I was hooked by You, when young.
In the depths of my years
You have played me.
Now I am old, still on Your hook
Waiting to be taken into Your boat,
A keeper at last!