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DEDICATED TO MARY MOTHER OF GOD

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A Gathering Silence

There is a gathering silence A whisper in the wind The earth ceases to tremble at our feet for a deeper brooding In the deepest recess of the loss of being That cannot un-be, And would that it had never been.

A gathering silence In a gathered breath of all being Fraught with nameless expectation Stirring in the leafless trees, The deepest ember in a dying fire Of all that was and which can never be Again as once it was before.

A gathering silence in the hearts of men Unknowing of Who cannot be known but cannot not now come to be Deepest secret, hidden longing, fire! Hearts of childrened women trembling at this hearth of hidden Love consuming every heart!

A gathering silence on the spangled plain, of earth that breasts on Heaven's face; The silence before the bursting choir, Breath abated under unseen wings Stilled creation on the brink of birth Ancient Promise binding sky and earth! To break the sleeping scandal of the tomb in that holy scandal of the Virgin's womb!

A Poor Clare Colettine Nun

