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Canticle of the Bride of the Lamb



The angel spoke to me, saying, "Come here. I will show you the bride, the wife of the Lamb." He took me in spirit to a great, high mountain and showed me the holy city Jerusalem coming down out of heaven from God. It gleamed with the splendor of God." (Apocalypse 21.9-11)

Behold the Bride of the Lamb!

She is brown and swarthy, a black jewel more precious than Onyx; her hair is spun of gold with eyes more limpid than the vault of heaven, darker and deeper than earth, fairer still than spun samite shimmering white. Ageless beauty of all ages, youth gathered in years, on the pure breath of each child. A Cedar of Lebanon towering in might, in thundered thickets of swords that have no sharp blades; bronzed of hand and brazen in strength; halt, seamed and seer, and blossoming still!

Her voice is rippled and laughter sings on her lips, speaking demurely in whispers of love that has come ... She is jubilant, dancing the dance of the Bride, and her footsteps are traced through fallow years of our lives, among nightshade and roses we have felt her soft step; our dreamless waking she sows with the dream of all dreams ... her Lover is come!

Who can she be, this Bride of the Light, betrothed of the Dawn that no longer knows sleep?

Dreamer, dreamer ... awaken! The banquet is set and row upon row the stone vases of Cana are filled to overflowing!

We well know the Groom, but to whom does He come with that Chalice of Love first drawn from the urn?

To you ... and to me ... to them ... and to thee!

See the Bride to Whom the Bridegroom is come! To them, from all ages – to you, and to me.



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