

Two Poems by Padraig Daly

God

All day long
She has been arranging our welcome:

Scouring down the house,
Sweeping under beds,
Pulling out the old crocheted counterpanes,
Shining glasses and tableware,
Dusting sideboards and pictureframes

Now she sits in a deep chair
Till we come crunching under the beeches
To the door

Merton, the Monk

Coming from chaos
And knowing that he walked close always to chaos
He sought out this place of discipline
Where he could weep for the pain of animals
And contemplate the fallen sparrow,
Conscious of a God who cares about such things.