

Three Poems by Padraig Daly

Priest

I am eating, drinking, sleeping, dreaming sorrow:
Yesterday I followed a small child to its grave;
Today, an old man.

I watch one I have grown to love,
Beautiful as the wind, languish;
And I flounder in the grief around her.

I sit with husbands in little smoky hospital rooms,
Parsing your reasons;
With broken mothers, with dismayed children.

Your people mutter bitterly against You:
How can I carry them?

London, May 1996: In the Light of Louisville

London:
Again imagination fails:

Each cardboard-dweller along the Embankment,
Every commuter underground,
The black girls travelling in giddy flocks

All have paths marked out by Love
And each tired face is luminous with unworldly Light.

A Gloss on Tauler (Sermon 37)

Set the butterflies free,
Let the birds follow, out from their cages;
And the small exuberant pups.

Before you go into your house,
Empty yourself of all thought,
All shapes, all imaginings.

Be at home in spareness and peace:
See how He will come,
Ransacking your rooms,

Tossing everything this way and that
Like one who has lost a treasure;
Opening doors and wardrobes,

Searching under chairs,
Behind cushions,
Emptying drawers onto the floor,

Until He finds you.