

Poem

by Padraig Daly

Interlude

Six women and a crabbed man
Kneel before a monstrance.

I am old among them,
Torn by the sorrowers days bring to my door,
Grappling with my burden of untrust;

Yet knowing too
That man is more than man
And this world more than this world shows.

Cars swish by on the roadway,
A thrush sings,
A crazed woman moves newspapers from bag to bag.

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The Ballyroan Baptism

Christ to the front,
Solid as a baulk;
Above, the dove alighting;

People awed;
A child's eyes searching for a voice;
All held in a loose triangle:

For this and every chunk of world
Is hemmed by the Three;
And all our action is the carry-on of God.

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More

We are more than what seems –
Not bound to flesh's end,
But bred for a forever.

The littlest, most craven of us,
Stands on a hill at evening,
Encircled by stars.

Padraig Daly was born in County Waterford, Ireland, and works in Dublin as an Augustinian priest. He is the author of numerous collections of poetry, the latest of which is *Afterlife* (Dedalus Press).