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Portrait Of A Litany

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PORTRAIT OF A LITANY

Great minds have sought you—seeking someone else.
You have been second always, 
*Tropical*?
Elsa Peretti
“Portrait of a Woman”

I am always sure that you understand
My feelings, always that you feel,
Sure that across the gulf you reach your hand.
T. S. Eliot
“Portrait of a Lady”

With your ghostly blown hair
And your heartbeats eyes
And your language lips
With your necklace teeth
And your glinting face

With your sunken hands
And your mooning arms
With your touching chest
And your quivering waist
With your chin-length lips
And your buttressed legs

With your steelship bones
And your strawseafervor
With your winsome flesh
And your pulsating heart
With your longleaved blond
And your prayerful womb

With your skyward staff
And your fearless rise
With your wavering gown
And your charmed ring
With your timelessness
And your bustling cowl

With your ancient glamor
And your whitewash tunic
With your ghostly voice
And your cowardly breath
With your rain-drenched hail
And your huddleward walk

With your deepsounding psalms
And your wordscrawled rhymes
With your earthcraving songs
And your sunburnt poems
With your windsuited chants
And your moonlight hymns

Now and at the hour of our death,

Jim Hall

Lumen Christi

In its own way,
the candle casts constant light.
It burns all day,
and is best seen at night.

from Mark

MIKE GOODWIN  three seeds, two flowers, two farmers