Tribute to the Poet: Fr. Michael Costanzo, Cri de Coueur

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Abstract
Contains excerpts from Fr. Michael Costanzo's poetry book Water Lilies: "Whirlwind, Section 1, No. 2," "No. 5," "Desolation the Queen," "No. 11 Rita," and "No. 9 Horizon."

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

Anyone who had the pleasure of conversing with Fr. Michael, either over coffee in his office or at the various little cafes he favored, knew him to be a very complicated man. My favorite conversations were about his love for opera (for which I remain only a neophyte) and his poetry. Ultimately, our talks led him to give me the privilege of writing the forward to his collection of poems Water Lilies. This is what I best remember of Fr. Michael and can think of no better tribute to him than to examine the complexity of his thoughts found in this particular work. Written over three decades, do not be tempted to see the change in voice as an evolution of spirit, his reflections changing with age. It is, rather, much like his beloved opera -- images of life filled with joy, despair, hope, and redemption.

This poetry bend is available in Verbum: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/verbum/vol15/iss1/10
Tribute to the Poet:

*Fr. Michael Costanzo, Cri de coeur*

“And then He said ‘Let Flowers Be!
To bring these worlds to stillness
Dances of life, reflexes of me.’

And the Almighty created man.
He walked the earths and conquered stars -
Shelled in his ego he trod on lilies.”  -- *Michael Costanzo, Whirlwind, Section one, no. 2*

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Man cannot see beyond everyday experience, a failure to recognize the transitory nature of his very life, leading him to forsake the beauty of creation. The balance between the search for wisdom and experience is tempered by the realization that death is always present as the ultimate end. The collection is divided into four sections and spans his work from 1979 – 2010.

*Whirlwind* is filled with trials of lassitude and the death of spirit. We witness an empty shell waiting in vain to be of use once more. The soul is laid bare shut within a life of solitude. There is the embrace of death, sorrow, and despair with a deeper question of whether the cup of sorrow truly makes better the saddened heart.

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*No. 5*

I am desolate
My mind is a gray sky
on a snowy day
My heart a bundle of emotions
I’m soaked under a deluge
of passions
Will this night of darkness
swallow the remnant of my
dreams?

Desolation the queen

And I...
I long to be free

Vanitas reverberates with the echo of Ecclesiastes (1:1-18). If all is vanity, should we despair of our daily
life? Where is hope and solace? Can there be consolation in faith alone? With the presence of doubt and
sorrow, where are we to find our source for renewal?

No. 5

Bathe this slowly decomposing spirit
in the scarlet blood of your living son,
Mother of Sorrow who stand by his cross.
and free this son from the guilt of sin.

Let the angel of sorrow help to beat
his repenting breast and cancel
from his bowed head the mark of guilt

And make him an instrument of love.
From the burning despair of his heart
let spring a song of comfort and peace

In χλοροφιλλα we feel the breath of Dante, we gaze upon the work of Vermeer, every poem a still life.
We witness within each a snapshot of womanhood; at once both Dante’s Francesca, as lover and muse,
and woman as the giver of light and harmony.
No. 11 Rita

lines for her painting “Larmes de la Mer”

La cathédrale de mon âme -
fatiguée jusqu’à la mort -
engloutie, les flots noirs
sur mon corps, sur ma vie

Je suis dans le ventre énorme
de la mer, ma mère inconnue;
je cris mon anguïsse, je vois mes larmes
qui montent à haut, du fond -
vide et blanc

The poems in *Sunrise, Sunset* reflect on the beauty and simple intricacies found in everyday life, whether whimsically reflecting on preparing a cup of espresso, momentary solace in an airport chapel, or marveling as a baby sleeps in the poet’s arms. Yet, there is still the melancholic voice.

No. 9 Horizon

I see the sky and the sea
unite as one
from the parapet of my vessel
in the elusive distance
we call horizon,

Fr. Michael – a very complicated man, indeed. In this collection, there is almost a longing for death -- not as an escape from life, rather as a chance to return to the his childhood vision of Eden. The human as ego confronts death as the enemy. The human as spirit accepts death as the lover. Both lead to oblivion; the former returned to earth, the latter enveloped in the embrace of eternity.

Dan Edes
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Michael Costanzo

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Michael Costanzo