Three Poems

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Abstract

Cover Page Footnote

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NIGHT ADORATION

Now dark the Holy Place that shadows dim;  
No earthly sound of prayer nor softly chanted hymn  
Intrudes upon the holy hour of meek adorer, Night,  
When soft the watch is given o'er by Day's rejoicing light.  
A host of waxen sentinels still keep their silent guard—  
Their restless eyes the shadowed arches sleeplessly regard.  
Upon the drowsy air the censer's spicy breath delays  
As if in loathing to amen its silent song of praise;  
Its haze becomes before the court a timid veil  
To shield the gleaming guilded throne. O Holy Grail!  
Wherein the lowly King enwrapped in cloak of white  
Awaits to greet the lonely pilgrim of the night.

THE CHANGE

Fish and bread He gave them  
And they were fed—  
They cheered  
And heard Him . . . to agree.  
A banquet then He pledged them  
Of Living Bread—  
They jeered  
And nailed Him to a tree.
EASTER SUN

Woeful day . . .
God's sun is dark on Calvary hill—
No rueful ray
To cast a glance can summon will . . .
Across the way
The crucified Trinity is still.
The angry roar,
Lie still once more . . .
The quaking peak and narrowed glen,
The debt in death full paid, and then
The night is o'er—
And lo! God's Son doth rise again.

MICHAEL A. OROFINO:

DONNA SENZA SPERANZA

La donna che non può sperare,  
Non è degna anche di amare.  
Nella primavera bella,  
Sola, sola guarda la stella.  
L'anima sarà piena di dispero,  
Per lei che cammina sotto un cielo nero.  
Essa guarda agli altri innamorati,  
Con cuor addolorato ed occhi bagnati.  
Ma se essa comincia a sperare.  
Qualche giorno potrebbe amare.