Image

James R. Hall Jr.
St. John Fisher College

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MCIomor L. David

Those who hate persecute me even now
I have no arms
Yet I lie down to sleep.
They fling me on all sides
in full arrangement.

Like a winter’s storm they assault
“We will make sure he never arises”
Yet in my heart never hurries its pace;
You whisper in the warm breeze;
They melt away;
They stream back in terror.

“Is there any help for him in God?”
“We have never seen one.”

He opens his hands
I am filled
They have taken all that I loved.
It was then he became as a brother.
I awake in the morning refreshed.
Yet they are exhausted with apprehension.

“O people why do you utter nonsense
There is no breath in your mouth.”

A torrent protect you against thousands
What missile will stop the world’s end
Let the tears of your eyes awaken you.
the soil of pride be fertile for love.

Situ Cervus Desiderat

The savage soil
Screams to be exploited:
Unwillingly, my hands plunge downward.
Laden with their burden they rise moist.
The pleasure, I marvelled at its mystery;
I returned often to my soil.
To taste its musty odor.
To watch the seasons change it,
To watch the sweat of the night vanish in the morning sun.
One day, knowing roots stave erosion,
And fearing loss above all,
I placed a seed within.
I built my home around that seed.
And leisurely I tended it,
For with the sage sky dispensing its gifts,
I knew the soil would keep it.

FRAN MURPHY

IMAGE

Into the eyes of my words you gazed;
I left my face on your veil.

JOHN VONNACL

THE 2/4 WALTZ

Now gentle does the dawn shyly carves
The silver tresses of the moonlit hand.
Blushing away her paleness with the press
Of silent kisses. Warm, radiant, his hand.
Awakes the air, filling with winged song
The stretching corners rising in his sight.
Liquid her trusting eyes reflect the strong
Life, breaking in shadows the fullest light
She fears to know. Burning beneath this shroud.
Revelous glows a goddess filled with day
And trembling arms reach to a sun, noon proud.
In blazing brilliance night alone will stay.
Who’s known love in the open plain, once, well,
Waits not his call in a softer citadel.

JIM HALL