And Upon this rock...

John Icone
St. John Fisher College

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1970/iss1/16
(Untitled)

if you had my hands
you would make
my eyes to seas in
which you'd bathe
then I'd hold you

Ronald Szymanski

And Upon this rock...

Thou has told me and shall I say not so?
And Thy Sun hath filled these searching spheres
That I may with light, direction seize...
    For Lord, Thou dost know.
And I, a “rock” which vainly wind doth blow
In contempt of such constancy of time and place,
You say that I “shall never pass away”
    And Lord, Thou dost know.
No wind, but I, Cain’s claim, yet woe
As further falls Thy Gibraltran bead
For Lord, Thou sayest that Your lightly falling seed
On rock, shall never grow.
Divine Contradiction, Thy clouds have hazed Thy Sun,
Yet ere dark I pray, nay wish, Thy kingdom come.

John Icone

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