

To Paint a Lark



To paint a lark would break the laws of music.

To speak my joy would curb the Hand of God.

The hammering of world-play has

steeled the edges of my soul

and joy, born of encounter,

has hollowed me out.

So, reach into me now Word of the Spirit

Into the growing point of self and soul,

to utter the larksong my soul cannot encompass.

For your Presence is green to my being;

gladness is bursting like the cherry-blossom

and the wind is warm.

Mary McKeone, rscj

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