

## **Three Poems crushing the sorrows of the heart**



### **CONTENTEDNESS**

**Whether it is raindrops or sunshafts that fall on us,**

**it is no matter,**

**for the Providence of All-being**

**has weighed our necessities**

**and cherished our desires,**

**testing His planting ground,**

**and counting His intread**

**with the love of a Maker.**

**So let us open at the hour of the growing rose,**

**and breathe out our being at leaf-crush,**

**till the air is sweet about us,**

**and the self is still.**



**INNER STRUGGLE.**

I waited for your Word -

but no Word came.

My heart was waiting,

but only silence sang.

Silence I listened to,

but it was painful -  
breaking across my soul  
like storm on rocks.

Next time I waited  
there was a stillness  
in my being:  
a stillness loving the silence  
till there was music  
deeper than silence,  
bringing me peace,  
for it held the Word  
I had been seeking.

*Mary McKeone rscj*

**I SEE....**



**I see the phantom dancing of the wind**

**the pulse of fevered seas,**

**the painful growth of leaves**

**that burst convulsively**

**from buds on quickening trees.**

**What if I see all this**

**yet walk through life**

**glance-held and blind with pride,**

**crushing the sorrows of the heart**

**that silent eyes can hide?**

*Mary McKeone rscj*

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