



THE MYSTERY OF YOUR LOVE

You guard the mystery of your love with darkness.
You fence it with the barbed wire of our doubt.
Our joy is always under threat from sadness
and sprawling minefields seem to say KEEP OUT.

For if you wooed our fickle hearts with sweetness
and vintaged all our harvests to persuade,
we would not know the gulf that must divide us —
the lovers — from the things the Lover made.

And so you share with us the tears, the blindness,
the mockery, the cries of pain, the nails.
Lest deep delight should prostitute your kindness
and our own love forego the leap it craves.

Ralph Wright, O.S.B.