



## ***THE ARTIST***

The business of the artist or the poet  
is, through and despite the pain,  
to go on breathing the ordinary air  
and not despair.

Van Gogh, Hemingway and Sylvia Plath  
decided their darkness was too deep  
for the color they needed.

The hope Christ brought  
broke many people's  
universe apart,  
crumbling it like crackers  
into the soup:  
the joy to come too great  
beyond the veil,  
the gloom this side too grey  
to wait or wade through.

I'd be for living each instant given,  
each breath breathed,  
gladly  
with stunned amazement  
-new moon, sunrise, snowfall  
each a fresh masterpiece  
of Your magnificence.

*Ralph Wright, O.S.B.*