Prayer poems

A locked church

Ah my dear Lord, the church is locked
but let my heart be open to your presence;
there let us make, you and I,
your Easter garden;
plant it with flowers,
and let the heavy stone be rolled away.

A locked church, 2

Unlock my heart, three-personned God
and with your strength
secure the way;
now push aside
all that resists your might
for only then will I be changed
and see afresh
your true, unfathomless
gentleness.

After John Donne

News

Attached to news
it curls its tendrils round our lives
Invades and squeezes,
gradiually distorts.

Christ is our news
who makes for us each day
all things new

Attached to him,
we find him close to us,
like breath within us
bringing life to every part.

The Interim
Jesus of carpenter’s shop
with plane and chisel, hammer and nails
getting on with things without fuss
doing the necessary,
bearing on shoulder
the plank’s weight shared with Joseph;
sweeping aside the sawdust
delighting in light reflecting
off a polished surface.
Jesus, called by Mary to eat
taking his inner prayer with him to table
breaking bread with family
putting down for now plane and chisel
Hammer and nails.

A Lenten Antiphon for our times
Advancing from tedium to Te Deum we praise thee, O Lord!

Journey into space
“Journey into space” BBC
was all the rage when I was ten;
now through my laptop screen
( a concept unknown then )
I enter daily a different domain,
travel into communications
otherwise impossible,
orbit the globe;
at the press of a key
space is unlocked for me
while under “lockdown.”