Holy Week Prayer for Exiles

Christ,
From Thy Easter-breeding cross
Cast the red seeds
Of Thy solace
On the war-delved
And sorrow-disked
Hearts
Of the wretched
Displaced and in exile.

Bid them learn from Thy wanderings That the feet Of one exile Found their rest On the cross.

Sancta Maria, Lady Mother, Whose feet Sought the far sands of Egypt And climbed up The heart-scalding hill Of the cross, Pity poor mothers Pushed from islands, Peninsulas, Mewed-up On mainlands And ground up As giblets (O the hard heart of mankind) To season the food Of false victories Now sold To the deaf and dumb great.

-A. P. C.

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A man is rich in proportion to the number of things he can afford to let alone.—Thoreau.