

POEM

Salve Regina

The Lady of heaven
embroiders.
The silver needle,
in her ever gracefull,
now glorious hands,
pierces the veil
of human lives
woven on the loom of providence,
pulling a thread delicate
with human aspirations and sighs,
supplications and cries
wailed to God most high.
The needle descending,
earthward,
to return, ascending,
heavenward,
in the pattern learned
from her Son,
high priest of that Temple
beyond the making of human hands.
Enrobed in this chasuble,
stitched by the Queen of all loveliness,
with the prayers of all peoples,
Christ our high priest
intercedes
before his heavenly Father,
and *ours*.

Michael Hoonhout