

POEM

Mirror

To us it's given in this world to see
A glimpse of heaven, then imperfectly.
But that's enough, perhaps all we can bear.
For in our fallen finitude we'd fare
Not well in light proportioned to the sight
Of saints and angels. Still, at times this night
We call our life is brightened by a gem
The like of which no seraph's diadem
Could e'er eclipse. And eyes of Adam's brood
Are christened with hews of beatitude,
Brief penetrated with a peace long lost,
Bought back and held in trust at Godly cost.
Praise God for glints of glory in our gray,
Souls through whose beauty shines the final day.

Charles Fink

POEM

Rosary

String of prayer, I wear your words on unchaste
Tongue, and talk your song sung sweetly by your
Saintly ones. Bright beads adorning sin-laced
Fingers, how I tremble at this so-pure
Touch, uncertain I should dare to pray at
All. But I am just a child and so need
Toys like this my Mother made for me, that
I may play at prayer at least. And she'll plead
That my childish games be marked not for what
They are worth but for this treasure in my
Hand. Thus standing by her side, I will not
Fail to touch the heart of God, who may cry
Now as He did as a child, and maybe
Play with me as with a little baby.

Charles Fink