

winter: meditations on Mother :Mary

It is winter
Death deep before spring
The orchards barren
with a chill
as when He died on the cross
Still not yet risen
Stone heavy on the heart
not yet rolled back
to this crucifix above the altar
we bend our knees
that Christ may be born anew in our family

It is winter
and the statue of Mary and Child who holds the universe
stands to the right of this altar to her crucified Son

It is winter
and the braceros wait for spring
and the war wounded vet begs, legless, waiting for a meal
and the garbage picker looks with hope and waits for luck
and the gypsies make willow-wood furniture from near the river and offer its sale
And in the distance burned skulls litter Japan and Europe
The Second War is ending
and the air near the tannery smells of curing hides and the rendering of hoofs

It is winter
and this is our home

It is winter
and father and i go to early Mass
still in the dark
It is winter