Partners

No earthly use for me to try

To make a creature that can run-

Or jump – or swim – or even fly

Yet by God’s will it is being done

And all his wonders under the sun

So jointly we can care for them

- My God and I

Without his help I couldn’t be

Alive and taking it all in –

Able to touch, hear, smell, and see,

Aware of colour, shape, and trim,

Of subtle sounds, of joy of motion,

Of people, language, laughs, devotion.

Of God, of me.

I take delight in what I please,

And find it hard to think of others.

When evil’s planned, though ill at ease,

I follow, lest offend false brothers

How to stand for what is right,

Be loyal, truthful, shining bright?

Only by turning “I” to “We”-

- My God and me.

Times when I hurt the folk I love

And there’s a vacuum twixt us grown,

He who the pulsing Cosmos moves,

Tunes in a super-sonic beam

Through timeless space to burn my being

Until again, in time for tea,

We’ve vanquished all antipathy,

-my God and me.

Together travelling, day by day,

He doing his bit, I doing mine,

I soon forget in pleasure’s sway,

Yet turn to him in blaming whine

When I can’t find him. Need I seek?

He’s in the next I meet in the street.

So, in sadness and gladness I’m complete

My God in me.

D.J. Crisp 5.30 a.m. Our Lady of Carmel 1981