

Connecting New

June, 2020

We are made for relationship, with other people, with creation, with the Divine. This month's first poem depicts a beautiful relationship between grandparent and grandchild. On the other end of the spectrum, the second poem attempts to describe the effect prolonged isolation can have on our psyches.

My sense is that many of us are living these days with an undercurrent of sadness and anxiety, and my hope with sharing Pandemia is that you may find some comfort in naming how you may be feeling and being reminded that you are not alone in those feelings. My hope with sharing Papa Fish is that we may celebrate even more fully those times when we can engage in close relationship.

Papa Fish

Papa Fish has the gift...
to play pure,
to let you know that you are a delight,
that you are precious and interesting and important,
that you are loved, deeply loved.
Papa Fish loses himself in your presence,
enters your world and enjoys the visit.
With him, there is always mischief and adventure,
laughter and tenderness.
Papa Fish is a respite,
a drink from a toy tea cup,
a slurp from a spoonful of everything,
a deeper dip into the goodness of life.
"Play with me, Papa Fish" are the words of incantation,
and for a while the magic of fun, funny love fills
the space of the room, of our hearts, of our lives.

Pandemia

Empty, lazy, going a bit crazy.
The Langoliers have overcome us,
sucking all the life from our days,
sucking all the light from our lives.
There is no end in sight
except for those who dare not look.

What is amazing is the depth of banality,
the muted colors and feelings,
the loss of appetite
(we've come so far as to deny our cravings),

the loss of sleep though we are exhausted.

There must be goodness in action, somewhere,
though I can't see it, feel it, be it.

There must be God's presence, somewhere,
though I'm not sure I'd even recognize it anymore.

There must be the spark of life that animates
creativity and passion, someday,
though I can't imagine when.

Oh Lord, make haste to help us,
united in our isolation,
in communion in our desolation,
resisting our agitation,
the secret and hidden part of ourselves
praying that once again you will save us,
and praying more that salvation will come
in a way familiar and comforting to us,
despite our knowing that
the circumstances of salvation are always unprecedented.


May we recognize that God is with us, even when the circumstances are not
what we desire or expect.

Peace and Blessings,
Clarence

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