

One who passes by

You have given me a
short span of days *

and in the passing
of that determined
time I did not stand
still, repeating last
year's experience

my life is an nothing
in your sight *

hidden beyond a gateway
crossed in a dark December
night, I made my way
leaving behind
the time of wandering

a mere breath
the one who stood so firm *

surety of movement
as my steps were taken
exploring beyond the wall
into the rose gardens
each patient year

a mere shadow
the one who passes by *

stops to speak,
to listen to words that
echo in the mind long after
the speaking stops
and leave is taken

a mere breath
the hoarded riches *

of life, full lived
of days and weeks
prayed out with other

silent men of prayer
or faced in solitude

and who will take them
no one knows *

I did not write words
nor speak to brothers
or to friends of my pilgrimage
knowing each one face to face.
Take them as you choose.

*Psalm 39 vs 6/7 Grail Translation

Chris McDonnell

