ABSOLUTION.

And I will take this pen and turn it’s nib into a sharp sword that will avenge the agony of my soul and turn it’s ink into pure waters, and holy fountains that will absolve the realms of my spirit.

And let it speak, long after my life is over of my love for my children, three little pairs of eyes now blurred by the balls of tears forever standing ready to roll down the weathered clefts of my cheeks.

Let it speak of my love for my home, it’s laughter, it’s sunshine, a hollow ring, a distant echo of what should have been: it’s triumphs, it’s losses mine to keep.

Let speak of the heroes of my life in turning whose causes to my own, and in singing whose songs and bearing whose griefs, I have carried a cross on which my body and my soul will lie-sentenced. condemned.

Let it speak of my battles with the storms In the high seas
Gasping…. gasping,
one more breath
seeming
one last breath,
but carried on
further and further
into the high seas.

Let it speak
of God, most Reverend,
in whose might and
in whose strange strange power,
I have learnt the wisdom
of humility:
and that poverty,
real poverty
is not of the body
but of the soul…..
That in hunger
lies a certain virtue,
a yearn, a crave
quite far from the excesses
of indulgence.

Let it speak
of Love,
aimed as ever
with a dagger in one hand,
and a needle in another
ripping, mending,
ripping, mending,
then ripping and mending hearts
again and again
till patches after patches
rags after rags
threads can hold no more.

Catherine Alum Odora, 28th January1988, in Stockholm, Sweden