

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,
armed 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 January 1988, in Stockholm, Sweden