

Wilderness House Literary Review 17/1

Dennis Daly

Ode on Today's Canonization of Jacinta and Francisco Marto

May 13, 2017

When brother sun detached himself and spun
Above the milling flock at Fatima
Like a host, an unleavened confection
Held high, then zigzagging into drama,

Discalced Lucia marshalled her cousins close.
Under the offbeat, consternated skies
Rife with fresh secrets and innuendoes,
Weather evaporated lullabies.

I imagine a pope, the last Pius
Costumed within the Vatican Garden,
Consumed with prophetic animus,
A third message: revered desolation.

My mother understood. Our family prayed
Together before the living room's sofa,
Moved bead after bead over a decade
For peace, for the conversion of Russia.

The commies blinked, devolved, de-conflated
Into auctioneers, nuclear conmen.
Jacinta and Francisco outdated,
Died of influenza, age nine, age ten.

Apparitions erupt from innocence.
Today's womb opens, it comforts, endears.
Mary enters divinity's absence,
Miracles resolve into souvenirs.

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Solar rays shine through a goblet's crystal.
Cerulean waters sparkle beyond joy,
Pour earthward from maternity's mantle.
Souls seek heaven. Eyewitnesses annoy.

At Saint Mary's Monophysic Church in Diyarbakir Turkey

Here no one sees, presumes to know
Ancient bone and blood exceptions.
Haloed phantoms roam roundabout
Bestowing darkened, ikon grace.

The priest parades his fervid pride,
Peoples a church with his children.
They praise paradise with giggles,
Their dreams still remote, still nascent.

Urban Savior, unconnected,
Not caressed by mortality
And the milky ages of love,
Keep marvelous this solitude.