

PASSION AND POETRY
March 18 Readings

“Resurrection, Imperfect”
by John Donne

SLEEP, sleep, old sun, thou canst not have repass'd, 1
As yet, the wound thou took'st on Friday last;
Sleep then, and rest; the world may bear thy stay;
A better sun rose before thee to-day;
Who—not content to enlighten all that dwell 5
On the earth's face, as thou—enlighten'd hell,
And made the dark fires languish in that vale,
As at thy presence here our fires grow pale;
Whose body, having walk'd on earth, and now
Hasting to heaven, would—that He might allow 10
Himself unto all stations, and fill all—
For these three days become a mineral.
He was all gold when He lay down, but rose
All tincture, and doth not alone dispose
Leaden and iron wills to good, but is 15
Of power to make e'en sinful flesh like his.
Had one of those, whose credulous piety
Thought that a soul one might discern and see
Go from a body, at this sepulchre been,
And, issuing from the sheet, this body seen, 20
He would have justly thought this body a soul,
If not of any man, yet of the whole.

Desunt Caetera

“For Lent, 1966”

By Madeleine L’Engle

It is my Lent to break my Lent,	1
To eat when I would fast,	
To know when slender strength is spent,	
Take shelter from the blast	
When I would run with wind and rain,	5
To sleep when I would watch.	
It is my Lent to smile at pain	
But not ignore its touch.	
It is my Lent to listen well	
When I would be alone,	10
To talk when I would rather dwell	
In silence, turn from none	
Who call on me, to try to see	
That what is truly meant	
Is not my choice. If Christ’s I’d be	15
It’s thus I’ll keep my Lent.	