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The Pilgrimage of the Mass

The Song of All Songs

Roger Corless

I remember,
long ago,
long, long ago,
the sun came up at midnight,
seen by no one but myself,
and my room was filled with light
and grew so huge
(Vimalakirti, do you hear?)
that nothing was not there.

I sang from the Song of Songs
and the sun relaxed, and listened,
shining and still and blest,
and said, "Yes,
it is good, it is good, it is good."
the earth was made again,
the brown earth smiled,
and her creatures ran in her robes,
and there was great peace.

I could have called it Paradise;
yet it was but the forecourt—
an earnest of that endless day
(Abelard, is it true?)
in which the Saints embrace—
for the sun went down before dawn,
falling behind the dew and the birdsong,
and I walked on morning mists to Mass
like Lao-tzu riding the clouds.

long, long ago.

+ may all beings be happy +