Poem: We Rise

We Rise

We rise in your flaming, Holy One:
the wind of your wisdom stirs
A cry within us asking Mercy
on our humanness, weak with wrongs.
You forget unworthiness as you see

the slightest turning
to another way not yet yours
but closer.
From afar you sense our change
and distance is no more:
your welcome cleanses us;
in tears we rise.

Pentecost 2020

— Audrey Synnott, RSM