

## MOTION IS THE MIRROR

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### Prologue

*All men are vain, in whom there is not the knowledge of God:  
and by those things that are seen could not understand Him that is,  
neither by attending to the works have acknowledged who was the  
workman.*

Wisdom, 13, 1.

*The invisible things of Him, from the creation of the world, are  
clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made.*

St. Paul, Romans, 1, 20.

*Argument: The world is charged with the grandeur of God.*

Gerard Manley Hopkins

There once lived a poet in an ancient city  
Whose mind and heart waged a daily battle,  
First one tasting victory, then the other.  
His mind, through his very senses' liveliness,  
Looked out upon the beauty of its environs:  
Forests, streams, earth and waterfall,  
Marble casements, columns, music,  
Poetry, daily living, man's power withal.  
Whispered his thoughts to him in sensitive  
wanderings:  
There must be designer, artist infinite,  
Creating all that man knows of his encompassings.  
Chance did not bring all that is here;  
There must be Cause full worthier.  
As it is with such seers  
Satisfaction was not his wont  
Until he might probe more deeply  
Into the depth of things that are.  
Always there was reason to be calmed  
With a surer knowledge, cause yet untold.  
So, he set himself a greater task,  
A greater knowing to unfold.

. . . . . *the streets I trod,*  
*The lit straight streets shot out and met*  
*The starry streets that point to God.*

Chesterton to Belloc

First about his city he looked  
For answer to his unknowing. . .  
Nor did he suffer the catalogued, the booked  
The seeds of other men's sowing. . . .  
Answers were not here.  
How could the Infinite be caged  
Within the narrows that man had paged?  
Little figures prone between papers' edge  
Surely would not fill the wonderment  
Firing his soul with every manner  
Of life stirring torment.  
But, even these same small signs of learning  
Did move man's mind to greater yearning,  
Despite their lying dormant,  
Impressed page on page with secret burning.

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But, here was movement,  
Moving in daily life and waterfall,  
In living poetry, beyond printed page,  
Figures of movement:— movement,  
Something common to all.  
Marble casement, columns, cities of men,  
Here was movement again.  
In building, in sustenance,  
Here was movement  
Thick, fast and extremely dense.  
Change giving way to change  
Jailing man in common range—  
This was movement. . .  
Manpower not withstanding;  
Life but changing to death  
With all its dreary demanding,  
Stealing from man his vast  
Leanings, lofty in breadth:—  
This was movement commanding.  
Music, too, had its moving,  
In moving and being moved:

Swelling, lulling movement  
In organ loft, on battlement.

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Soon, the poet fell to reverie  
In a field of living things,  
Over which clouds swept high  
And life's breath bent low.  
Hour on hour he spent  
In meditated wonderment.  
I see motion (he thought)  
In the winds that blow  
And the birds that fend  
Their way through the sun's  
soft glow.

In things there is motion  
An ever changing,  
From what can be to is,  
That is motion.  
What moves, being transient,  
Is passing, towards being spent,  
Propelled by another.  
Is it possible that there be  
Movement to infinity  
In all the bounded things of earth?

\* \* \* \*

His thought hummed. . . .  
Limits binding all around,  
Binding presence, force profound;  
Chained is the earth and sea and sky. . .  
That is the way with things, but why?

His thoughts kept ringing. . . .  
Movement in generation  
Force of man's elation,  
Dependence in attraction  
Leaning upon an action,  
All have need compelling,  
Source of all impelling,  
Of First Mover unmoved,  
Primal Source approved  
By reason's blundering  
Wandering in wondering.

Argument: *She (Wisdom) reacheth therefore from end to end mightily and ordereth all things sweetly.* Wisdom, 8, 1

Wisdom therefore spoke to him:  
The greatest perfection  
Must there be in the Mover  
Of all that moves  
Throughout the universe.  
Who is there so adverse  
To suppose  
That a single bit of poetry  
Is greater than its notary?  
And, who the fool so rash  
Not to see the Maker of Time  
Smiling upon each bit of rhyme?

Argument: *I set about finding a way to gain the strength that was necessary for enjoying You. And, I could not find it until I embraced the Mediator between God and man, the Man Jesus Christ, Who is over all things, God blessed forever . . . the Way, the Truth, and the Life.*

St. Augustine, Confessions, Bk. XVIII.

In his odyssey, the poet learned  
Of Christ, the Son of God,  
Who kept a tryst  
With man upon a Cross  
To save him from fallen reason's  
Oft too boasted dross.  
He learned, too, of a spouse  
Ghostly keeper of the House  
That Christ had built.  
It was she who taught,  
Being wedded to Him,  
That He had been the Price  
Set for orphan reason's  
One great Whim. . .  
So that the wayward  
Became a faithful child,  
No longer orphan running wild,  
But a faithful child  
In the House

That Christ had built.  
 For, did not this spouse say:  
 I profess  
 That reason can know  
 For certain, but  
 Not without duress,  
 That God is, was,  
 And ever will be. . .  
 I am Who am. . .  
 That is the token of Him.  
 I profess  
 That reason can know Him  
 In the things that are.  
 Come, see and taste  
 Of Him:—  
 The poet bowed his head,  
 His mind, heart and will,  
 A living hymn  
 To the God of all:  
 Poet and peasant,  
 Bird and tree, firmament,  
 All giving evidence  
 Of the wonderment  
 Of Him Who is, was,  
 And ever will be.

### Epilogue

*Among themselves all things have order  
 And from hence the form which makes  
 The Universe resemble God:  
 In this the higher creatures  
 See the printed steps  
 Of that eternal worth, which is the end  
 Whither the line is drawn.  
 All natures lean in this their order  
 Diversely, some more  
 Some less approaching to this  
 Primal Source.*

Dante, *Divine Comedy*



This order is in the hierarchy  
Which reaches from the lowest  
Creature to the only Creator,  
Who made the Universe.  
This order is in the relation  
Of things that are,  
As they are.  
God said: Let there be!  
And things were made  
And so it has been  
From the beginning,  
And so it will be,  
Until the end.

Our hope is to see  
"A world  
In a grain of sand  
And heaven in a wild flower,  
Hold infinity  
In the palm of the hand,  
And eternity in an hour."\*  
To "see" with reason  
And be guided by faith  
At times  
In realms where  
Reason falters,  
The higher climes,  
Where she still claims  
Her right to be.

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\* William Blake.