

A DEMIURGE SINGING COVERS

Raymund Snyder, O.P.

What you know you become,
Whether it becomes you or not.
Pebbles aren't in the head,
But the mind can be a stone.

Though phantasm be limited,
And brain states double up,
Wit's end has no extremity,
All things it will become.

And as for what you love,
Only love the lovely.
From sensing externals,
Ensues union inevitable.

Gazing in the window,
Calls one to enter in,
And leaving proves most difficult,
Though there be not sin.

What petrology reveals,
And window shopping shows:
A teleology, an anthropology,
That which we are becoming.



DOLMEN, CARNAC

Even the best of artists,
Only mimics things tasted.
He reshapes the rocks,
As a demiurge singing covers.

Thank God even God,
Agit sibi simile.
His works betray his being,
And so we know and move.

Raymund Snyder entered the Order of Preachers in 2010. He grew up in Wichita, KS and attended the University of Notre Dame where he studied philosophy and classics.