

A PEASANT & HIS BREAD

(UPON A REMARK MADE TO JOHN VIANNEY)

Timothy Danaher, O.P.

ILYA REPIN - A SHY PEASANT

I look at him and he looks at me.
It's nothing much, I just come and see
For me is nothing else besides
Looking at Bread where my God hides
Though he doesn't do it all so well
Else he shouldn't cause my heart to swell
As it does each time I close the door
To sit alone with this king made poor

Not often do my emotions arouse
My mind oft burdened, my thoughts they browse
Even so, I am here, and worry not so
He or I haven't need to put on a show
My part is small, but to get out of bed
He loved us first I hear in my head
So I drag my old body, still whole and entire
Not much, when he chose to climb, cry, expire
But I walk while it's dark, an old friend to meet
My part is small, his is the feat
O painful Passover that here he may dwell
The wood of the cross and descent into hell
That I might sit here, bundled, secret, warm
While he coldly hung, for the crowds and their scorn.

Timothy Danaher entered the Order of Preachers in 2011.