

THE SACRED AND IMMACULATE

by Nirina Nancy Mignon

Of flamelets rending,
Of where doves in dulcet
Do so exalt without expire.
The chambered closet embers
Hither, thither, and whither where Word conducts it.
Thus, in His heart bountiful goodness was writ.
Nary place for 't, wickedness did fall, staffed to pitch.
And His obstinate angels follow'd wand
As they knew not what froward was, this good troupe.

Yarely, as rose fell;
A publick did come spectate,
Of the very same stuff, He chose not to abate!
The matter of import was of His state.
«If you do so hunger, of my fruits are to sate. »
Yet to sate is to be untrue,
Of what isn't Him, it is flesh;
Of what hungers appending:
If it is savor seeketh, brew'd is His stock;
If it is restlessness that harasses thee,
For your unstaidd mind He hath made a hammock,

And ye shall be quickened without dream.
As He hath given you plenty of His own ambition,
And when awak'st, ye shan't pursue spooks of
Sinew, that thou fashions as auspicious.
For every lust entertaineth, He hath given you twice non-idleness!
Of what bloats thyself with, goodliness could fill.
And every coin of your exploits does ore of His office turn fiat.
Of mounts, riv'rs, and thee did make of His ambition,
Mould it not to fashion ersatz, ye ungrateful spirit!

Abscond not He, for he hath made you friend and not a truant;
And of the boundless Madonna, did He come in thy shape
To close the abyssant distance, to embrace thee closer.
Ye shall do the same,
And fashion thyself to be alike to His art.