

Veni Creator Spiritu

(Come, Creator Spirit)

They seem to touch
Those outstretched hands.
We squint
We strain
And shield our eye
Against the light.

Against the distances
That deceive.

In the company of saints
We fail to see.
Cannot believe or understand
That they never have
Nay, never can
Meet

That languid youth
And tired old man.

Fingers fixed
Eternally apart
The life-force
Sparks.

And jumps the gap.

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