

## Mystery<sup>+</sup>

The meaning of things and their purpose  
are concealed in a mystery.  
Our choosing can only be found  
in this truth, or - absurdity.  
If all is absurd then poor creatures are we  
to love and to joy,  
to laugh and to cherish,  
all temporarily.  
In three hundred years  
when long we are buried,  
will even great grandchildren  
our mem'ry be carried?  
If to embrace the mystery is to walk towards the light,  
to glimpse the real, to behold the sight,  
to see a ray but not the sun,  
to part the dark even so slight,  
and from time to time  
from that loving sun a radiant beam is showing,  
just a flicker or flashing harbinger  
through the cloud of unknowing,  
Is not this more favored  
than these flashes ignore,  
to these impressions attend,  
take time to explore?  
When once I yielded to the light  
more light was given to see.  
And able to see more closely,  
I saw darkness surrounding me.  
My eyes began to focus  
the shape of things that be,  
and saw each living person  
as a fire glowingly.  
Each one a bit of flame  
from the One who is the Fire,  
giving meaning to the purpose  
and the end of life's desire.  
Our minds are so small, so terribly small.  
We look up to the mountaintop straining to gaze  
forever we're climbing this mountain so tall,  
but always from foothills we see only haze.  
For a mystery's a reality we ne'er understand  
nor ever discover alone.  
Never fathom or solve or explore,  
'cept by those who seek for the throne,  
with reverence and awe,

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<sup>+</sup> Poem inspired by Basil Hume's "The Mystery of Love".

for the senses fall short of the shore,  
of the inexpressible love of  
the One who is Evermore.