

Trinity

Elia Wilkinson Peattie

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We took no thought, dear Love, we took no thought!
We only knew our summer-time was come --
The birds were nesting, orchards were abloom,
And joy burned in us like a holy flame.

And now, behold our little miracle!
Our shining star, come to us wondrously
From out the farther dark! Our mystery,
Too soft and sweet to be called anything --
Or miracle or mystery -- but just
Our babe!
Our own -- yet not our own!

A gift, uncomprehendingly to prize!
His laughter, bright as sunshine on a wave,
Sets our whole world ashimmer, and his dreams,
Darkening his liquid eyes, are drawn, I think,
From those deep cisterns of our secret prayers,
Which we have strangely hidden, each from each.

And yet, at times, his pretty whimsy-thoughts
Shut soft the door on us and close us out!
We clasp him close and probe his lips for sweets --
Great, greedy bees upon a tender flower --
Yet cannot reach the little sacred self
That, like a god, is shrined in his bright shell.

Ah, Love, ah, Love, let us not call him ours!
Let us confess he cannot wonder more
At the amazing world than we at him.

-- How can we voice our awe-in-gratitude --

Our poignant heart of sorrow-in-delight?

Silence indeed is best! Look deep, dear one,
In his sweet eyes and learn there what you may --
That love is service; yes, and mystery;
And in this lovely, wordless babe we hold
Is hidden safe the secret of the world.