

2.7 Easter at Calatafimi (2012)

This ancient land, this sky - old comrades
who have shared so fruitfully
the seasons and the winds:
could man have not found humble space
among you just to share as well,
to simply strive and thrive?
Seems not: it seems that tree and vine,
and ox and bee, could not be food
for thrift alone, but always led to strife.
And could not grape and corn, and wine and bread,
have simply served as blood and flesh
again at this crucifixion, this Eastertide?

You ancient witnesses, you long
have understood our need to yield to death;
you know for each true life,
however small, there needs to be
a commensurate dying,
a passion and a sacrifice.

For all their deities, their rituals performed,
each conqueror's pantheon
successively obscured the God within,
that one perennial Lord of the cosmic dance:
their empty sacrifices made to bribe
the fates, they did not understand
the death of ego, sacrifice of self
which should be made again
for this resurrection, this Eastertide.

And even now they fail to see
the Calvary on that high green hill
outside the town – so much
young blood so blindly given;
instead of written on this dull stone, any empty
reckoning of cost,
could that have not been better spent
again for this ascension, at this Eastertide?

Calatafimi, Sicily - April 2012.