

DAILY BREAD

“Grain of Hope : Slice of Heaven”

RISING



“Now the green
blade riseth...”

Rising

A tiny shoot
Bursting out of a seed, beginning to probe
Through heavy earth, to push towards the light:
It is soft and pale;

Yet science says its force
Exerted on an apple would lift that fruit
A full metre: a miracle so common
We tread it underfoot.

But what on earth could gauge
The love-force
That burst out of the Cross, that broke free
From the dragging weight

Of the Roman death-machine
Whose every power-act and jeer was designed
To pulverise the identity of this Jew,
To crush his God-self?

What Spirit-flow
Was required to forgive and through this soar free
Of the hate that nailed him
To a torture-spot?

What life-power
Was needed to be buried in a cave
That seemed hard and closed, like a winter-cold
seed,
And to crack it open?

To rise, bearing
The marks of nails as a shoot can carry dark
Clinging specks of the earth
Through which it has travelled.

Surely a love-energy
Equal to that which burst through space creating
The universe was needed to return
To that place of betrayal

And to rise, lifting
All our muddling darkness, all our hope,
Lifting each one of us in fear and wonder
Into the light of God.

Wheat seedlings springing in the courtyard of St James's Piccadilly on Day 23 after planting.

Diane Pacitti, 2020



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