

## **One Vision of the Blessed Day**

*February 27, 2014*

O for the blessed day, and O to see  
man's mangled mess before our widening eyes  
once find, then fit the shape of Christ, and rise,  
hearts bled of pride, skin shed of enmity,  
when death is dead, and immortality,  
one room by one Man raised, descend, and skies  
set gracefully aside, as Luna flies,  
as Sol sets down his shaggy head, as we

begin to shine, and all our weakness wear  
no more, but all our strength, and all the sting  
of death is lifeless at the taunting call,  
and no one grieved, or asked for fruitless fare,  
the hungry full, and all lost children sing,  
all good tears spring, and Christ above it all.