



A POEM by Father Robbie Low

Peter at Pentecost

And God said,
'Put on this hat of fire
And forge your mind
Into the steel of righteousness
Strong warrior of the armies of my grace.
Kindle anew the sacred flame of love
On this stone altar of your heart.'
Soul blazed, he stood, like Seraphim.
Branded sheep of the eternal shepherd.
And God said
'Receive this crown, this Passion all-consumed,
Bright conflagration of the Cross.
With this transcendent torch burn down
The haunted hovels of both death and hell,
Releasing all, who longtime dwell
Imprisoned there, to liberty.
Raise up, the longing legions of the lost,
Who thus, flame licked and cleansed by love,
Their true intended shape regain
By this strange Purgatory of Pentecost.'
Dawn in Jerusalem and Peter spoke
The ancient curse of Babel now revoked
In words all nations hear: 'We are not drunk.
Imago Dei. Ecce Homo. Nunc.'
And so he went and set the world aflame
This great Apostle of the Holy Name.

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