

Poem #2

O delight of my love, Jesus of my soul!
Why leavest me Thou in such bitter pain?
Like a lonely dove do I weep
In the midst of a night so laden of grief.

There in the depths of my vibrant love
I find no peace nor the least repose.
Oh! Do return and stay with me,
O heavenly Spouse of my soul!

If it is Thy justice that my guilt thus claims,
I, already humbled, thy pardon implore,
And, becoming one with the earth's dust, I thee adore,
O fine Lover of this heart that reveres thee!

Thou hast placed in my soul this emptiness.
My life is but a cemetery vast,
Where Thou my love has buried deeply,
Thy memory, Thy beauty and Thy goodness past.

And though by the light of my ardent faith,
Thy goodness immense I thus ascertain,
My soul is parched like a withered flower,
Lacking, as it does, Thy life-giving rain.

Just then a beautiful hope is felt,
Like a messenger of that divine love,
Hastently comes toward me,
To give me heart in my bitter sorrow.

O Fire of Charity, my hidden God!
My soul is ablaze in thy ardor divine.
Neither my sorrows nor Thine apparent forgetfulness,
Can estrange me from Thou Who art mine.

In a bed of sorrows prostrate I live,
Waiting for the charity of my daughters,
O Thou who sharest the same roof,
Bless all whom thou so much lovest.

And when free from this burdensome body,
My happy soul to Thee will take flight,
Open then for me, my beloved,
The doors of Thy mansion of heavenly delight.

So then, Mother of Fair Love!
O my beautiful and heavenly Mary!
Thine own self my soul present,
To my beloved and heavenly Spouse.

[Poem #1]

[Poem #2]

[Poem #3]