



A Trilogy of Poems Inspired by the Presentation of Jesus in the Temple — Luke 2:22-40 RE-SOURCE #1 — February 2, 2023



“The Presentation”

by James Torrens, SJ

Simeon, what you've been awaiting
in your weathered skin
is here now in your clasp,
the heartbeat of innocence,
proof that we're not despaired of.

Widow Anna, steady at prayer
though on the creakiest of limbs,
go tell what your vision shows you,
the youth of the world
in this surprise of a child.

O cluster of elders
retelling the feats of a lifetime,
attend to what's newest of new,
this pure light from the source,
Jesus, the flesh of mercy.

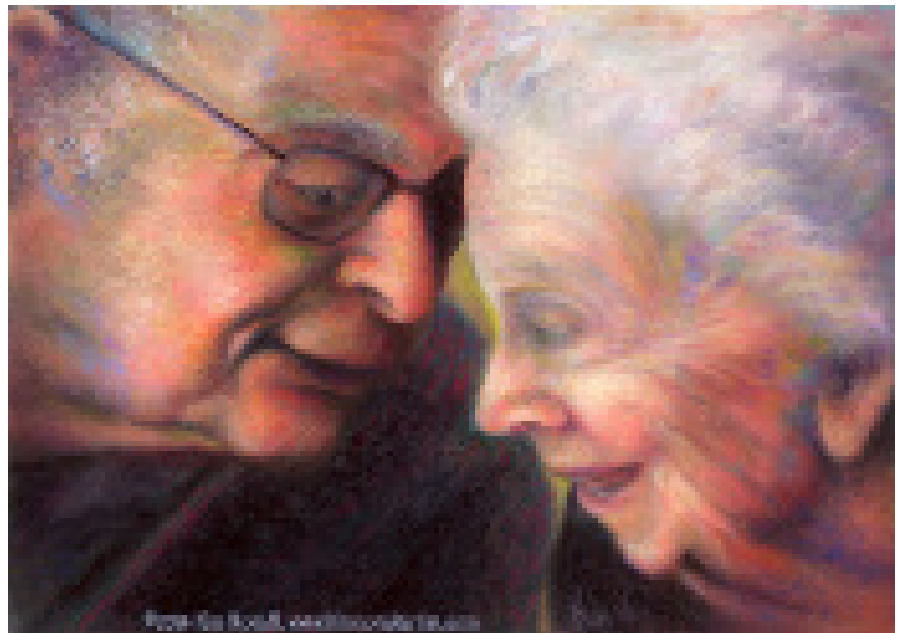
Janes Torrens, SJ taught English at Santa Clara University for almost twenty years and was Associate Editor at “America” in the 1990's.

“A Poem for Candlemas”

by Christopher Villiers

Sweet terrible child, in you death I see,
Now I may die in peace, as death begins
Its departure from this world, fails to flee
Its reckoning by kindling cruel men's sins.
The world shall pierce your heart, you'll pierce it too
Your poor mother should save up tears to shed
She'll see you broken on a cross and rue
This day's prophecy when she sees you dead.
Because of you many shall rise and fall,
Many shall oppose you, many thirst
To drink your blood which you shall pour for all
Give life to some, to others judgement worst.
Take care my lad, God's promise in love kept
All nations give praise, though tears must be wept.

Christopher Villiers is a British theologian and freelance writer who has written about religious matters for a wide variety of publications, both academic and popular.



“Wait and See (Simeon and Anna)”

by Richard Bauckham

In the drab waiting-room
the failed travellers, resigned, sleep
on the hard benches, inured
to postponement and foul coffee.
Hope has given up on them.
There are also the impatient,
pacing platforms, and the driven,
purple with frustration, abusing
their mobiles, for the hardest part
of waiting is the not doing.
Truly to wait is pure dependence.
But waiting too long the heart
grows sclerotic. Will it still
be fit to leap when the time comes?
Prayer is waiting with desire.
Two aged lives incarnate
century on century
of waiting for God, their waiting-room
his temple, waiting on his presence,
marking time by practicing
the cycle of the sacrifices,
ferial and festival,
circling onward, spiralling
towards a centre out ahead,
seasons of revolving hope.
Holding out for God who cannot
be given up for dead, holding
him to his promises – not now,
not just yet, but soon, surely,
eyes will see what hearts await.

Two aged lives incarnate century on century of waiting for God



Passengers in the waiting room of the train station

Prayer is waiting with desire

Richard Bauckham is a well-known British biblical scholar and theologian, and writes poetry for a hobby. In this poem he writes of two elderly Jews who waited for many years for the consolation of Israel. Bauckham's definition of prayer is "waiting with desire" and he directs his reader to wait with desire, like Simeon and Anna, for Christ's second coming.

**not now,
not just yet, but soon, surely,
eyes will see what hearts await**