



**Life with God is a life of love, friendship and joy as we dwell, abide, make home and dance with God Father, Son and Holy Spirit. So 3 poems about love to reflect on...**

### The living flame of love

O living flame of love  
that tenderly wounds my soul  
in its deepest center! Since  
now you are not oppressive,  
now consummate! if it be your will:  
tear through the veil of this sweet encounter!

O sweet cautery,  
O delightful wound!  
O gentle hand! O delicate touch  
that tastes of eternal life  
and pays every debt!  
In killing you changed death to life.

O lamps of fire!  
in whose splendors  
the deep caverns of feeling,  
once obscure and blind,  
now give forth, so rarely, so exquisitely,  
both warmth and light to their Beloved.

How gently and lovingly  
you wake in my heart,  
where in secret you dwell alone;  
and in your sweet breathing,  
filled with good and glory,  
how tenderly you swell my heart with love.

### **St John of the Cross**



### Love III

Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew  
back, Guilty of dust and sin.  
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow  
slack

From my first entrance in,  
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning  
If I lacked anything.

"A guest," I answered, "worthy to be here":  
Love said, "You shall be he."

"I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,  
I cannot look on thee."

Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,  
"Who made the eyes but I?"

"Truth, Lord; but I have marred them; let my  
shame

Go where it doth deserve."

"And know you not," says Love, "who bore

the blame?"

"My dear, then I will serve."

"You must sit down," says Love and 'taste my  
meat' so I did sit and eat

### **George Herbert**

#### What Is The Greatest Gift?

What is the greatest gift?

Could it be the world itself — the oceans, the  
meadowlark, the patience of the trees in the  
wind?

Could it be love, with its sweet clamour of  
passion?

Something else — something else entirely  
holds me in thrall.

That you have a life that I wonder about  
more than I wonder about my own.

That you have a life — courteous, intelligent  
— that I wonder about more than I wonder  
about my own.

That you have a soul — your own, no one  
else's — that I wonder about more than I  
wonder about my own.

So that I find my soul clapping its hands for  
yours more than my own.

### **Mary Oliver**