

## II ROSARY PROCESSION

How many wreaths of roses white and red,  
*Mis padres y madres*, did your songs weave,  
And gently place on Beauty's guiltless head  
From morning's waking blue to crimson eve?

How many diadems of mother's tears  
And martyr's blood, bright gems of love's true crown,  
Across the slow procession of the years,  
Did you make for our Virgin of renown,

Braiding prayers as your humble hardened hands  
Wound autumn's *ristras* ripened in a sun  
Whose philosophic light once filled our lands,  
When *alabados* praised Maria's Son?

I hear the echo of your prayers in mine  
And these my beads with yours I intertwine.

*Festum Beatae Mariae Virginis a Rosario  
Anno MMXIV*

## VII

BEFORE ST. LUKE'S ICON  
OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN IN  
SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE

Nor Michelangelo nor Raphael  
Had ever stood before perfection's face,  
Or sought for many a precious hour to dwell  
On all the features of ideal grace.

Nor pagan Euclid looked on beauty bare,  
Although he took the measure of its truth;  
For, in the shadows of a future fair  
The world yet groped in dissipated youth.

But one man traced the figure of pure love,  
The otherworldly smile of one unflawed,  
The eyes that looked on angels from above,  
The lips that kissed the new-born cheeks of God.

St. Luke, I pray thee, ply thy healing art  
And paint the Virgin's icon on my heart.

*Sancti Raphaelis Archangeli*  
*Anno MMXIV*

IX  
FOR CHRIST OUR KING

Since modern lyres have ceased to pour out praise  
Of earth's and heaven's Sire, and music's lilt  
Is heard no more in sweet and measured phrase  
To laud the thorn-crowned Prince who bears our guilt,

I blow the dust of disappearing time  
From off the rosewood of an antique lute  
Whose chords lend greater luster to my rhyme  
And render ghostly meanings more acute.

For, He who by His very nature rules  
The destinies of nations, guides my song,  
Transmuting these poor verses into jewels  
That to His crown, and His alone belong,

Lest I should fail in fitting words to sing  
The mute world's adoration of its King.

*Domini Nostri Jesu Christi Regis  
Anno MMXIV*

XIX  
SCIENTIA

In the amber days, when the pear-shaped lute  
Beside the clock, the candle, and the skull,  
Was placed, with its ribbons, strings down and mute,  
Next to a mirror whose shine had grown dull,

Vanity herself would depose her mask  
Upon her tattered table of delights,  
With the lusterless jewels, the empty flask,  
And every bauble time's swift passing blights.

For, though life could be still, it was still life  
When men and women knew the proper worth  
Of earthly things, and earth itself was rife  
With heaven's gifts to fill our spirit's dearth.

Knowledge, bestow thy light upon the mind,  
Lest pleasures waste and lucent trifles blind.

*Sabbato infra octavam Corporis Christi*  
*Anno MMXV*

## LVI

LOS PADRES MISIONEROS  
FOR THE PRIESTS OF OUR  
NEW MEXICO MISSION

You came into my *Penitente* land,  
Enticing sunrise from its bed of rose.  
The old *camino* sleeps beneath the sand  
Of lost *entradas* that our west wind blows.

Some distant friar's footprint underlies  
Your tread. Do you not hear his vanished chant,  
Or catch the echoes of the soldiers' cries  
Once raised for faith's same flag, that you replant?

Unconquered patience, undeterred resolve,  
Refinement cased in coarse austerity.  
Behind: the ox-cart ruts new rains dissolve.  
Ahead: the Royal Road of charity.

May you prevail beneath our sun's bright blaze  
And La Conquistadora's steadfast gaze!

*Domenica Quatra in Quadragesima*  
*Anno MMXVI*

LXVI  
THIRD STATION  
CHRIST FALLS THE FIRST TIME  
UNDER THE CROSS

From where I was I saw them gathered round  
The animal, but could not see its kind.  
It lost its footing on uneven ground,  
And dropped. And yet, it neither brayed nor whined.

Some foolish lout with no respect applied  
A useless cat-o-nine or riding crop;  
For, I could hear it strike the creature's hide  
And hastened to the crowd to bid him stop.

As others came the noise and dust increased,  
I could not hear the beast of burden's grunt.  
Although the streets were full—it was the Feast—  
At last I broke my way up to the front.

And there I saw a strange and woeful thing,  
Upon the ground, God's only Son, my King.

*Dominica Resurrectionis*  
*Anno MMXVI*