

St Peter  
Malcolm Guite

Impulsive master of misunderstanding,  
You comfort me with all your big mistakes;  
Jumping the ship before you make the landing,  
Placing the bet before you know the stakes.  
I love the way you step out without knowing,  
The way you sometimes speak before you think,  
The way your broken faith is always growing,  
The way he holds you even when you sink.  
Born to a world that always tried to shame you,  
Your shaky ego vulnerable to shame,  
I love the way that Jesus chose to name you,  
Before you knew how to deserve that name.  
And in the end your Saviour let you prove  
That each denial is undone by love.

After Easter, Peter Goes Fishing  
Katie Munnik

You stand in the familiar place,  
fishing again  
throwing out the lines and coming up  
empty  
again

how do you make sense of these days?

Life quenched and you're back in a boat  
looking for  
something  
the others beside you  
looking at you

he said he'd changed  
everything  
fishing for people now  
connecting every thing  
drawing close  
making whole  
but now it falls  
apart

how do you catch any  
thing  
when your own breath  
struggles

then there he is  
standing  
on the shore  
between what you wanted and  
what you know

the light changes charging  
lines across the surface  
over the deep  
and you recognise  
the way

You leave all that is familiar  
all the stories behind you  
broken bowls and the truth runs out  
maybe you do, too.

It wasn't supposed to be like this  
all those kingdom dreams  
all that talk of wonder  
justice mercy mercy  
grief

how do you make sense of these days?

There are two on the road  
but conversation gets you nowhere  
talk circles  
with miles yet ahead behind  
all too heavy

another comes up walking  
another asking questions  
and he really doesn't know  
so you give him the shards of stories  
and he puts them back together  
with gentle clever hands

hands that open clearly in the breaking of the bread  
until you can only stand  
ready now  
to return the way you came.

That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire and of the comfort of the Resurrection

BY GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

Cloud-puffball, torn tufts, tossed pillows | flaunt forth, then chevy on an air-

Built thoroughfare: heaven-roysterers, in gay-gangs | they throng; they glitter in marches.

Down roughcast, down dazzling whitewash, | wherever an elm arches,

Shivelights and shadowtackle in long | lashes lace, lance, and pair.

Delightfully the bright wind boisterous | ropes, wrestles, beats earth bare

Of yestertempest's creases; | in pool and rut peel parches

Squandering ooze to squeezed | dough, crust, dust; stanches, starches

Squadroned masks and manmarks | treadmire toil there

Footfretted in it. Million-fuelèd, | nature's bonfire burns on.

But quench her bonniest, dearest | to her, her clearest-selvèd spark

Man, how fast his firedint, | his mark on mind, is gone!

Both are in an unfathomable, all is in an enormous dark

Drowned. O pity and indig | nation! Manshape, that shone

Sheer off, disseveral, a star, | death blots black out; nor mark

Is any of him at all so stark

But vastness blurs and time | beats level. Enough! the Resurrection,

A heart's-clarion! Away grief's gasping, | joyless days, dejection.

Across my foundering deck shone

A beacon, an eternal beam. | Flesh fade, and mortal trash

Fall to the residuary worm; | world's wildfire, leave but ash:

In a flash, at a trumpet crash,

I am all at once what Christ is, | since he was what I am, and

This Jack, joke, poor potsherd, | patch, matchwood, immortal diamond,

Is immortal diamond.