

MARY HOLIFIELD

Mary Holifield. Elderly housewife, always enjoyed poetry but little serious writing experience to date, apart from the odd bit of pastiche and 4 play/pantomimes for in-house use at the Cathedral where I've been a member of the congregation community for 16 years.

The Daily Office.

I stand, my hands immersed in muddy water at the sink,
And think
Through life, how many potatoes have I scraped and peeled
Revealed
Their white flesh beneath the earthy skin
Like sin?
No noon angelus marks for me the trivial round
No sound
Of call to prayer or duty but routine's need
To feed
Our bodies. How about some easy rice?
Quite nice
For a change from this peeling paring daily office.
It must suffice
For offering, cleansing, flaying, laying bare
In prayer.
Why care?
Others will pray and keep the Faith alive,
Will thrive
On their rich diet of Sacrament and grace
And trace
The thread of faith back 2,000 years
With fears
That transcendental traffic thrice a day,
Can't stay
The hurrying past of hungry souls who eat
The sweet
Potato, mashed for babies, faddist food , or chips
Or sip
The wine of life, and would be intoxicated
Dislocated
From the spirit self that heavenward yearns
But spurns
To pray the cycle of the day.

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Votive Candle

I light a candle for my friend,
An outward and visible sign,
Another fire in grains of sand,
Ten pence for half an hour's shine.

The cost of prayer seems fairly cheap,
Who can't afford to pray?
The flames display that Faith runs deep,
But God accepts low pay.

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Pearson's Legacy

They shambled and chattered through the west doors;
One small boy of their number paused, looked up,
"Cor that's wicked" he said.
And J.L.P. twitched in his grave.
But being now spirit and eternally placed,
The modern idiom is no barrier to his understanding,
And he smiles to think that his work
Is still effective.

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