

To lose - to give my self - to love

Hanging where this once was placed  
An iMage of the light of grace

Giving all and keeping nought  
This for ages men have sOught

Strong of arm did once approach  
UpOn a swift and fabled coach

But ashes, ashes, dust aNd dust  
That's all this is, admit he must

Reflecting is what this does best  
Just as I ought to pass life's test



In the breach is this observed  
And only tHen the Master's served

For when my virtues measure nUll  
Well only then can this be full

I this need have, but MMust have need  
To think "I've this," I've none indeed

Though tempted oft to make that claIm  
To do so is to garner shame

To see my lack from Adam's faLl  
I must, or I have none at all

I have to need to have this thing  
My decrease does iTs increase bring

And as the Lamb is, too, the King  
In nothing I have everYthing



From crib to cross the life He led  
Was feeding us and being fed

In giving all He had to give  
His body: food, that I might live

Yes from that wood He wished to feed  
His flock by giving me His need

Such wounded need, to give me heaven  
The Lamb in need of works, all seven

Evicted from His temple home  
Imprisoned by the man from Rome

Sickened by each brutal blow  
A grimmer day no man could know

Naked and deprived of bread  
And thirsting so, and finally dead

In need of corporal works, He left  
A humble gift for His bereft

That strengthens us to ever give  
To 'suage His need in those who live



His gift to me was being killed  
By giving so was He fulfilled

I too must lose my "self" to find  
The dest'ny of my heart and mind

To lose - to give my self - to love  
A humble moon, reflection of

The gleaming giving Trinity  
I seek and hope to ever be

And thus I hope to ever see  
In glory His Divinity

By losing everything, I gain  
By losing, everything I gain