

PRUDENCE

SHE is so wise,
This lady of my heart,
All man's poor wisdom
Must hide itself apart
From her sweet eyes.

Too late I knew
Her, when the years had flown
Wastefully from me,
When all that I had known
Was mine to rue.

She came to me,
And unexpected came
Suddenly as love,
Softly as a dear name
Said secretly.

For none can guess
How she may come and go
Freely as a wind
That where it will may blow
Its loveliness.

Her presence fell
Caressingly around
My wayward being,
She made no single sound
That one could tell.

Prudence

But now she stays
With me awake, asleep,
Her counsel lingers
Where the shadows creep,
Where the light plays.

Her touch falls still
Upon my soul, her grace
Hovers so lightly
Secure as an embrace
About my will.

But as for her,
How she may look or be,
There is no telling,
Enough it is that she,
I know, is there.

EDWIN ESSEX, O.P.