

LOURDES

We moved into circles
in the echoing Basilica;
the underground chamber;

a deep spring of silence,
under the crowds
of Lourdes.

Priests at the centre
moved out to bless us,
laying their hands

on each one of our heads.
As our heads hung,
our bruised hearts sung

as a great warmth
poured into us,
like a fire in our spirits.

Then with oil,
they made the cross on our heads
and then gently tracing it into our upturned palms,.

we asked for healing;
for understanding.
We dared to hope.

We turned to each other,
we hugged, we wept.
We held hands

with those darkened by grief.
We kissed those suffering
the pain of sickness.

In our circles
we found belonging.
We found the presence of the holy.

We met God
in the tremblings
of the spirit,

We found faith
in the anointing
of the sick.

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