

Poems by Therese

THE HEART

The heart is indeed a stormy thing -
seldom stilled, seldom serene.
(Like a wind that rushes in blustering,)
the heart, without warning and unforeseen,
will suddenly throb and palpitate
(unpredictably at a galloping gait).
Then all on which its glances fall
appears to it insignificantly small.

Lured to the beyond, the heart leaps to attain;
to reach out, it will pound, skip and overstrain
itself. It soars, wheels and wings
to the heights; it whirls, reels and swings
to the depths - thirstingly set
on things unseen. Hope makes it so intricate.

Yet, should the heart incline to rest,
distaste will readily follow and molest
it if it slumbers at length.
Then, boredom, with defying strength,
arouses the heart, (bids it forsake
its sluggish sleep:) Awake! Awake!
And so the heart again is spurred to dart
ahead. Seethe on, move on, brave heart!

Inspired and held by a beautiful thought,
the heart is intrigued and at once caught
up. (It expands, delights and glows.)
For a brief span it no longer knows
the pain or sorrow that earlier distraught
it. (Immersed in the eloquence of thought,)
the heart flows on - calm and tranquilly,
like crystal waves on a drifting sea.

At times the heart is strangely found and bound
in sadness - (a sadness that burrows underground,) tormenting the heart to piteous cries - even bringing it to agonize.
Now everything seems to it painful and sad.
So focused, it forgets any good ever had.

(When in touch with its deepest desires,) the heart inevitably aspires to God and heavenly things. Then follows this: a taste - like a promise - of heavenly bliss . . . It makes the heart softly ask: "Oh, when will I possess the fullness of God in true happiness?"

Often the heart must spring up and engage in fierce battle, for cravings tend to rage within it; and it dare not covet all it would. Then conscience allies with the heart for the good. If that deepest self is well-attended, the heart turns victor. Peace reigns, the battle ended.

When the heart is attuned with desire within for joyful sacrifice and for genuine love, let it not search for something grand - but give in the moment what is first at hand: (something of itself, without condition).
Blest is the heart with this disposition!

O heart, when an experience of good leaves you so happy that even tears would steal down your cheek, that gift alone can truly be called your very own.
Be aware: such joy must be but brief and fleeting, (for God has touched your inmost being).

Yes, heart my heart, I have portrayed you faithfully. But you masquerade!
How long? How long will you be tossed about? - Once glad, then sad, or feeling lost?...
Yet, however restless now you may be, — you will once rest in God eternally.