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FURROW

The

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Desmond Egan

Romero Lives
*'If I am killed
I shall arise'*

December 2018

Romero Lives

'If I am killed I shall arise'

Desmond Egan

San Romero saint for our tormented times
we who never knew you know you
as one who seeing that only love survives
willingly handed out in that echoing cathedral
to *los desemperados* the life-defeated
the destitute surviving only to endure
the host of your only life

but also to us

you quicken tired hope with your hope
and even in the thunder of gunshot
keep faith and charity such things alive
If I am killed I shall arise in Salvadoran people

and arisen you have
but more than you could suppose
your spirit is in the air we all breathe
has seeped across the altar of everywhere
If I am killed I shall arise

your voice can be heard accusing every
death squad
greed squad
power squad
every usurer of the young the poor
of those who live on hope
oh loud and clear it cries
I order you to stop
or whispers with Christ's voice
Do not be afraid

Desmond Egan, poet and publisher, lives at Great Connell,
Newbridge, Co. Kildare.

THE FURROW

nothing could bury such
beauty isn't that it

so now you belong to everyone
coming and going in life's confusions
and you walk among the tents
queue onto the overcrowded boats
sit with those who are in darkness
or stretching to torture

and even to your killers

dying Romero
you remind us how to live

Prayer.

Prayer is like writing. We either do it or we don't. Talking about it, reading books about it, talking to other people who do it isn't writing – and it isn't prayer. Clearly, we're not going to be doing other things while we're praying. Clearly we turn off the TV, step away from the laptop, and put away the phone. I like to light a candle and a stick of incense, a little ritual to mark that I'm about to enter consecrated time and consecrated space.

– SACREDSPACE, Dublin: Messenger Publications, 2018, p.199.