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Eamon Flanagan

All Saints,  
All Souls

November 2019

# All Saints, All Souls

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Eamon Flanagan

There was the wonderment of winter's advent  
As the clocks had brought darkness early streaming; Leaves were  
bronze; some fell to give life in springtime, And people felt on  
urge to see lights gleaming.

All Saints Feast is heaven shining on earth,  
When the blessed, the most ordinary, or great  
Call our attention, and we thrill to desire  
Their aid, and their heroism to imitate.

All Souls Day of our departed loved ones,  
Following the Saints in Catholic story,  
Celebrated from earliest Church times,  
Breathes prayer-scent for spirits in Purgatory.

Here the dead touch Light, glory, joy, and hope;  
Respect and suffrages are woven round death.  
Goblins, witches, hexes, dark horror cloaks,  
Demonic masks are foreign to signs of Faith.

We must withstand such crude profanity,  
Hostile vulgarity, and base interest,  
That would rob these great days of their sanctity;  
Stop trickery! Treat well the Novemberfest!

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Eamon Flanagan a Vincentian priest, works in Dublin. This poem is from his latest book of poetry, *Proclaiming God's Name to Multitudes* (Cork: Kolbe Publications) ISBN 9-780952-962786.