## Beatrice, To My Son, Labyrinths, & When Once I Strode

by Andrew Thornton-Norris (July 2019)



Children in a Room, Edouard Vuillard, 1909

Beatrice

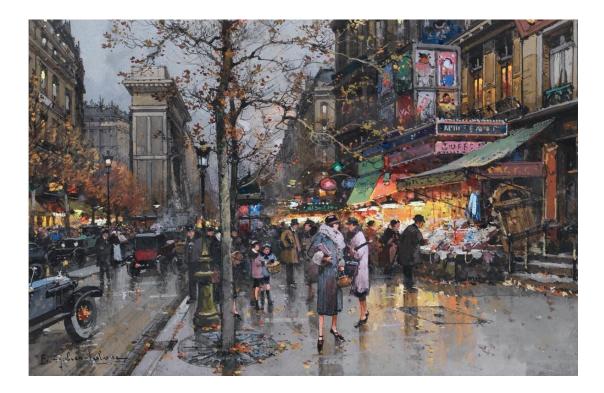
Standing on the headlands of the waters Watching the days desert us In green-brown pastures of repair The landscape formed by prayer With so much waiting and so much wanting Coming to completion in contemplation In memory of all the suffering And now it's here, concluding all The hoping, it's you, my darling daughter



Portrait of a Young Boy, Antonio Mancini

To My Son

In the middle of the night my son Returning to me is just wanting to Be with his father once again and I Just finishing my prayers have been with My Father once again in heavenly grace



La Porte Saint Martin, Eugene Galien-Laloue

## Labyrinths

## The theological labyrinth of

Modernity, like metropolitan Transportation or travelling Of any kind, requires a map or guide.

He who said the Eucharist is A double miracle, it changes but It looks and tastes the same, so summing up The whole of beauty, good and truth in one.

Labyrinthine city, and the snow Is on the ground, labyrinthine channels of The brain, inside the maze, inhabiting Complexity, the minotaur of the mind.



## When Once I Strode

When once I strode in England's fields and woods There dreaming of what might become of me In fear the world enclosed me with its woes And with what it forbode though I was far away

Without protection and exposed I sought The answers to explain to me the state That I was in and contemplated all That people said and wrote but nothing could

Contain more than the truth that I was loved And cared for if I turned away from what Was harmful to me seeking only what Would bring me back to where I was again

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Andrew Thornton-Norris is the author of *The Spiritual History* of English, described by *The London Times* as "an enjoyable, erudite and cohesive journey through the history and philosophy of English literature in 150 pithily written pages." He is also an accomplished poet, described by the *University Bookman* as "refreshingly direct, in contrast to contemporary poets whose poems are like hearing half of a telephone conversation in their elusive allusions, or the poems that are really fragments of prose surrounded by ellipses…[his are] like a Renaissance painting of the Crucifixion falling off a museum wall onto a viewer." His website is at