



THE POET THINKS OF THE DONKEY *by Mary Oliver*

*On the outskirts of Jerusalem, the donkey waited.
Not especially brave, or filled with understanding, he stood and waited.*

*How horses, turned out into the meadow, leap with delight!
How doves, released from their cages, clatter away, splashed with sunlight.*

*But the donkey, tied to a tree as usual, waited.
Then he let himself be led away.
Then he let the stranger mount.*

*Never had he seen such crowds!
And I wonder if he at all imagined what was to happen.
Still, he was what he had always been: small, dark, obedient.*

*I hope, finally, he felt brave. I hope, finally, he loved the man who rode so lightly upon him,
as he lifted one dusty hoof and stepped, as he had to, forward.*

TAKING IT FURTHER

Read the poem prayerfully a couple of times. Sit with it in silence for a while. Read it again and then pick the one verse, the one image that strikes you the most. Carry that one verse or image with you throughout the day. (*Fr Philip Chircop SJ*)

Poem: *by Mary Oliver from Thirst*

Image: *Palm Sunday (Stained glass window, Taize' Community)*