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To One Failing in Success

Sister Florian Eggleston O.S.F.

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TO ONE FAILING IN SUCCESS

No, nothing shall ever rest in you,
Not even this season heavy with harvest of dreams,
No words frozen at the gate of your lips,
No music, not even planets — they shall crumble.
Nothing outside the flood of your soul shall rest
In you. Your dreams are wide as the hands of eternity.

You were never so alone as now in your cluttered victory —
This full-fledged filling of your desires that leads
You past the mud fences that were once your young hopes.
There is no rest for torrents such as yours.
You, too, flinging faith away, walk on the unsubstantial sea
Of your self-possession and sink neck deep in its loneliness.
No, nothing shall ever rest in you
And your spirit will be at peace only beside
The underground river of Love.

SISTER FLORIAN EGGLESTON, O.S.F.