

Eucharist

R. Voight

He was old, tired, and sweaty,
pushing his homemade cart
down the alley, stopping now and then
to poke around in somebody's garbage.

I wanted to tell him about EUCHARIST
But the look in his eyes,
the despair on his face,
the hopelessness
of somebody else's life in his cart,
told me to forget it. So I smiled,
said "Hi" and gave him EUCHARIST.

She was cute,
nice build, a little too much paint,
wobbly on her feet as she slid from her barstool
and on the make.
"No, thanks, not tonight,"
and I gave her EUCHARIST.

She lived alone, her husband dead, her family gone,
and she talked at you, not to you,
words, endless words, spewed out.

So I listened and I gave her EUCHARIST.

Downtown is nice,
Lights change from red to green, and back again,
flashing blues, pinks and oranges.
I gulped them in,

Said, "Thank you, Father," and made them EUCHARIST.

I laughed at myself, and told myself,
You, with all your sin,
and all your selfishness,
I forgive you,
I accept you,
I love you.

It's nice and so necessary to give yourself EUCHARIST.

My Father, when will we learn that you can't talk EUCHARIST,
You don't philosophize about EUCHARIST.

You don't dogmatize about it. You DO it.

Sometimes you laugh it, sometimes you cry it, often you sing it.

Sometimes it's a wild peace, then crying hurt, often humiliation, never deserved.

You see EUCHARIST in another's eyes,
give it in another's hand held tight, squeeze it in an embrace.
You pause EUCHARIST in the middle of a busy day,
speak it in another's ear, listen to it from a person who wants to talk.

For EUCHARIST is as simple as being on time
and as profound as sympathy.

I give you my supper, I give you my sustenance,
I give you my life, I give you me,
I give you EUCHARIST.