

*Jan Boyd, C.S.B.*

*In memoriam*



*January 23, 1935 ~ January 10, 2024*



*The Beatific Vision*

Then Bernard smiled at me, that I should gaze  
But I had gazed already; caught the view,  
Faced the unfathomable ray of rays  
Which to itself and by itself is true.

Then was my vision mightier than man's speech;  
Speech snapt before it like a flying spell;  
And memory and all that time can teach  
Before that splendid outrage failed and fell.

As when one dreameth and remembereth not  
Waking, what were his pleasures or his pains,  
With every feature of the dream forgot,  
The printed passion of the dream remains:—

Even such am I, within whose thoughts resides  
No picture of that sight nor any part  
Nor any memory: in whom abides  
Only a happiness within the heart,

A secret happiness that soaks the heart  
As hills are soaked by slow unsealing snow,  
Or secret as that wind without a chart  
Whereon did the wild leaves of Sibyl go.

O light uplifted from all mortal knowing,  
Send back a little of that glimpse of thee.  
That of its glory I may kindle glowing  
One tiny spark for all men yet to be.

*E. K. Westman?*

1916