

This heaven is nameless; thought of it  
 Never shall tongue express.  
 Love as in prison lies therein,  
 Shadowed in light's excess.

The light that was is lost in dark;  
 Dark into day is scattered;  
 Thus has the new philosophy  
 The ancient bottles shattered.

Where Christ our Lord engrafted is,  
 Old things being done away,  
 He and the soul are interfused,  
 More one than man shall say.

There without intellect she knows,  
 Without affection loves;  
 Her will to God's will lifted up  
 At his sole motion moves.

But if I live, and yet not I,  
 Have being, yet not mine,  
 This one-in-twain and twain-in-one  
 How shall my words define?

That man is poor who, having naught,  
 From will to have is free,  
 And who is lord of all things made  
 In the spirit's liberty.

*Translated by* WALTER SHEWRING.

### THE FEAST OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, 1944.

[To the Right Reverend Edward Ellis, Bishop of Nottingham, these verses are respectfully dedicated.]

1. 'Tis not for me to speak in the name of one nation only;  
 I am not myself and am not free to speak.  
 I am an exile wherever I may be and lonely  
 though filled with the love that all mankind should seek;  
 for as a Pole I may not speak for Britain,  
 nor as a Briton may I speak as a Pole;  
 for even by the blood it is most surely written  
 that I am a hybrid and therefore as neither whole.

3. Little would it profit me were Britain to be saved  
and Poland die or Poland saved and Britain die,  
nor you nor me were even the smallest to be enslaved  
that you or I may in unjust and uncertain comfort lie.
4. Love and justice must be absolute or not at all  
if peace is to come to all or one,  
and might must be proved to be in justice' thrall  
and right not might's mere bastard son.
5. The world may be murderous and mad  
sacrificing others to an individual gain,  
compromising with injustice that brief peace be had,  
and fearful of a little added pain to attain  
that full and only justice in which peace may reign.
10. Ah! Mary! My father's kin have suffered long  
and my mother's not at all as suffering goes,  
and the Faith of my father's kin is strong  
and they can, if need be, bear more blows;  
but as to my mother's kin, God only knows,  
and meanwhile the world's suffering grows.
11. Mary! Thou art my father's people's Queen  
and my mother's people's kingdom is Thy Dower  
and if two peoples of the world have ever been  
raised to put an end to the reign of power  
surely it were these two, Your Son's and Your sons,  
O, Mother of the World, were surely the chosen ones.

Mary, Mother of God and men,  
pray for us then.

Pray to the Father and Our Lord Thy Son  
and to the Holy Ghost All Three in One  
that God's will be done,  
yet that, if may be, we be spared more pain  
and at last God's justice reign,  
but that, if we still must suffer, yet  
we be hard in the Faith and not forget,  
yet not hard in heart  
not hard to our fellow sufferers' self sought smart.

Yet pray, O Holy Ark of Peace,  
that at last the sufferings of the oppressed cease  
and right at last have power over might  
and the world bathe in God's Light.