

POETRY

Weaned child

I am a man of many years.
I have known life's harrowing.
Moments of joy have visited me.
I have drunk the milk of kindness.
I have fed my soul with words of hope.
I have tasted the sacred food.
I fold my deepest part onto the
Centre of the eternal One.
There, for a moment and a half
I hide, take rest awhile.
I draw solace from his compassionate heart.
I can venture refreshed
Into the fret and fray of the world's turmoil,
And take my appointed part
In the healing of her wounds.

Paul Oliver

(Canon Emeritus, Norwich Cathedral)

Based on Psalm 131

"I have calmed my soul like a weaned child with its mother."

