

Communion Meditation

With eyes downcast and lips apart I wait
 The coming of my loving, gentle Guest,
 For one brief moment rests He on my tongue,
 Then slowly, gently sinks within my breast.

I fold my arms as if in an embrace,
 I close my eyes, the world seems far away,
 While o'er my soul there surges utmost peace,
 I do not try to think, to speak or pray.

Then slowly in my mind the picture forms
 Of my Redeemer's wounded hands and feet,
 In spirit I my lips just softly press
 To every wound of Thine, my Saviour sweet.

I kiss Thy wounded feet, Thy pierced hands,
 Thy knees and every thorn gash in Thy head,
 I kiss Thy shoulder and Thy open side,
 From which the last drop of Thy blood was shed.

I kiss Thy wounds, dear Jesus, o'er and o'er,
 And from them draw a joy and peace complete,
 Oh! grant that when that final day shall dawn
 I find myself, in truth, at Thy dear feet.

A. M. Kennedy.

