

". . . and our hearts are restless . . ."

by [G. Wayne Glick](#) in the [October 7, 2008](#) issue

Pontificating to the very last,
I speak my feeble voice to the void,
Caught by the lure Abba-Mater has cast.

Though wise ones shun a loud iconoclast,
Titanic times demand one must be heard,
Pontificating to the very last.

The time for kissing rings of power is past,
Emoluments I sought I now avoid,
Caught by the lure Abba-Mater has cast.

I am gill-caught, like Peter, in a net,
And I've betrayed, and wept, whimpering guilt,
And still pontificated to the last.

Jahweh has set sheer longing in the soul,
Nostalgia's gravity, pure restlessness,
Dangling the lure Mater-Abba has cast.

The requiem the mighty Mozart sought
Is always *there*, not here; and for this while,
Pontificating to the very last,
I take the lure Mater-Abba has cast.