

Haikus prompted by a May 3-20, 2025 trip to Sicily and Sardinia.

Sun bathes high hills where
vines sip water from the soil
swelling grapes for wine.

Pour in a stem
confluence of sun and soil.
Swirl, sniff, sip, savor!

What would Jesus say
of convents hosting pagans,
cooking schools, and spas?

Bishops decompose
in splendid marble chapels
while beggars seek scraps.

Tesserae sparkle.
Jesus in the apse.
Where else is He now?

Normans and Arabs
collaborate, decorate.
Whose is the glory?

Spring in Sicily:
Red poppies in green meadows
Cheered by yellow blooms.

These stones we stroll on
were placed by slaves long ago.
Yet we trample them.

Pleas made in earnest
in chapels and cathedrals
beg a prompt reply.

Stories of sisters in the convent of Santa Caterina prompted this:

Nuns of good habits
murmur prayers from wooden pews.
Candles melt away.

Nuns of good habits
Doubts must not be entertained
lest vows be broken.

Nuns of good habits
confess impure thoughts and acts
.....newborn on the wheel.

**The following was evoked when GR and Mary Helen attended a First
Communion Mass in Palermo as 25 first-graders squirmed on the altar for an
hour.**

First communicants
at the altar dressed in white
Parents hope and pray.

First communicants
at the altar dressed in white
A first taste of blood.

First communicants
at the altar dressed in white
Some will grow in faith.

First communicants
at the altar dressed in white
Some will go astray.

First communicants
at the altar dressed in white
Predestination?

GR Davis
May 2025