

The Eucharist

by R. Voigt

He was old,
tired,
and sweaty,
pushing his homemade cart
down the alley, stopping now and then
to poke around in somebody's garbage.

I wanted to tell him about
EUCCHARIST
But the look in his eyes,
the despair on his face,
the hopelessness of somebody else's
life in his cart,
Told me to forget it,
So I smiled, said "Hi" --- and gave him
EUCCHARIST.

She was cute,
nice build, a little too much paint,
Wobbly on her feet as she slid from
her barstool, and on the make.
"No, thanks, not tonight," --- and I
gave her EUCCHARIST.

She lived alone,
her husband dead,
her family gone,
And she talked at you, not to you.
words, endless words, spewed out.
So I listened --- and gave her
EUCCHARIST.

Downtown is nice,
Lights change from red to green, and
back again,
Flashing blues, pinks, and oranges.
I gulped them in
Said, "Thank you, God" and made
them EUCCHARIST.

I laughed at myself,
And told myself,
"You, with all your sin,
and all your selfishness,
I forgive you,
I accept you,
I love you."
It's nice, and so necessary to give
yourself EUCCHARIST.

My God, when will we ever learn ---
You cannot talk EUCCHARIST --- you
cannot
Philosophize about it. YOU DO IT.
You don't dogmatize EUCCHARIST.
Sometimes you laugh it, sometimes
you cry it, often you sing it.
Sometimes it's wild peace, then crying
hurt, often humiliating, never deserved.

You see EUCCHARIST in another's
eyes, give it in another's hand held
tight,
Squeeze it in an embrace.

You pause EUCCHARIST in the middle
of a busy day, speak it in another's ear,
Listen to it from a person who wants to
talk.

For EUCCHARIST is as simple as being
on time
And as profound as sympathy.
I give you my supper,
I give you my sustenance,
I give you my life,
I give you me.
I give you EUCCHARIST.