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Oppressive

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Oppressive

Cover Page Footnote

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Oppressive

Deep, deep, deep
In that measureless cup
My soul doth sleep
 Under the bone,
 Under snow,
 Under heavy
 Hard stone.

I creep,
Then climb,
Then pull at roots.
 The grass slides in
 Deep do I go, yet

Too far gone, my hands bleed,
And though I grasped,
 The dirt still trickles.

My life has been, yes,
 Whate castles, and
 Too close streets.

Gordon Judd, C.S.B.