***The Eucharist*** Voight

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 EUCHARIST  
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 EUCHARIST.

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 I gave her EUCHARIST.

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 EUCHARIST.

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 EUCHARIST.

My GOD, when will we learn that you can’t talk EUCHARIST,  
You don’t philosophize about EUCHARIST.

You don’t dogmatize about it. You DO it

Sometimes you laugh it, sometimes you cry it, often you sing it.

Sometimes it’s a wild peace, then crying hurt, often humiliation, never deserved.

You see EUCHARIST in another’s eyes,  
give it in another’s hand held tight, squeeze it in an embrace.  
You pause EUCHARIST in the middle of a busy day,  
speak it in another’s ear, listen to it from a person who wants to talk.

For EUCHARIST 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 EUCHARIST.