

Lourdes

I stand
at the foot of the Virgin
as they come
body after body

Rivers
of sorrow
flowing with hope

Kneeling
beneath heaped rocks
pleading for cure

I walk
among the multitude
carried on a tide
of faith

Bathe
in miraculous waters
blessed in the hills
of the Pyrenees

Send
my sighs to the blue sky
the same blue as the blue of her robes

Pray
she heals the child
with blue moons
under her eyes

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