

## Popes - a poem

Dennis Coday | Feb. 14, 2013 NCR Today  
Benedict Resigns

Popes  
(with apologies to Joyce Kilmer)

By Maureen Connelly

I thought that I would never see  
A Pope depart the Holy See.

A Pope whose Red-Hat pals will choose  
Just who will fill his papal shoes.

A Pope who greets his flock each day  
And lifts his ermine arms to pray.

A Pope who may all seasons wear  
A miter on his snow-white hair.

Upon his bosom pain has pressed,  
Now a pace-maker in his chest.

Popes are made by males--not me.  
Thank goodness for the LAITY.

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Source URL (retrieved on 03/06/2015 - 14:38): <http://ncronline.org/blogs/ncr-today/popets-poem>