

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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