

**11/12/22** Gerald Manley Hopkins

Glory be to God for the dappled things-  
For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow,  
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim,  
Fresh-firecoal chestnut falls, finches' wings  
Landscape plotted and pierced-fold, fallow and plow  
And all trades, their gear, tackle and trim.  
All things counter, original, spare, strange,  
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)  
With swift, slow, sweet, sour, adazzle, dim,  
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:  
Praise him.

**11/19/22** African Canticle

All you big things, bless the Lord  
Mount Kilimanjaro and Lake Victoria  
The Rift Valley and the Serengeti plain  
Fat baobabs and shady mango trees  
All eucalyptus and tamarind trees  
Bless the Lord  
Praise and extol Him for ever and ever

All you tiny things, bless the Lord  
Busy black ants and hopping fleas  
Wriggling tadpoles and mosquito larvae  
Flying locusts and water drops  
Pollen dust and tsetse flies  
Millet seeds and dried dagaa  
Bless the Lord  
Praise and extol Him forever nbd ever

**11/26/22** Ernesto Cardenal

Bless the Lord, O my soul  
Lord my God you are great  
You are clothed with the energy of atoms  
As with a mantle  
From a cloud of whirling cosmic dust  
As on the potter's wheel  
You began to tease out the whorls of the galaxies  
And the gas escapes from your fingers condensing and burning

And you were fashioning the stars  
You made a spatterdash of planets like spores or seeds  
And scattered comets like flowers