

- 22 *De Obitu Theodosii*, 27–28, in *Le Orazioni Funebri, Opere Omnia di Sant' Ambrogio*, Vol. 18, Milan, 1985, p.230.
- 23 Ev. Luc. III, 37, in *Esposizione del Vangelo Secondo Luca (I), Opere Omnia di Sant' Ambrogio*, Vol. II, Milan 1978, p.278 .
- 24 Ep.2, in the translation by Sr. Mary Melchior Beyenka O.P., op. cit., Vol. XXVI., Letter 15, p.84.
- 25 *De Ioseph* 1,1, in the translation by Vincent R. Vasey S.M. *The Social Ideas in the Works of St. Ambrose: A study on De Nabuthe*, Studia Ephemeridis 'Augustinianum' 17, 198, p.91.

Hyacinth: Regarding Dominic

Bewildering as light off water is. But I could
say your name at least. I knew you intermittently,
once turned from the flame and caught you watching me.

Sometimes I registered a troubled face.
There were mysteries and storm clouds, tears,
a heart like the sea, hands that spoke different languages —

I am lost for words when I listen again.
At other times forget even to notice that you
are no longer there. How did I lose sight of that

loved body in the crowd? I was
busy with other business. One by one
we trickled from your hands like grain —

in twos and fours were driven back to life again:
woke with no hand touching the shoulder
to starlight or daylight. Good morning, whatever.

Like that horseman we saw crushed and raised in Rome.
You asked him, "How's life?"
"Sound, man." he said. "Sound."

With you the memory of everything's a river
at whose eroded bank
each word we speak is dipped and comes up clean.

James McGonigal