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Walking to Medjugorje or The Newest Pilgrim's Progress

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Walking to Medjugorje
or
The Newest Pilgrim's Progress

The July sun forces its way through the contents of my pack
(Oreos for the village children and
Biros and Marlboros for their parents,
tools of the trade for the Young American Traveller
hoping to win the humble shelter of a barn
at the end of the pilgrimage)
And into the sweaty chafed skin of my back.

High in the distance on Krizevac stands the cross built by the people
(climbing barefoot up through the thorny undergrowth
clearing with their flesh the Path that I will follow
and carrying the individual Stones of the Cross
and telling their Beads and begging for Mercy)
To mark the nineteen hundredth anniversary of the Crucifixion.

The mountain road beneath my bare feet
(they have walked across the Dalmatian countryside,
been burned by the fiery asphalt and bloodied by the sharp gravel
and purified by the Rain
so they may enter The Church
and see The Children
and climb The Mountain
and support my weary body as I fix my eyes on the
Spinning Sun)

Winds around a corner and I finally see the distant village.

I enter the village where a family
(who tell me of
Rosaries that turn to gold
and Blind Eyes Seeing
and Crippled Legs Walking
and the crutches thrown aside
and The Children and The Visions
of The Virgin and Her Secrets

continued

and The Crosses and The Sun
that are Spinning in The Sky)

Offer me a room and a meal,
Before I have a chance to mention the meager gifts that I bring.

Dewey Scandurro
RC '90

Candidate for The Margaret Haley Carpenter Prize for Poetry

