

Transcription

(For simultaneous translation)

Fiera di Primiero, Summer of 1959

Mary¹

Among the many words
pronounced by the Father
in all of his Creation,
one was unique.

Not so much an object of thought
but more of intuition,
not so much the splendour of divine sun
but a cool and gentle shade,
like a little cloud, fresh and white,
that screens and adjusts the sun's rays
so that human eyes can see.

It was in the plans of Providence
that the Word be made flesh,
that a word, the Word, be written
on earth in flesh and blood;
and this Word needed a background.

The heavenly harmonies
longed, out of love for us,
to transfer their peerless concert
within our tents;
and for this they needed a silence.

The Protagonist of all humanity,
who gave meaning to centuries past,
enlightened and drew after him centuries to come,
had to appear on this world's stage,
but needed a backdrop of white
to make him alone stand out.

The greatest design
that God-Love could invent
had to be drawn majestic
and divine, with all the colours
of virtue, and had to be found

¹. This hymn to Mary was composed in the summer of 1959 in Fiera di Primiero in the Dolomite Mountains of Italy where the author was on vacation with members of the Focolare Movement; so many people stopped by and became so united by the bonds of charity that they gave birth to a temporary town, as they had done in previous years. The little town was called "Mariapolis," that is, City of Mary. *Ed.*

in a heart composed and ready
to serve him.
This marvellous shade
that contains the sun,
losing and finding itself therein;
this white background
so immense, almost an abyss
that contains the Word which is Christ
submerging itself in him,
light in the Light;
this lofty silence
is silent no more,
for within it sing
the divine harmonies of the Word
and in him it becomes the note of notes,
almost setting the tone
for heaven's endless song;
this scene majestic and fair as nature,
synthesis of the beauty the Creator
lavished throughout the universe,
a little universe for the Son of God,
which is seen no more
because it yields its interests and its parts
to the One who was to come, and has come,
for what he had to do, and did;
this rainbow of virtue
that says "peace" to the entire world
because Peace it has given the world;
this creature, first thought of
in the mysterious abyss of the Trinity
and given to us,
was Mary.

Of her we do not speak,
of her we sing.
Of her we do not think,
but we call upon her and love her.
She is not the subject of study,
but of poetry.
The greatest geniuses of the world
have put brush and pen
at her service.

If Jesus incarnates the Word,
the Logos,
the Light,
Reason,
Mary personifies Art,
Beauty,
Love,
Unity.

Masterpiece of the Creator,
Mary,
on whom the Holy Spirit
delighted to bestow all he invented,
and poured out so many of his inspirations.
Beautiful Mary!
About her we can never say enough.

Chiara Lubich