

THE TRAVELLERS OF EMMAUS

Two men go to Emmaus, sad and weary,
 An irresistible grief leads them as guide;
 What great hopes, Jesus did in His grave bury,
 And still He's seen alive by no human sight!

Over the pathway, the sun's fainting orb
 Is sinking into the lap of the cloudy skies;
 Now and then, they stop in heavy thoughts absorbed,
 In a heartrending way, to't lifting their eyes.

— O, Kleopa, His sun too has descended
 Into the depths of the marvellous Mystery,
 Quenching noiselessly like a shooting star; ended
 Th' animated sparks of that Oven fiery!"

A little later, darkness was to dominate,
 And was to relate with its language thick,
 How the profound sunset of the great Faith,
 The unseen obscurity of the souls, had to bring.

The two go to Emmaus, sad and weary;
 They are led by a remorse of delusion;
 Who saw Him coming out from the buried, —
 Angel or woman, — O, satan's mad vision!

When the last rays of eve in *dark* were to be submerged,
 And slowly crowded on the *black* and Terror,
 A stranger approaching, opened a page
 From the Cross' Red - Golden sermon to wayfarers.

— Why are your hearts tormented by turbulence great,
 In sorrow you fluctuate, as waves ripple,
 The hopeless soul is but rejection of faith,
 An eye that's stranger to the light of miracle.

What, beforehand, by heaven had been decreed,
 The Nazarene executed by His sacrifice,
 And on the Cross by His unjustified demise,
 Became judge and heir of Father's right indeed.

What is the death of a just man, it's a short night
 Where a deep agony dissolves into sunlight.
 A night calm and brief than this one of sorrow,
 Which fills your soul with impending horror.

Jesus is again living in His glory,
 Believe it, testify to God's work great
 Th' innocence of Heaven, the earth's love holy,
 Angel and woman, each one separate.

Alas the eye that in his light rejoiced,
 And yet believes in the Night of Nothingness;
 Alas the conscience that heard the Heavenly Voice,
 And yet worships the mute solitude immense.

Will you still walk thus weary, in sadness,
 Not lifting up your forehead and your heart bold;
 Won't you like to be though weak and tardy witness
 Of His magnificent greatness untold?"

The accent of the stranger's voice affectionate,
 Shook the inner world of the travellers;
 And when, all of a sudden, He was to bid
 Farewell to them, they embraced His feet and said

In anxiety; "Do not depart you hence,
 Whoe'er you be, tonight remain with us,
 Ah your words dissipated the clouds dense,
 That were pushing us into a deep abyss."

They entered a house with a hope secure,
 The Stranger took the bread, blessed merrily,
 Gave it to them ... the open eyes saw no more
 Th' invisible, evasive Lord of Glory-

— O, Kleopa, then surely it was He
 Who met us on the pathway of Despair;
 No, it was not an illusory dream;
 His breath and life vibrate round us here."

From that vibration taking high-soaring wings,
 The two returned in the *dark* of night,
 To them, whose eyes still wet, were greeting
 The Resurrected God's unquenchable light.

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To how many are you still unknown, Jesus,
 Who in suspicion of dejection heartrending,
 And in hopeless denouncement rebellious,
 Clasp the darkness that roams with fluttering wings.

On their nocturnal pathway misled,
 Where hides the brightness of your sun unshaded,
 Approach as a stranger and do not abate,
 The Glory and Myster of your suffering to relate,

Spread your sublime Fingers' scent of blessing,
 O'er the gift of bread on the dining table,
 And under the roof where your messages ring,
 By your invisible presence be our neighbour.

Sooner or later will come indeed the Day,
 The ill-timed day of our fleeting life's end,
 But do not let the soul follow the pathway
 Of suspicion, along its sunless, gloomy length.

If we go to Emmaus, sad and weary,
 Appear and talk to us as a friend on the road;
 Resound, reflect deep in our being sincerely,
 O, voice and image of the unknown God.

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