

# *THE CHRIST SONNETS* Andrew Grattan

## CXLIV

I would avenge, O Lord, your slaughtered saints, shattered innocence,  
Those vernal blooms so violet, childer flowers of youth so chid, abused, so  
Fouly violated; childhoods smashed, deadly night-shaded ever-over, once,  
Ever laughing cheeks cracked, continual dulled, tear terrifying, mist choke,  
Insensate, drilling unclowning tears; Milton, I would make flake, break, any  
Stealing hands, sickening clothed, in murky mist of unnatural hearts, turned,  
Overturned within themselves, fright, frosted showers of their evil spirits,  
Freakish thoughts so jet; me unmarried, unchilded, yet sister, childed: Milton,  
I would work memory marjoram, commemorate, make Hobson of my godson,  
Sebastian, or over-younger, waking niece, within precincts of Carezza's girlish  
Child of heart, her liting smile permanent tilted; I will avenge, O Lord, those  
Slaughtered saints, undiscovered countries, fresh, snow white, promise souls, peeled,  
Rung knell, their soul's death, from due adult care, trust replete, destroyed for life, dis-  
Enchanted; I would, imagine, suck undew showers, rapacious breath, out their frightening  
Mouths, shrink their hides shrunk corpsed, further down, than plummet did ever sound:  
No, not me not, you, final judge: though, I would avenge, O Lord, your slaughtered saints.

**Pontificio Collegio Irlandese,  
Rome,  
*anno aetatis 31.***