

**Shantivanam
In Memoriam
Jules Monchanin
1895 - 1957**

Your spirit belongs here
Among the banana trees,
With the slack torrent
Of the Cauvery,
Your fruitfulness
The lotus of this altar.

Pure patience made you,
Your faithfulness your skin:
Sometimes lean and starved,
But always the place
In which you lived.

Now, spirit, see your progeny,
Seeded by those hours of prayer,
Your saffroned openness.
When we come, we understand
The respect you grew for words.

And at the last, in paris,
When your final chant
Flew silent to these palms,
Was there a hint of blue
Heightening your skin?

Michael Woodward

John Remembers
For Dominic Gaisford

I sit here each night and watch the Greek sun
Going down. The Last One, they call me.
These feet won't move for me now:
Three years they followed his light
Through field and town, water and desert.

I can't forget how long he held my feet
When he washed them on our last night together
In that backstreet room in Jerusalem.
What gentle strength he had, what truth.

No-one washed his feet. We forgot.
Next day they were maimed;
Nailed and torn, blackened with blood.
To think we even left them like that when we dumped
Him in the tomb, racing the Sabbath sunset.

We went back to clean them for him, but he had gone.

When we saw him first anew, it wasn't his feet
We noticed.

The wholeness of his hands
And body stunned us, after all the rending:
The way he broke our bread.

Michael Woodward