

A Dream of Thomas Merton

How is it the monk (unhabited) is not surprised,
sitting cross-legged on a patch of earth
trading jokes and cold beer?

Talk of Martin Luther King, Osama, fallen towers,
nothing new under the sun

(except his arch eyes, a high-energy discharge).

“Jesus was the kind of doctor
who would heal anyone who asked—
criminal, insane. No flinching or thinking of bounds.”

He pronounces his own new name—
“Threshold dweller”—
hopping like Raven across portals.

Waking, I think how straightaway
I felt his mettle, knowing he had been fed fire—
I, grain.

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