

In Memoriam for Thomas Merton

By J. T. Ledbetter

the woods are quiet
the snow that fell in the night
is dark beneath the starless sky

you are alive in these stones
and trace each footstep
by the garden wall
as we listen to the sound
of our hearts
and offer on these clean altars
such sacrifice as we are given
remembering you in silence
waiting at each board's creak
each footfall
some sign of you

as now we chant the hours
fearing our shadows on the white walls
trembling in the solitude we desired
and found
touching you at last
in the words you left us
in the easy grace you prayed us
in these long dark hours . . .

Gethsemani Trappist, Kentucky

By J. T. Ledbetter

The monks move
in shadow
like the careful arcs of crows
that rise above the iron trees.

The night sinks into
the hollows,
floats on dry leaves
while God tenses
in the Abbey stones.



Calligraphy by Thomas Merton
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