

blast my palms with light
 the finger-scratch flintspark of recognition
 that dissolves

* * *

burnt with wonder these eyes
 in one night lost my name
 to tell life's story without audience

not yet finished the forgetting
 of icy hands gripped to shadows

a white distance of mystery
 touching

* * *

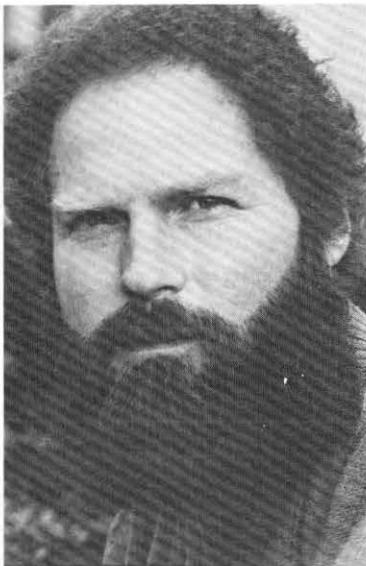
thud the stone struck noon
 sunlight from your hands
 as evening clings my fingers
 floating dead the center of an hour
 indifferent to midnight

so beautiful the trees insist on silence
 whose reflection leans sleeping
 against us

SIGNATURE

in memory of Thomas Merton

— by **Ron Seitz**



RON SEITZ
 (photo by George Mohr)