

## MERTON OIA

—by Frank Goerg

The mainstream of his life, fumbled or otherwise  
 Declared to be originally focused,  
 Metanoic shocked, completely revised,  
 Washes like the night wind on most of us;  
 A ghostly breath that sings a distant song.  
 The energy of Thomas Merton's mind  
 Absolves us from the dreariness of wrong;  
 A woven rope of tears that makes us blind.  
 Where does my brother's soul so gently tread,  
 Now here, now there, like clam holes in the sand?  
 Dare I speak for him now that he is dead?  
 In darkness can I ever find his hand?  
 The monk is gone. He is long departed.  
 I must do the labor that he started.

8/18/84  
 Sedona, Arizona



FRANK GOERG  
 At the Rim of the Grand Canyon