

SPRING OF THE NIGHT

(To Thomas Merton, Father Louis O.C.S.O.)

--by **James Edmund Magner, Jr.**

*Que bien se go la fonte que mana y corre aunque es de noche
La Fonte, San Juan de la Cruz*

There, along the road of fruited world,
there comes a blind man
with dust in his mouth
and the clamor of silence in his ears,
while the trees around his head
dance in lyric arcs
and the wind hums the spheric harmony
of this and other worlds not known
but sprung from utter God.
While maids bloom
and sing their youth in song
in the harvesting of fields,
in the springing of the world,
in the leaping of their hearts
to mouths of blossomed boys,
There comes a blind man,
stumbling over tiny stones,
sightless,
so brittle-dry of sense,
so hooded-dark in sight,
so seeming helpless,
and, in this, happy
beyond thought and human hopes,
so singing to himself a song:
"Fountain, spring in the night
and in the night I will drink You in silence,
beneath your hood of verdant palms,
upon my knees before azure pools."

On November 25, 1986, James Edmund Magner wrote:
In memory of Thomas Merton,
Father Louis, O.C.S.O. (and all his friends)
--a heart beyond measure,
one, now, with The Consummate Heart.
