

AUBADES: LAKE ERIE (1942 & 1992)

AUBADE: LAKE ERIE by Thomas Merton

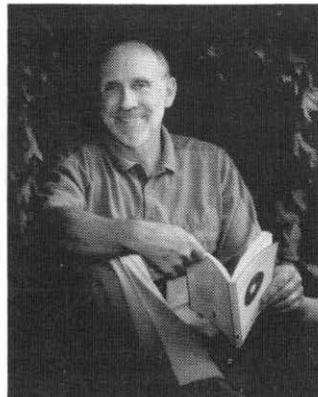
When sun, light handed, sows this Indian water
With a crop of cockles,
The vines arrange their tender shadows
In the sweet leafage of an artificial France.

Awake, in the frames of windows, innocent children
Loving the blue, sprayed leaves of childish life,
Applaud the bearded corn, the bleeding grape,
And cry:
"Here is the hay-colored sun, our marvelous cousin
Walking in the barley,
Turning the harrowed earth to growing bread,
And splicing the sweet, wounded vine.
Lift up your hitch-hiking heads
And no more fear the fever,
You fugitives, and sleepers in the field,
Here is the hay-colored sun!"

And when their shining voices, clean as summer,
Play, like churchbells over the field,
A hundred dusty Luthers rise from the dead, unheeding,
Search the horizon for the gap-toothed grin of
factories,
And grope in the green wheat,
Toward the wood winds of the western freight.

*Published in *The New Yorker*, 1 August 1942.

□ **Tim Cronley** was born in Springfield, Ohio. He received his Bachelor of Arts degree from Wittenberg University. He and his wife, Claire, currently live in Columbus, Ohio, and have four grown children. He is a member of the International Thomas Merton Society and of several environmental organizations, including The Appalachian Trail Conference, Rails-to Trails Conservancy, and the Wilderness Society. He enjoys back-packing, skiing, and "hanging out" with his two young granddaughters.



TIM CRONLEY