

GETHSEMANI BURIAL GROUND

by **Jamie Parsley**

In memory

Father M. Louis O.C.S.O.

(Thomas Merton)

He's there—
just within the shadow
of the church—
his cross
a face
among so many
other faces.

A wind moves
the grass over him—
this man who brought
me all this way—
to this place where
he came to rest
finally.

And the wind
moving over the grass—
it is him;
this wind,
his voice

*"Brothers, the curving grass and their daughters
Will never print your praises:
The trees our sisters, in their summer dresses,
Guard your fame in these green cradles:
The simple crosses are content to hide your
characters."
("The Trappist Cemetery—Gethsemani")*