

# KESTREL KILL

## For Thomas Merton

by **Terry McNally**

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When you, Tom,  
 Bluegrass Meister Eckhart,  
 Hermit, jazz maven, correspondent,  
 Were blasted blue into the Void,  
 Canonization seemed sure  
 As Kentucky 247 curving  
 Around your monastery.

Later in your journal, however,  
 Appeared "S," Beatrice  
 In the Louisville hospital  
 For whose sake you nearly put  
 Trappist cheese into receivership.  
 (The brother porter overheard  
 You two on the outside line  
 And spilled your secret to Abbot Fox.)

Thus, Simon Stylites of Culvertown,  
 Did a kestrel, circling overhead,  
 Spot you on your pillar,  
 And drop like a rail spike  
 To rip your heart from the rib cage  
 And gulp down the blue aorta.

Now, strictly observant cardinals  
 Will need miracles indeed  
 Before promoting the cause  
 of a kestrel kill.