

Impact Roundtable

By **Ronald Webster**

“The essence of Socrates is not Socrates”

– Thomas Merton

Walking below the vaulted azure sky
whose orange moon was a slight thumbprint
among a million or so iotas
exuding a supernova cipher Bro

Hillario the explorer with Socratic eyes
contemplated the simple issue of seeing
the Milky Way play its chords
not holding onto creamed distillations

of time silenced within imploded stars
but holding onto the essence of being
somewhere close to original grace in the white house
before the flow of a million light years surged

through the continuum of expanding galaxies
which one should for a mere moment enjoy
just like the song of Gethsemani Abbey in the
swallow-tail butterfly expanding wings

sucking a honeycomb reverberation of nectar
out of an exhilarated flower whose essence
was the pure scent saturating one light year’s
pastiche brushed into the flair of a chrysanthemum.



Ronald Webster

Ronald Webster is a poet whose work has appeared in *America*, *Western Poetry Quarterly*, *The Crab Creek Review* and other journals, as well as in *The Merton Seasonal*. He lives in El Paso, Texas.