

Gethsemani Trappist Wake

(Job's Lament)

By **Mark C. Meade**

Vigil's last echo falls silent,
Prayer's concord ended
Yields to a shuffle,
Black and white tangents west and east.
"Darkness covers my face."

My bearing, coffee;
My sirens, crickets –
I find myself drawn out to the bosom
of the moist darkness in the pre-dawn Garden.

Here is revelation in obscurity.
"My Lord God,"
the path ahead I do not see,
lightless footfalls confirmation of an old prayer's promise.
"Darkness covers my face."

Did I expect to encounter his voice
Sounding from his grave's crown of hills?
Only the morning song of reverent cows,
uncanonized saints, unrecognized in the West.

A photo in color,
A black and white costume,
Lifeless visage frozen on celluloid
In a box labeled Merton – this is not Merton.
"Darkness covers my face."



Mark C. Meade

Mark C. Meade is the Assistant Archivist at the Thomas Merton Center, Bellarmine University, Louisville, KY. He will give a presentation on Merton, Camus and the death penalty at the ITMS Eleventh General Meeting in June 2009 at Nazareth College, Rochester, NY.