

AN AUBADE FOR THOMAS MERTON

The white flower of the sun
On the blue tree of morning
Silently once and once only
Opens her clear white voice

The ash-black bird of night
With no choice of direction
Flies from her deep corolla
Of void and innermost light

Only now do I lift she says
The supple bell of my being
The widening rim of my body
The delicate flesh of light

In the silence of one voice
I am innocence without name
I arrive without attendance
I speak without explanation

I am joy of essential water
Excellence of deep pleasure
Fragrance of impeccable air
The simple fecundity of sun

I arise without distinction
And blossom without knowing
My ground of origin unknown
My orphrey blessed in water

Ah, who sees this holy dawn
Flowering in unburned mirth
Coalesces in praise forever
A formless house of nothing

James King
Dec. 1980

