

Four Poems

By **Jeanne Doriot, SP**

In Secret

Silence shapes poems,
her quiet hands holding
them up to the light.

Fragment

The twinkling toenails of God
when he reads my poem,
when he hears you pray.

Brother Harold

Memory wilting:
parched flowers waiting to be
watered, tended, loved.

Whose Riddle?

To visit Merton's
heart would be to visit Lax:
A riddle for monks.



Jeanne Doriot

Jeanne Doriot is a Sister of Providence of Saint Mary-of-the-Woods, IN. Her collection of poetry submitted toward her MA degree in creative writing from Indiana University was titled “Diving After Flame,” in honor of Thomas Merton. Her poetry and reviews have appeared in several publications, including *The Merton Seasonal* and *Cistercian Studies Quarterly*.