## Hand to the Plow

## By Sean Kinsella

## (Regula Benedicti: Prologus)

Here I am A student in this school Of service, of strictness, Of shared suffering

Suffering in the sharing Managing, somehow, To be both alone in my loneliness And crowded in my solitude

Having fled the world And found here the same Serpents, thorns, and thistles That stung and scratched before

Monos pros monon Surrounded by All the things I thought I left behind All the people I thought I said good-bye to

Oh, Jesus, burying the dead Is taking all my life

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