

City Canticle

By **Carol Hoffenkamp**

No antiphons to lull a circling hawk.
No lamentations wail through wooded paths.
My urban hermitage a third-floor flat –
no path to far-off abbey walls.

Your words that sang of solitary walks
and golden moments in a darkened stall,
your silent praises drifted from the page
and bid me craft a private prayer within.

Your journey traveled, knobs and soaring greens.
My paths all sidewalks subway-bound,
and as the steps descend to morning rush
your matins song takes flight within my heart.



Carol Hoffenkamp

Carol Gendron Hoffenkamp is a former teacher and retired psychotherapist who has been reading Thomas Merton most of her life. She is a member of the Chicago Chapter of the International Thomas Merton Society.