

Monk on Fire(watch)

By **Carol Hoffenkamp**

Untethered, he would inevitably,
in the way of Wisdom, not slide – but soar
off slippery tiles
and crash into the hands of God.

Stars became his stepping stones,
clouds his launching pad.
He tumbled over waterfalls
and rode a dolphin out to sea.

He tip-toed on the tops of trees,
gathered scents from flowered fields,
spun a lantern fire-flied
then back to perch on gabled peak.

With moon in hand he gathered God
from everything on earth,
still reeling from the certainty
that he plus Three are One.



Carole Hoffenkamp

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