

Three Poems from the Hermitage

By **Randy Cox**

Music to My Ears

Sitting in the rocker on the porch
Western winds sweep my way
Leaping from tree to tree
The weather has arrived

Rain is sweeter, fresher
Falling on special places
Droplets form, gather
Drops become arpeggios
On the roof above

Pattering

Crescendo, diminuendo
Ebb and flow they go

Breathing

Sitting in the rocker on the porch
Surrounded by my senses

The splashing above sounds crisper
Even more percussive when
Trying to hold the unholdable
Cascading through tin fingers

Surrendering

Music and rain are intertwined
In sight. sound. beauty

Bonding

Rushing clouds part silently
Taking their concert to others'

Sacred spaces

Sitting in the rocker on the porch
Inhaling the wonder and symphony of
Holy places



Randy Cox

Randy Cox has been a music publisher for 40 years, building the songwriting careers of dozens of professional songwriters. Dove Award and Grammy-winning artists including Amy Grant and Barbra Streisand, have recorded his published songs. A songwriter, choral composer, conductor and Lay Cistercian of Gethsemani Abbey, he lives in Nashville with his wife, Gloria.

A Simple Latch

A simple latch, attached
to a simple, screen door.
A world comes, goes this way,
this portal, this passage,
this gateway in time.
A finite view with grand
Proportions, perspectives,
Framed perfectly to house
Eternity's eyes and soul,
Seeing into infinity.



Coffee with Merton

On a cold March morning
I first met Thomas Merton
At his place, his hermitage

There was no heat in the room
Only a small electric heater
Not nearly enough for the chill

I made coffee and sat at his desk
A single overhead lamp
Added the sun's rising

The window's view was panoramic
Very much as Merton saw
Very much what he enjoyed

I had come here to write
What, I didn't know, just
That I wanted to be inspired

I lit votive candles for ambience
Pulled a blanket off his bed
And wrapped up in it

The frosty front lawn soon
Began to thaw and so did I
Then there was Merton

The room, simple and lost
In the 60s, came to life
And I began to write

There was a friendly presence
About this room, one of
Familiarity and welcoming

The smell of long lost fires
Came from the fireplace soot,
Somehow memorable

The photos, the macrame hanging
The bookshelf, the squeaky chair
All spoke to me as if

As if Merton himself was still about
As if he had just stepped out
For awhile but would soon return

The coffee was, after all, hot and inviting