

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