Reveille

By Ronald Webster

Wide awake at two thirty-five a.m. I am into Thomas Merton's No Man Is an Island content to be reading his sentences on being and on doing, listening to the music of his seeing into himself, not clinging to the sparrows we have not made, not clinging to the trees we have not climbed, but staying where we are, this hour, eyes wide open to our poverty, receiving the riches of graces we once missed.



Ronald Webster