

Sabbath

By **Frederick Smock**

*what you are looking for
is what is looking*

St. Francis of Assisi

The story goes that Merton was celebrating
a mass out-of-doors, with the Sisters of Loretto,
They had carried out the wine, the cloths,
coarse black bread – same bread the thieves baked

for Mandelstam in the gulag; same bread Vallejo ate
in Paris. Body, and blood. The sun shone down
a kind light on their gathering. When time came
to mix the wine with water, they found they had

forgotten the water. No matter. One of the sisters
reached up and shook a tree-branch, raining
morning dewdrops down into the flagon of wine.
A calling down of grace, there, as elsewhere.

Frederick Smock is poet in residence at Bellarmine University, Louisville, KY. He is the author of three volumes of verse, a travel memoir, and most recently of *Pax Intransigentibus: A Meditation on the Poetry of Thomas Merton*.



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