

Two Poems

By **Bonnie Thurston**

Compline

Salve, Regina:
 Crown of the day,
 our Lady's crown,
 adult version of
 "Now I lay me
 down to sleep."
 There *are* monsters
 under beds, in closets,
 prowling, roaring –
 terrors, dangers, evil.
 We need defenders
 against darkness.

And so we close
 the day with singing,
 abiding in the shelter
 of the Most High,
 our help in His Name.
 But we entrust ourselves
 to the eternal Mother,
 ever watchful,
 always listening,
 continual carrier
 of light in darkness,
clemens, pia, dulcis.

Bonnie Thurston, a founding member and former president of the International Thomas Merton Society, is the former William F. Orr Professor of New Testament at the Pittsburgh Theological Seminary, now living in solitude in West Virginia. She has written numerous books on the New Testament and on Christian spirituality, as well as publishing a number of volumes of poetry, most recently *Belonging to Borders: A Sojourn in the Celtic Tradition* (2011).



Bonnie Thurston

Great Silence

It is Islam's
laylat al-qadar,
the mysterious night
when heaven opens,
angels descend,
all restlessness stilled
nature bends in adoration.

The bridegroom
of the Lord's parable
comes at midnight.
He is always near,
always returning,
but never more so
than at dawn's
faintest whisper
when the world hangs
between the passing
and the coming to be.