

# THOMAS

He and his master walked a thousand lonely roads  
     wet with beggars' tears  
     ruttled by pilgrims' feet  
 Searching for a Father hidden deep in morning mist

They crossed a thousand white deserts  
     littered with the human refuse  
     of a world grown rich and mindless  
 Searching for a Mother burned milkless

They shared a common woolen blanket  
     in common silence  
     in common poverty

Through a thousand dark nights of despair  
     until they learned to love  
     the unloved

While righteous men thanked God for their purity

They watched as a thousand bloodless Sundays  
     failed to turn the wheel  
     to a day of peace

Until the hands that healed little children  
     were pierced through  
     by men called to holy war

Against the enemies of mediocrity

Then Thomas walked alone, waiting for a better sign  
     than the words of callow youths  
     cowering behind closed doors  
 Dreaming of days long past, now gone to memory

