DARK PATH

for Thomas Merton

by Alden McInvale

Into the dry silence of the day closing the sun casts fiery words across our shadows. We watch the sky darken, the orange rays strewn across the airy blue slowly subsiding to the gentle shade of dusk

I walk alone in the forest, where the encircling trees form a thick veil over the path, clouding my vision in darkness, making the way difficult to follow.

Stars, spread above like letters on a blank page, slowly peek from behind night's curtain. Tiny fireflies, scattered flying in the darkness, twirl around me in minute guidance, whispering lanterns along the dark path.

Alden McInvale lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico. He is a writer of poems, short stories, plays and essays. His work has appeared in *Conceptions Southwest, Cogit Quarterly*, and *Scirocco*, as well as several college newspapers. This poem was inspired, in part, by William H. Shannon's book, *Thomas Merton's Dark Path*.