

# FOUR POEMS

by **Jeanne Doriot, SP**

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## JUBILEE

*(For a Friend Celebrating Her Golden Jubilee  
and Visiting the Abbey of Gethsemani)*

Now we are at home within the Jubilee  
at last, like monks safe inside Gethsemani  
while the moon rides the summer sky,  
and our sleep is for dreamless peace.  
Waking signals us to turn around  
And see Jesus standing there.

Feast of Mary Magdalene

“Woman,” they asked her, “why are you weeping?” She answered them, “Because the Lord has been taken away, and I do not know where they have put him.” She had no sooner said this than she turned around and caught sight of Jesus standing there. But she did not know him. “Woman,” he asked her, “why are you weeping? Who is it you are looking for?” She supposed he was the gardener, so she said, “Sir, if you are the one who carried him off, tell me where you have laid him and I will take him away.” Jesus said to her, “Mary!” She turned to him and said (in Hebrew), “Rabboni!” (meaning “Teacher”).

# D LAMA VISITS T MERTON (OR SUMMIT AT GETHSEMANI)

*The Merton Seasonal*, Spring 1994, Page 7

From Merton's View,  
the Photo Courtesy of *Kentucky Standard*  
perpetuates the Dalai Lama's limbs  
in Lotus posture, local monks' robes  
concealing, mercifully, their knees'  
resistance.

Father Louis wears a white silk scarf  
on his Cistercian cross as, at ringside,  
his brothers stand at attention, looking down  
like so many statues behind one monk  
who has adopted a Merton-stance  
to video the scene.

The smiling Lama leaves with Patrick's tote  
bag, satisfied with books and brethren.

# AT FIRST GLANCE MERTON

*THE NEW YORKER*, 10/11/93

At first glance Merton,  
but, no: "Self-portrait  
in Gap denim jacket  
by Duane Michaels,  
photographer," p. 5.

An attentive parakeet  
perches on subject's right  
forefinger. The left hand,  
fingers steeple-straight,  
is raised as if blessing  
or warding off an unseen visitor.

The subject's tonsured head  
features lined brow above  
whiskery eyebrows. Ears too,  
in shadows, suggest Monk  
Photographed by Rice . . . eyes  
are somewhat Merton's behind  
Michaels' rimless glasses.  
Though the nose fails  
the likeness test, and the closed  
mouth hints at Merton's smile,  
the denim garb resumes  
the Merton mimicry.

No, this is not Merton.

He waits, however, a mere

86 pages on, making it

into *THE NEW YORKER* in

a poet's epitaph to

"Angels Among the Servants"

by Nancy Willard, p. 91:

*"Build a chair as if an angel  
was going to sit on it."*

—Thomas Merton"

## VOCATION (1941-1968)

Thomas, lately come, knows

Thomas, come late, knows

Thomas come late stays

Thomas, come late, sees

Thomas, late come, knows

Thomas, late come, stays

Thomas, late come, sees,

feels,

knows,

stays.