

Two Poems

by **Christine Jensen Hogan**

Father,
forgive
them
for
they
know
not
what
they
do.

Father,
forgive
them
for
they
do
not
what
they
know.

Father,
know
them
for
they
do
not.

Father,
forgive
then.

Abbey Breakfast

I look out the window
at the white,
grey,
black
of the earth,
trees,
sky
in this late Kentucky winter.
Fog in the distance
cows,
robes the hills.
Birds fly by
this Chinese scroll.