

# Four Poems

by Robert Murphy

## Merton Entered Polonnaruwa . . .

- 1  
Merton entered Polonnaruwa thru direct seeing,  
"I was suddenly, almost forcibly, jerked  
clean out of the habitual!"  
Ananda smiled  
with his arms folded.
- 2  
Before the Buddha, mantra and monk,  
in his eyes Christ  
can be frightening -  
I am Tom Merton  
and the wound of an old word  
is healed  
and no "mystery."
- 3  
Stranger standing on the wet . . . shout  
imagined him crying they thought  
how incredible Father Louis  
face without puzzle,  
a fragment of the silence heard  
"if you but see it."
- 4  
O secret of this nobody touches!  
Tonight Merton Rimpoche . . . appears.



ROBERT MURPHY

## Eastering

Merton ago knew his narrative  
living humility his humanity giving  
the integral Word will never ever end,  
being a boyish man  
felt the thrill would spill  
from a sacred son of man, door open  
and suddenly he is among the immortals,

Seraph I hope my day be so taken  
going to him my narrative end  
with friend taking my hand  
and I learned not to close myself,  
my earth a legacy not lost, I praise  
you because you worth my bliss, and you

birth my inspiration, you  
my dark poetry, my light blest  
the best Paradise, so perfectly still  
you instill like a quickening fire  
my quenching meltingly you  
infusing my suffusing being, I begin then

again in a sudden all is enfold  
and infolding gospel the quiet  
finding my life I choose  
the shroud embracing cloud  
unknowing in stress the ennobling Guest.

**Robert Murphy**, a member of the International Thomas Merton Society who lives in Houston, Texas, has published poetry in a number of journals, including *Contemplative Review*, *West Coast Conscious Review*, *Impact* and *Cloud Chamber*. He was previously "poet-on-campus" at Jefferson Community College in Watertown, New York.

**Abba Louis****(Thomas Merton)**

Playing pilgrim pages  
and you keep laughing  
knelling the telling word  
when psalms of paraclete are  
living and loving with a laureate,

sharing your happy light  
on the rarest fairest night  
firefolk enfold above the moon  
after dogwood days and redbud ways  
infolding you in eucharistic wings,

scolding no one  
giving you for nothing  
looking far beyond absurd  
pausing in the deep silence  
you are the very point vierge

appearing the clear  
and an emerald shelter  
a silver health of fishes  
Emmaus flashing forth welcome,

Louie  
we will come  
swimming to joy  
for the love you cast  
walking our rushing waters  
in the wind darkling Lograire,

you and poetry again  
present without warning  
in the summoning, the bell  
ringing a dear and nearing wing

climbing with Jacob  
Yahweh helped the just man  
ladder the celestialing suns,  
Alms! Look-up and see! Alms! Alms!

**Coffee Talk****- for Shirley**

O paucity of myself  
and poetry my only health  
and my wealth abiding simplicity  
and I flee the captivity of intimacy,

you call me soulman  
and I am a short fat blues brother  
or Feste the Shakespearean crowned fool,

you are enchanting  
and I am eager to sing  
Yevgeny Yevtushenko  
COLOURS revelation in translation

then I would not be frightened  
and poetry might enlighten  
speaking Dylan Thomas  
from my sullen heart  
writing for lovers lying abed  
who heed not my craft or his art,

seeing in Aphrodite light  
even moreso lately  
today Athene  
is more to your likeness

perhaps I may impress  
in the day of Thomas Merton  
marrying the dark warm silent forest  
he took the sweet best to wife his life  
knowing secrets whispered  
by lovers  
in their beds all over the wondering world -

afterall poets are ever really here  
can ever really hear afterall poetry, fire.