

Six Poems

By Jeanne Doriot, SP

In Gethsemani

May you know
what Jesus knows
of Resurrection,
beyond courtyard fires
where Peter crouches in denial,
tombstones crumble
at an angel's touch,
and shadowed nights
give way to lilled mornings
bright with Son.



JEANNE DORIOT, SP

Vigils

Old monk in the moon,
what do you think of me here
watching you sail on?

Old monk in the moon,
smile on us night-wrapped
in our psalms,
our sleep surrendered.

Old monk in the moon,
speak to me:
your white silence sails
overhead tossed from cloud
to cloud.

Old monk in the moon,
I want to tell you secrets.
Do you know them already?

Old monk in the moon,
don't laugh as I prowl.

Old monk in the moon,
I just can't let you go,
you know.

Jeanne Doriot, SP, a Sister of Providence of Saint Mary-of-the Woods, Indiana, writes from Bakersfield, California. A member of ITMS, she has published poetry in previous issues of *The Merton Seasonal*. For a Master of the Arts degree in creative writing from Indiana University, her thesis was a collection of her poetry titled, with debt to Merton, *Diving After Flame*.

Retreat House Work Detail

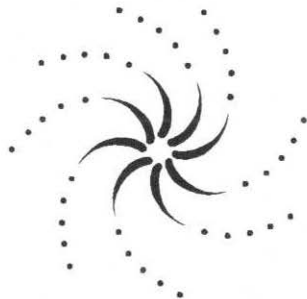
While the tall monk verifies
 that all blankets have been gathered in the laundry bins,
 the shorter Trappist finds
 the poet's doodlings in the desk drawer.
 Tucking them into the back pocket of his jeans,
 Brother smiles, savoring the secret cache.
 He will watch the Guest Registry and when
 the poet's name reappears, he will leave the poems,
 edited, where the visitor will find them.
 After a year's loss, will the poet recognize the poetry,
 the monk?

Gethsemani Retreat Defined

Waiting for You, Christ
 of the forgotten barrels,
 the empty crates,
 the vats scrubbed clean...
 for You, long-ago risen like monks' bread.
 now, tabernacled within the trees,
 among the knobs, You,
 sifting wheat from chaff,
 searching for lost goats, coins in fishes,
 men and women in nets...
 for You, walking barefoot along the shores,
 seeking us, offspring of other Zebedees,
 our mothers nudging us to the front
 of the long line lest we hang back
 too far and miss the making of Your Kingdom.

Haiku for Timothy

The abbot's fish swim
 secluded in their pond, safe
 from marauding cats.



Gethsemani at Rest

I do not wish to murmur
 any psalm or utter
 any prayer here
 on the quiet stair
 after Compline folds
 us in her Ladysong,
 and the abbot baptizes us
 with so soft a sprinkling,
 we pad away from monks
 with whom we've volleyed
 psalms all day.
 Till Vigils then, my friends,
 my Christ. Rest well.