

## Swift Passings

By **Libby Falk Jones**

It's good to go like Father Louis, fast;  
 for him no slow disintegrating, ooze  
 of oil crushed. No, let waxen candle  
 flare, and there he is, Andromeda,  
 his mind now light years deep. Did he feel  
 the shower's heat, air unmoving, fecund,  
 in his soul's new land, did he seek  
 a breeze to blow him fresh like golden ginkgo  
 leaves across his Abbey garden's grass?  
 His fingers on the switch, a single pulse  
 into the light that seems to sing? "I think  
 I'm dying," my mother told the nurse who gripped  
 her hands and tried to call her back. O let  
 all pilgrims swiftly pass through air alight.

---

**Libby Falk Jones** is Chester D. Tripp Chair in Humanities and Professor of English at Berea College, Kentucky, where she teaches courses in literature and creative, critical and professional writing. Her poems have been published in regional and national journals and anthologies; her chapbook of poems, *Above the Eastern Treetops, Blue*, appeared in 2010 (Finishing Line Press). She began "Swift Passings" as she was reading Merton's poetry on retreat with her contemplative writing class at the Abbey of Gethsemani and the Sisters of Loretto Motherhouse in Nerinx, KY.



**Libby Falk Jones**