

Monastery

MARC HARSHMAN

Inside the cloistered quiet the men dug vegetables
and listened for God
and without any effort God came
and sang for them in a wren suit
and when God grew tired he lifted up the clouds
and let the sun dry the sweat on each worker's brow
and then he lifted up all the green shoots
just a little higher than the day before.

Upon such miracles was this order founded
and, though it has been lost to time, some say
they still follow their praxis in the greenwood
there on the far side of that river
across from which we all stand
on the edge of believing.