

Silent Retreat

I came stumbling like a Dharma bum

Looking for the Merton side of town

Insights to anchor me

Keep me warm

Then my voice left me

For days, with little intercession

Floating in a sea

Of ancient wisdom

Of knots and nature

Of creation and Creator

Of blessings and beatitudes

And as my by breath continued

The still small voice

Returned

To me my own.