Fragments of a Poetic Journal

Tuesday June 5, 2001

27,000 ft Angel flying.
Destination Louisville
Filled with unspeakable
heaviness of joy
at this homecoming.

Wednesday June 6, 2001

Sitting here on a bench near the corner of Fourth and Walnut (except now it's called Muhammed Ali) in the Center of the Shopping District in Louisville (pronounced by locals as Loo-ville) where the people are still somehow walking about 'Shining Like The Sun.' Smells of humid southern heat of the not-so-early-but-not-got-going-yet morning. It's just after 10am. I've been wandering around for ³/₄ an hour. People cutting along or ambling to work, now some standing outside buildings for final cigarette moment of contemplation before work in smoke-free air-conditioned shops or offices. Fed-Ex van pulls away giving me a clear view of the corner on which stands the Seelbach Hotel. Sparrow flits down before me and then back into the tree beneath whose bows I sit. Shoppers beginning to appear. Baggy shorts and baseball caps. Heart is full with just being here. Eyes brim with tears that not overflow.

Holy community standing bench sitting human touch of nicotine fellowship.

spoken. silent.

alone. together.

Somewhere a bell tolls. A quarter after ten. A signal to move.

Monday June 11, 2001 Gethsemani

old monk enters abbey church in sneakers crosses himself.

14th June 2001. Thursday. Evening. About 9.30pm

Father Louis' Grave

The fireflies danced around your grave when I came at last to sit at your feet.

A stranger pilgrim unknown inconceived seeking your spirit not amongst the dead.

But in the heart
of life-overflowing
sunshine fecundity
pulsing through Kentucky heat.

'Be what you are'
you said. You said.
wisdom draws forth
heart question:

And what am I?

Who am I?

Walking this wilderness path
open-eyed to vision behold.

Illusion beholding illusion
Disappearing trick
you are gone
and I am too.

ANGUS STUART