

# SHADOWS

a poem  
by  
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a starry vision  
a starry night  
silence behind cloister walls  
how do fear and sin remain  
I heard monks singing  
praises to God  
still there are shadows

visions of enlightenment  
cold abbey hallways  
smelling coffee in the morning  
a shepherd listens to his flock  
I heard compline in the evening  
praises to God  
still there are shadows

throwing stones into a field  
watching jars of jelly  
a monk is dying in his bed  
the air is very cold tonight  
I heard prayers in early morning  
praises to God  
still there are shadows