

## ZaZen in Gethsemani Abbey

Far away  
at the other end  
of the nave  
the red eye of God  
never blinks or closes  
by the cave  
where Christ reposes,  
Waits  
to be lifted up  
and consumed.

In the choir  
the rhythm of eternity  
beats itself out  
in psalm and song.  
Into empty space  
the Hours drop  
illuminated words  
like glittering Jewels,  
treasures for the coffers  
of the heart.

I sit in the balcony  
beneath azure windows  
contracting my self  
into the deep recesses  
of my body,  
drawing my self in,  
letting my self go.

I remove ego's clothing,  
await the fiery embrace  
of luminous stillness,  
inhabited emptiness,  
wait  
to be lifted up  
and consumed.