

## For Thomas Merton

Father Basil thanks God for making you,  
And the world wants you for another guru—  
But I know you: you loved the sunlight and the rabbits jumping  
And you paced your cinderblock cell because you loved her,  
Stopping at moments to add some more lines...  
Wrestling your own heart for the truth, in the night:  
And it is there I can come closest to you, seeing you  
Stoking the little fire, or just staring into space,  
Your schedule blurring under your eyes...

I thank God for making you human.