

Song for Some Nuns and Friars

The morning it froze,
One of the clerics flapped his arms like a brown bird.

The night of the eclipse,
In their chapel over the kitchen,
The nuns sang.

The day before the forest fire
Was heard the Gregorian treble of some oriole.

But the day of the General Judgement
The Brother in the Post Office
Sorted out the mail;
Peter of Alcantara,
Clare of Assisi,
John of the Cross.