

Monk Days

we've reentered the days of the Monk
six times a day, he prays in his own fashion

He stretches back. faces the sun. arms at his side with palms up

he eats twice a day
spartanly

doesn't go out much
maybe to walk the [sugarloaf](#)

since early december, when he hopped out of my moving car, he hasn't talked to me.
we were having an argument in a vast unknowable land
i was lost
he followed signs, voices, i can't see or hear

so his vow of silence grows daily
his voice will be a hinge that creaks, from lack of use, if he ever re-finds it
it will need oiling

once, he asked me... if he had to die to save the world
i said, -Don't bother. It's been done before. And as far as I can tell, it didn't work those times
either.-

he is so quiet
I barely know he lives with me

at 3AM when I pad past his room to go pee
I hear him lightly snoring in his room
and I smile, because he is still with me

he is not sleeping under a bridge in the frigid cold....he is not a homeless statistic....he is not a
memory that cuts to the bone, then cuts through the bone.

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[Link to original, unaltered version of poem](#)