Fragments of a Monastery at Dusk

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SHAWN FAWSION

FRAGMENTS OF A MONASTERY AT DUSK

The monk tells the story about the prairie
without touching anything.

Until he names the cloud cloud
sunsets fail, and rain never covers
fields and towns.

Until he names the blossom blossom
no one eats apples, no one sees bees
and nothing stings.

Years go by.

When he names the vow vow,
clouds move; blossoms fall.

He’s out of sight, by now. It was a long walk,
a rough wind. The wheat parted
and left that great kingdom
on a clean blade.