

Spring 1986

The Monks

Mark Rozema

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Rozema, Mark (1986) "The Monks," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 26 , Article 14.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss26/14>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.

The Monks

are up with the sun
to pitch hay and milk the goats.
A young girl at the gate,
watching. She is there
every morning, and the monks
are so silent, so strong
and supple beneath their robes.
One monk with a red beard,
eyes as green as new grass,
invites her into the chapel
to pray, but she will not go
because she knows
Catholics are in the palm
of Satan's hand.

One night she climbs
over the fence, sneaks
into the chapel and prays
anyway. She stares
at the carved Christ,
thin as a skeleton.
He seems so real.
Even the blood
seems real, carved
dripping from his feet
like water dripping
from a faucet...