Fragments of a Monastery at Dusk

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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.