

Verse

Death Of A Jesuit

(For Father Michael T. Toulouse, S.J.)

It was a particular morning,
the moon's old mind
sat like a thumbprint
on the sun's small corners.

They found you face up,
the sound of your voice
still tumbling in their ears,
your lips clenched thin as love.

I remember your protest
when the city jailed its whores—
saying their profession
was older than your own—

all the while closing in on Delphi,
naming her creatures as though your own.
They laid you in your favorite flowers,
four nuns, urges lonely as night,

prayed into their watches,
sang to the long distance
when the morning's name
would move up the walls.

I see you sitting on the table's edge,
your whole face laughing
at what Plato said—
your fingers lost in prayer.

—Fredrick Zydek