

MOUNT TABOR

Climbing the slow winding road

Close to skies

Far reaching and open

We stop to ponder

Shafts of white light

Flooding clouds like the old covenant.

Nearing the summit

A glow from the church

Filters through an arch of lined trees.

Boys bring food on oval plates

Lined by blue hibiscus;

Sweet gestures of the love

They are learning to receive

And are now

So freely giving.

Faint echoes of the day's prayers

Finally disperse;

Resistance to God ebbs away

Fading like cloudy remnants

Of last night's rain.

White corridors spangle early sun at dawn

Casting yellow rays,
Illuminating shadows of fellow pilgrims
Gliding past the dormitory doors

Some newly ajar.
At early mass our hymns ascend
Soar like swallows nearing clouds

Through the gentle cherished garden;
Stony squares of cacti, tumbling reds;
Bourginvillea and pomegranates,

A testament to healing;
The transfigured Christ
The clearest light,

Linking arms we begin our slow descent,
Touched by grace
Of this holy place.