

TRAPPIST

The old monk has not spoken a word in decades,
and would he remember how if he wanted to try?
There is temptation in the word *abyss*, or in *ex nihilo*,
a whiff of sulfur in the trisyllabic *sacrament*.
And what if he stands looking at the blinding firmament
where black holes megaphone the voice of God
In the ineffable traces of neutrinos? He might give voice
to what he loves, if he could understand his own
Dialect, if he had a universe, or a mother, or a tongue.