

In the garden

the seminary garden, a young man--
blond hair falling over his face, his head
tilted toward a larger world. I love to
watch him read the small stack of books tabled
beside him: philosophy, apologetics.

Around him geraniums bloom like ideas
made solid, one sparking the next. Over
the orderly square tiles--a parade of toga-
ed thinkers, patricians, keen minds, step
from these books, brush his camel colored
sweater, tweed slacks. I know he has a clear tenor

voice, have heard him chanting at the altar,
black robe dense with liturgical words. He raises
his hands and a something in me flickers.
A good man, a clean seeking after God.
A life of service begins in him. In me

an ache, as though a small door, long forgotten,
is being pried open.

Paula Schulz