



In Flower and Song

- *brother Augustine*

Just down a little ways
on the street, Calzada de los Reyes,
through that gate, cut into a tall, black-lava wall,
fruit of an ancient Mexican volcán,
we sit at noon, close, under the shade
of the jacaranda tree, sweet coffee
in hand, soft blue pedals on the ground,
to hear in a new voice the story
of an ancient people,
as told in flower and song.

Despiértate, guitarra mia—
awaken, o guitar, once again,
to strum the song of hope
held so deeply within the hearts
of these simple people—their gift
of a life to us, in flower and song.