

Brother Columba used the medium of poetry to express his search for God in his monastic life and in his love of the earth. The following poem he wrote on April 28, 1977, speaks of his quest:

what is it that
makes one write verse?

is it the quiet thrill
each moment born naked
until clothed in words
hung on halting tongue
and freed from quivering teeth?

is it to rival some
boasting robin:
I'll sing though no one hears?

or is it from the beat
of rain on one's roof
no clock measures,
no historian records?

or is it simply wonder —
fully someone greater than
you within who dashes about
with bits of salt and coals
of fire until you singe
paper and pen? ■