

November Sky

This drab, milky November sky
Cannot hide the beauty
And mystery of Autumn-
The transformation of life
Happening before our eyes,
And that brings me to the window
To wonder-was that a leaf
Or a bird that swept by-
And maybe it was
The falling leaf that
Taught the bird to fly.

- Brother Augustine

In Passing Over

As upon the wooly, thick skin
Of a large mammal in hibernation,
I look down upon this brown,
Wooded, winter earth,
Speckled with patches of snow.
From high in our safe, passing isolation,
I long to touch her sleeping body-
To console for the wounds
We easily inflict without thought.

- Brother Augustine

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