

FOR THE DESK OF
BROTHER DAVID STEINDL-RAST, O.S.B.,
IN HIS HERMITAGE IN THE WOODS OF CONNECTICUT

Remember what multitude numberless
On point of pen can dance,
Who, room within smallest room,
Room enough find us
For meanings untold and boundless,
Our words trace their lightnings, alightings
From far worlds whose messengers
From unknown one to ones unknown
Move over our pages.

Subiaco, 30 December 1978