

Why?

The rain poured down, I rang the bell
beside the ancient door.
Waiting long and anxious till
my fervor was no more.
Then opened slight and in the light
a face materialized.
Cowed, wrinkled, aged, annoyed;
he seemed to be surprised.
Why are you here? the old monk asked.
Then with no hesitation, said I,
to save my life, to save my soul,
with firm determination.
What do you seek? once more he asked.
sure that he would agree,
I boldly said, to seek for God,
to understand and see.
Just what does that mean you fool?
the grumpy gnome guffawed.
Silenced, shamed, and mortified,
why call me fool? I sought.
Because you are! He then replied
with a scowl upon his face. Dismayed
to be so called by a monk,
to which I aspired and prayed.
Why are you here? he asked again.
I calmed myself, my answer to prepare.
I'm here to - to - find my self,
as Merton said somewhere.
Another fool, said he,
while the rapid rain rushed down.
I raised my voice imploring,
But I once spoke with Brother John.
He too's a fool, the mean monk said.
Please call him here, I implored.
I am John, the Porter said,
the soaking rain poured more.
O Brother I'm so broken,
I'm so sinful and so lost.
Please take me in and heal me,
I care not whatev'r the cost!
Why are you here? he asked once more.
I don't know why, I sobbing cried.
Then he opened wide the door for me
and welcomed me inside.