



WHAT IS THIS PASSION FOR JOURNEY. . .

—NADINE CHAPMAN

What is this passion for journey
we share as if distance
miles can cajole new words
from hoarse throats

In the town of seven volcanoes
and Mission San Luis Obispo
we leave morning sun for twilight
settled behind timbered doors
—one cool space that teeters
between the earthly and ethereal
A garland—bold rose and blue flowers—
travels white plastered walls
There's nothing shy about St. Francis
or his disciples

Here big prayers require large candles
You light one ask help
for my blood-starved heart

Perhaps we won't go home at all
but take the way of a pilgrim
the cherubic wanderer
disperse our sheltered past
among relatives
and join composers of heartsongs
for this war-scarred world