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Brother Joachim - from Lippo's Clan

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**Cover Page Footnote**

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BROTHER JOACHIM - from Lippo's Clan

Hold there!
What mean you busting in like this?
Warrant! Warrant! Up with it! Up!
Pot? You'll find none here. Besides,
What you never find you never miss.
My name? Joachim, Brother so avowed,
And if you will. Watch there!
That's my only bit of flour.
Begging is become a poor profession.
Would you a cigarette? My brand too!
Here's a fire from this vigil light.
Holy smokes don't tear my bed apart!
Sit, repose yourself a while. Yes?
Brother Joachim if you please, A
Cenobite, lately ex, whose tonsured
Head is now a wild weed patch.
Lieutenant is it? Fine title,
If title be your prize. Me?
God's service, there I fight my rounds.
Why those ordained seek my advice!
I am called to corner all the lost.

My hair is long, my speech affected,
But pure am I. Judge not by the eye!
Yet, I am a man and so alone, sometimes
I've rested 'tween a woman's thighs, and
It was a scandal. A most uncomfortable
Affair. I was made to leave the abby.
Yes? There was a complaint?
They do think me strange. And you?
But let us put aside these things.
Would you hear a poem?
I am a poet too, not yet applauded,
But fine lines I write, and fair,
Undisciplined as the air! And words,
I use them too! Sometimes, but not all.
Here, this blank is my most perfect poem!
Oh! I love it so, such clear expression!
Is not all living but a perfect poem?
Cantos are we, stanzas too, all making
But one chorus for the All Mighty!
A poem! Let me write you one.
O 'tis no trouble, all I need do
Is tear another page. There!
Recite it? Tradition! Tradition!
None reads a poem today—and that
Lends more perfection to mine,
Not being written to be read.
True art is but the man! So me!
But—at times I long for the abby,
Solid sandstone walls an hundred years
So placed. And brother monks chanting
Gregory’s squares alike. Strong coffee
And good bread would shorten this
Lengthening cord around my waist.
I could return, but, tomorrow perhaps.
First my work is here. Lost sheep you know.
Lost sheep. I feed them better worlds,
Music to fill the ears and colors
To dazzle the eyes! Yet, I must confess,
They are poor creatures, untitled, not
Even good company! Lonliness!
The world's cross. But so was He.
Must we go? No, I'll not resist.
Tell me though, will I be solitary
In my cell? I'd rather. I'd rather.

Robert N. Carafice