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Piercing through walls of entreaty,
Like the mate of thunder,
Striking through vows of Mount Athos,
The sound beckons all to another reverie.

AWAKE! Awake, it says?
AWAKE! Awake, from sleep?
AWAKE! TO NEW GALILEE!

Sharper than the call of the Muezzin,
Deeper than the roar of thunder,
Menacing.
More Threatening.
It strikes like spear,
Through soul of silent nun,
Mumming silent complaint
To One Who made the nun.