

Jogging monk

by [Jean-Mark Sens](#) in the [June 19, 2019](#) issue

He treads along the woods and gravelly gravel roads  
right after vigil, his Lectio Divina  
fisted arms in balance and counter-balance  
elbows swinging above hips, legs in binary motions  
and deep breathing in and out, elevated torso,  
foot tips bending heels up his canvas shoes  
no panting, the rustle of his shirt in passing you by.  
His way, gracile, almost sweatless  
Jasmine, lilac strewn in his path overtaking fragrance.  
His chosen name already taken, Jude,  
he would have set for Judas, but not allowed, overloaded,  
and took Juan, the Brother of the dark night into the night  
jogger into the penumbra, Brother on the run  
with no betrayal to his self-assigned miles.  
Depth of the air inhaled, returned to the pneuma  
God's touch through lungs and blood.  
During the day the perfectionist worker,  
silent disapprover of your head marking rhythm of chants at prayers  
he goes into his running for ever as if to no return,  
meek, humble and strong of heart past seventy,  
He who takes your yoke and unburdens you.