

# SAINT FRANCIS' DREAM OF THE MUNDANE

JASON IRWIN

Who am I, if not my father's son?  
Heir to all his proclivities, his hyperbole.  
Yet look at me, itinerant and clownish,  
a mangy troubadour  
with glory burning in his half blind eyes.  
Alone in this wood tonight –  
the moon and stars above, the wind,  
the wolves howling in the distance –  
as I chase after God,  
that leather clad easy rider: at times  
wistful, and vengeful. Covetous,  
with a child's taste for gore.  
See how I suffer his wounds: tattoos of love  
writ in blood. Look at me,  
kissing lepers. Reciting poetry  
to the birds. Some nights  
I think how wonderful it would be,  
to trade in this beat existence  
for a split level in the suburbs –  
something mundane, yet respectable:  
a grocer, or insurance officer  
like Kafka. A room of my own,  
with a window facing the river,

where I could sit in the mornings  
with a cup of tea and watch  
the millwright's daughters bathe.