

Kathryn Kerr

Brother Sun

after the movie by Franco Zeffirelli
on the life of St. Francis

Of course it's a rich kid
who throws silks out the window,
publicly strips off velvets.
A boy who always wore new shoes
can decide to go barefoot.
Only a coddled child,
his bed made by servants,
chooses to sleep in fields.

It's harder for us, Francis,
buying our clothes
at the end of the season,
scraping for mortgage. We can't
ask audience of the pope.
We want appliances in our homes,
CDs, not singing. Please
don't make us lift stones.

Lord, forgive us our excuses.
Let our feet feel earth, then
lift us, dumb as stone.
Dress us like lilies.
Teach us to sing.