

**Karl Plank**

**APOPHATIC PRAYER 3**

You whom I love as absence,  
let us meet in silence.

When a bell has rung,  
what do we hear? At the Abbey  
I stood among stones and listened  
to vibrations from the tower

become thin and then less  
become the sound of my own breath  
and no bell at all – its vanishing,  
the air within me.

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