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A Monday Evening in Narnia

by

Shane Blackman

I walked into the vestibule, childlike.
The new world was unknown and familiar.
Young ones rollicked around the dark and the light,
Then hid, one-eyed, behind a wardrobe door.
The girl and lad sea-fared with me ten and
Ten thousand years, to a marked time in school,
To a place where there is no time at all.
I traveled with them to a Narnia,
Where Lew and Mary Ann Salter found faith,
Where Cheryl and the kids mended a heart
Broken by Aslan's will. There, on the mane,
I sought, as a pilgrim, to fathom it.
For Digory's promise, I kept my word.
The Christ gave surpassing-joy, here on earth.

Author's note: "A Monday Evening in Narnia" is a sonnet, but not with traditional meter or scheme. Sonnets also may be called quatorzains. Lew and Mary Ann Salter, at Oxford University when some of the Inklings were at Oxford, were also beloved members of the community at Wabash College, my alma mater. According to Sheldon Vanauken's book *A Severe Mercy*, Lew and Mary Ann were in a prayer group that included C.S. Lewis. My sister Cheryl and her children, Rebecca, and Jason, are featured in the quatorzain and are constant sources of inspiration and blessing. The poem describes an evening when I visited my sister's family in their new home and is a series of memories and snapshots.