

The needlework, the polishing

I like an empty church, forgive me. I like
a heavy door you have to push until it gives.
I like the onrush of the smell of must,
the sound of my sole self stepping up the aisle
I'll always like the way the door behind me
closing echoes. Goes. I like the way
the after-echo opens still. The needlework,
the polishing. A rose window, sure, and if
stained motes could circulate shaft-lit
high up at Sunday pace, O please. Every
dust-dance lift mine eyes above the pulpit
while I perch at pew. Flat cushions laid out
dead on cold, hard seats with cold, hard backs.
The kneeling rail. I kneel. I quietly rail.

Sue Wootton

Atlanta Review Spring/Summer 2017, p. 64