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In Sight of the White Cathedral.

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In Sight of the White Cathedral.

There's this church I saw that had a gap
where a brick left its square hole for ideas to
trickle through. But there were other bricks
behind it. In this city tall monks in masonry
bibs buy muffins, rolling the paper off in
rapturous swifts. The Priest of down town, of
sullied corners, of alleyway salvations, hugs
the children in pursuit of pursuit and at night
clips the hairs off the tops of his toes. My
hands take me there, over "Heaven's this
way" Blvd, gripping the railing of a one way
bus. Beside me two fathers discourse what's
to be known as worse: being the sword that
slays, or the sad scabbard which holds the
bloody blade. Soon they will turn and notice
my stare.

