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Observing a Church One Sunday

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OBSERVING A CHURCH ONE SUNDAY

Jim Sadler

I walk in
through the oak doors
and see the colored windows
and the sober faces.
I sit down on
a hard seat
and feel the fast glances
and the whispers,
and in the back one baby cries;
up in front
a door in the wall
spits out the choir;
above, a picture of Jesus
(scumbled)
by a rock,
looking towards a light
from a stormy sky,
two babies are crying;
struck by a conceited voice
I heard the night before
at the Sports Bar,
HALLELUJAH!
(that sounds like ALLOFYA)
so we all stand up,
and now three babies are crying;
the organ plays harder,
a court jester
walks in wearing
a black robe,
waves a black checkbook,
four babies are crying;
in four corners,
red-lighted,
user-guarded
EXIT signs;
(in the back
four mothers
run to the lobby)
and all the time
the organ plays
kyrie eleison
and I'll be damned.