

CAROL LIPSYC

## **AGNOSTIC STANDING BEFORE TRINITY ANGLICAN CHURCH (OLD THORNHILL)**

Church bells chime on Brooke Street, their music box melody  
cradled in the lap of a noonday sun. I stand

before a foreign house of prayer, its frame a robe  
of old white linen, its steeple crowned by a weathervane  
of brass gold.

Cool cap of air rustles the leaves  
of waking trees. A neighbour clears  
his front yard of winter's neglect which

carries no admission of sin  
in the underbrush. Where then the well-worn

hymn to spring? Perhaps the isolate earth waits only  
for a seedling place ample and protected  
and a kneeling shadow whose hands  
till beauty.