

CAROL LIPSZYC

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.