

Church

In these big stone walls
Where I spent all of my youth
Visions of a little girl in a yellow cotton
dress
Running and laughing
Haunt me

Because now there is silence where there
used to be singing
And it echoes more loudly
Which worries my heart
It makes the memories all the more poignant

I am scared
Because, Beauty, you are dying here
in this place.
Slowly, sadly sinking
With a pastor who cares not for his people
And even less for my God.

He is his own god
His alter, himself
As he clutches with righteous
possessiveness that pulpit
Where the word of God is not shared
But bestowed
Like a secret only he knows

So the people slowly drift away

Their souls in want of love
And the church stands empty
And my walls crumble
And the little girl in the yellow cotton dress
Fades away
Like the memory of laughter in the sun

Old building, aging beauty, bells silent
Memories are all you hold now
Songs to my God have ceased

Danielle Steele



Courtney Eddy