



Fragment from a Weekday Morning

Stephen Miner

Across the parking lot
is a row of maple trees
lifting up the sugary morning,
measuring out the breath of the universe
to those watching from windows
or walking. If I were to start a religion,
That is to say, if I had the time to start a religion,
It would be a religion of hot beverages,
Of steam climbing out of mugs, into the cold rays of a weak sun,
Burning fingertips and burning tongues—salvation is a burning thing.
The only religions I recognize exist in the morning
And are burned up with the mist and the dew by the midday sun.
I trust no church that meets at night.
I trust to man that walks without a skip or glance.
There is something deeply wrong with me.
Helpful people with useful things to say
Are here to cause me pain.
I trust no god with eyes.