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*