

This Cathedral

where the waves shush agates,
where ungulates clip moss,
where falcons smirk from lichen
tendrils on lighthouse nests,
where grebes skim the surface—
race the evening glass of lake—
this you know as consistent
church: hymn of truth & willowing
hum, the kind you hold full
of breath, of heart, this message
you cup as you bow in prayer.

Michelle Menting