

Inner City Sunday

Assembled for their Sunday show, a choir
process and bells above proclaim the hour,
the clergy file, adorned to altar dressed,
inviting folk to come, be healed, be blessed.
And in this setting hope is nurtured, thirst
relieved, and those who sometimes fear the worst
are reassured not all is totally
bleak. Though papers chunter eagerly
about bad neighbourhoods nearby and war
abroad, those pledged to pray and to implore,
for hurting souls, in misery
within these cloistered walls where, who can see,
parishioners, or some, at pains to hide
amid the crowd, the loneliness inside.

