

Pandemic Prepositions

Beneath the cupola's glass sun,
 no red banners swing.
Inside the brick hexagon,
 no voices raise.
Between the pews, no children
 drop their crayons or balls.
Before the altar,
 only the pastor stands.

Nonetheless,
 the invitation to gather stands.
Alone beside my blue velvet chair,
 I accept.

But after the screen goes blank,
 I wonder
Apart from choirs,
 how do I sing?
Apart from my little ones,
 how do I play?
Apart from those I serve,
 how will I send them with strength and joy into their new lives?
Amidst this gloomy crisis,
will the meaning which has imbued my life sink
into the Ground of my being
 alone,
 apart,
 before I do?

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