

# HOMELESS OUTSIDE THE CHURCH

*by* Bobbi Lurie

Tall shadows, bent in places, cover and uncover me.  
Gesticulating strangers crowd the entryway  
Where I am planted like a crop growing human feelings.

The marquee on the church says: *Blessed Are The Meek*  
But the religious who weep, who enter  
Turn their heads to profiles as they pass.

I am tarnished by the sun, weathered over  
On this particular Tuesday. April and  
The rank smell of humanity fills me.

Sounds from the choir leak through to the street  
But their songs do not touch me,  
Not even in the barefoot places.

Only the occasional kindness of a stranger,  
The curve of his back, a slope rushing past me,  
Is luminous, the coin pressed in my hand . . .

And yes, I beg.

I open my palm  
As Jesus did.

X



