

Sundays

by Mark Waldrop

First was the end of the month
Sunday morning picnic.
Well,
Not first - there was more. Something
Before then.

But,
You looked different with wind in your
Hair and
Never the same again.

The mud on your skirt matched
my thoughts. You'd fallen, I'm sure, and
I didn't know the man either that day.

Next was three Sundays after.
The evening service, I don't usually go
But I had been tied up that morning.

Anyway.

You slipped in late and sat in the back
With Dr. Ellis.

Glancing over my left shoulder
I saw
Your hand
Unbuttoning the bottom of his jacket.

With my next look he appeared to
love God more than the whole building
all at once.

I watched.
You didn't see
Me, you watched
Straight ahead always.

