

# 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.

