

LEWIS B. HORNE

Vision of an Older Faith

Car window turned to shale from sun-
burst, the car parked some summer
Sunday there before the church-
house. Voices sing: "Spirit
of God like a fire . . ." Shadows look firm
as rocks, as dark as stars gone out,

as still as roots. Against the church
and cars they shrink up from the sun.
This seventh day, the sky is firm
in curve and color as any summer-
heated roof—a light without
a face, photographic, spirit-

flashing. There in church how firm
a foundation's set. We sang in church,
I remember. A day out
of childhood, tracked back through sun
and year, memory of minutes, spirit,
blood. A day that's always summer,

unreal now, crafted out
of an antique voice. I move infirm,
unceremonious in spirit,
in these my latter days. Still, church
can conquer time—the heat of summer,
the unambiguous and burning sun.

I am susceptible to spirit.
Listen: closing prayer. There out
of doors, blinking into summer,
the congregation comes. How firm
my past belief. A light like suns
unnumbered fell and restored church

through a youthful Joseph. Many a summer
brought winter-sorrow, many a spirit-
loss. No primary noonday sun
struck us. But out of word, out
of song, faith, miracle, church
was true for us and mountain-firm.

Now out of that valley, I see that summer—
sunburst glass, church, the firm
in spirit. Bright with sun surpassing sun.