

The Pulpit

Marilyn Bushman-Carlton

It is a last bastion,
The pulpit. Prominent
Among muscular box shapes;
Fenced off and jutting skyward
Like a miniature city;
Elevated by just enough steps
To let it glow
In its own halo.

It is solid;
Sunday-washed
And clean as boiled water;
Tailored as a missionary.
An invitation is required
To lean there.
One must be
As professional as a seminar,
As navy blue as midnight.

But don't think
Anything feminine is missing.
Notice the milkvase
Fussed up
With seasonal flowers,
The flowers stiffened with spritz.
You hardly notice
When the petals detach
And lie,
Reverently wilted,
Under the paling roses.

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