

Revival

David Seiter

One day we were healed
by a man in a tent.
You remember. We had driven
streets of Four Castle,
Pallenfar, Vegas when we saw
floodlights corral
starless desert sky.
Clouds were grain chaff above the city.

By then we knew
things we shouldn't have.

So we sat down
on folding metal chairs to the side
and listened
to organs and gas generators
outside the big top.
This was not our hardwood pew
our stained glass bits
of light and shadow.
We wanted to be unseen.

But then we thought it was T-Bone
up there waving his arms
pounding the weekday working blues.
We limped up
under sweeping searchlights, pain
to the corners of our limbs
for to save our souls. We were born
again.