

# Templum: A Place Thought of as Holy

*Stanton Harris Hall*

I. *The coming*

Inside this precise granite  
the immensity of the walk comes home

A line of shallow prairie depressions  
spawning bunch grass and tiny femurs  
amphora of sage  
    greasewood and alkali  
azimuth set on western horizons and refuge

II. *A question of boundaries*

Tucked under the gingham, molasses, and salt  
came the questions  
    brooding questions  
couched in red stars and millennia  
erythrocytes and red-green algae

Has this same metal in my veins  
once girded handcart wheels  
galvanized rubric on the walls of Egyptian tombs  
    carried His breath

Is this universe of living  
    at one in the Glacier Lily  
    and slime mold  
mine

III. *In gathering*

Here in this unknowing  
    move the believers  
hoping for a fix on the heavens

A humming unison of revealed hope  
skirting the parallel terrors of  
living and dying  
Courting assurances in veils  
    pleated linen  
and oil of olive

Frightened wings all akimbo  
fluttering against the smoked glass

IV. *Giving to the world a place*

Sometimes I dream  
    of taking the soul in hand  
and twisting  
    like lime or sassafras  
release the dry corona-white spirit  
from the body's moist darkness

the spirit freed  
    the child reunited