

On the Fringe— The Singles' Ward (The Appeal of the Foyer)

Bradford Fillmore

The quick exit—
Space, windows, safety.
Cozy couches and easy
Chairs versus the hard-
Wood pew and elbow
To elbow. Escaping the
Glances of all—
Except God. An
Electronic voice
Vibrating above.

An out-of-Body experience.

Souls, some prodigal—
A fraternity of the tardy,
Reluctant, ashamed remaining
Outside in this waiting room,
On the fringe, apart from us
But still, *a part*.
Not knowing, perhaps,
The comfort of camaraderie
Or unfamiliar with the feather
Softness of the Spirit