

Temple

Mark Brown

Orange lightning burns
the Detroit sky tonight.
We just got out of the temple,
two hours of white stillness,
but the bruised, lit-up sky
suggests God's still not happy with us.
Then again, maybe it's fireworks.
Maybe the lightning
and this dark, humid breeze
are a reward, a pop-flash kiss
and a thank you for at least trying
on a day when it would be
just as easy to not.