

Words

Jamie Naylor

The young African boy stumbles over the Supper of the Lord's words—
in the Promised Land: a new gospel.

The man in the dark suit signals, again.

Again. And yet again, while we in the pews squirm.

Just a visitor, I ponder words like spirit and letter and
tender mercies, torrents inside.

Finally, His Body as bread is passed and the congregation is washed
in a wave of relief—

though the young boy's head stays bowed.

Another smoothly speaks the words of remembrance of His Blood.

And it is done. I feel yet parched

and only you, a stranger here, slide silently from your seat

to follow him out the door as the Priesthood take their places

back with the rest of us. One can never know

if your words, or his burning tears,

will make a difference.