

## Then and Now

*Cheryl L. Bruno*

Had I one word to describe our Temple,  
The word used would undoubtedly be “white.”  
The corridors inside all glow with light,  
And purity within this space is ample.

I don't disparage Temples; I adore them.  
They're lovely, and the feeling is serene  
Folk enter, and folk exit, pure and clean,  
Their righteousness a recommend before them.

But once, Jehovah's temples glowed with color.  
Bright scarlet pomegranates bursting high  
The acrid incense wafting to the sky  
And bleating goats, the people's sins to cover.

A messy Temple, this: not white, but gory  
The blood and smells and disarray its glory.