

Our Lady of the Temple

Dayna Patterson

Her favorite is the whisper of slippers on plush carpet.

Her favorite is the window of stained glass, jewel-bright, reminding her of a wildflower field and that cathedral in France.

Her favorite is the baptismal font's blue glow on the backs of 12 oxen.

It's the changing cubicle, the donning of white.

It's the laundry room, the hum of cycles.

It's cafeteria pudding, after a long session. Dinner and a movie.

Her favorite is Eve's beautiful face, her multiplied words.

Her favorite is her daughters' unveiled faces.

Her favorite is the prayer circle, her children gathered round her alter.

She loves gently pouring a secret name into the waiting funnel of the ear.

She loves sending her borrowed clothes down the chute.

She adores the light playing chase among the chandelier crystals.

Her favorite is the chlorine smell of her braid, her wrinkled fingers.

Her favorite is the soaked, scrubbed, scoured spirit she wears home after.

Her favorite is her home, after, all lit up like a holy place, a palace—one angel serenading her with his golden horn.