Sunday I

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Abstract

The loud bells Clang overhead As people shuffle into pews...
cause some day I will find someone who will want all my ideas, and all my feelings, and all my opinions, and then it will be right. Perhaps if you had used a line, you would have gotten farther, but you have been fair, and I respect you for it. So I would give you credit for being completely honest with me. Then if it would not sound too righteous, I would say that you were the only wrong thing in it. I would say that it would have been so near to right, because I love you.

That's how it would be if I were to say no. That's why I'm saying no.

## Sunday I
Terrance Hallagan

The loud bells
Clang overhead
As people shuffle into pews.

Two little flames
Flutter like butterflies above the candles
Among the soft white flowers.

Gabriel stands
On his shaft of sunlight
That fastens itself to the altar steps
And stretches
Through the wall to...

The rhymed clanging stops
With one stray chime.

The people stand
Then drop to their knees
With the muffled sound
Of dominoes set in line
And clicked with a finger.