Mrs. Magdeline

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Mrs. Magdeline

Sunday morning,
awakened by the notes
of song vibrating the air
with every chime,

I look out to see Mrs. Magdeline
creaking by,
making her journey.
Opal earrings clipped
on sagging lobes,
her gaudily flowered hat
bobs by my window
as bright sun clashes
with lipstick on cracking lips.
She is suited up.
Headed for the church
she rejoined after thirty years.

I imagine Mrs. Magdeline
genuflecting at her pew,
see her slack neck
flapping with every joyous
organ tune,
transformed into the ultimate
opium glutton,
staring mortality in the face
with her fingers crossed
behind the prayerbook.