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Chapel (1963)

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Terry Savoie

Chapel (1963)

What I still see with a calm, almost affectionate
eye are Sunday morning's shafts of sunlight

in late spring, that brilliant glare breaking

in through six of the twelve apostles on
the eastside stained-glass windows, a blast of sun

in rainbow refractions filtering through constellations

of otherwise miniscule, unseen dust motes to land on
two hundred adolescent boys in black, black suits,

black ties, backs stiffened & braced to suffer yet

one more hour on rough, wooden kneelers
as the choir in the loft intoned the feast's antiphon

in "plain repeated cadences" of Gregorian chant, no

flats, no sharps, no half notes, no inkling, none,
of life's uncertainties to come as the dust

danced its Otherwise, & history, as

always, waited its turn patiently,
waiting in the vestibule to be written.