



Sunday Mornings

Sunday mornings
in the canoe
I went fishing
down in the slough.
Not really to fish,
but fishing too,
While everyone else
went to pray.

Some must truly
think it best
To go to church
and feel thrice
blest.
But church is mostly
an old bird nest.
What once lived
there
has flown away.

Some seek God
in bricks and glass.
Some seek Him
in the waving
grass.
Others refuse to seek
though they pass
His markings every
single
blessed day.

This is not where
they expect His
face.
In town, they built
a finer place.
Can it be they expect
a God of their
race —
Easily winded,
brittle as clay?

— George Vukelich