

Through a window

by [Sydney Lea](#) in the [April 15, 2015](#) issue

I read a poem each Sunday Our pastor calls this *Ministry of Verse* I try to find a poem not just she but anyone will get A short poem if I can for fear someone like Timmy who isn't all that into poems to begin with may complain

I try to select some lines that represent what I believe and more or less what the people there believe I have friends too outside the church who cannot believe that I in fact believe say in miracles They ask can you really believe they're true

exactly Poems cannot be exact I'm thinking how I'll sound My vanity lives on I don't read my poems which grow shorter as I grow old I once imagined I must go on and on to get at things I thought I knew but I know more than ever

I know nothing now No my friends I don't believe exactly in miracles I believe inexactly I see Mary Magdalene just for instance in that garden quite unclearly Still I see her I see Tess as well who's married to Timmy

and seems confused Well she is confused Dementia has her down Her husband's there He holds her hand Timmy holds things together I've thought at times like anybody I couldn't hold my own yet I'm alive I hear a bird sing one small massive wonder