

Mending

by [Albert Haley](#) in the [August 19, 2015](#) issue

The sheep and sons wandering off.
Coins clattering to the floor, rolling out
of sight. Lamps that sputter dry.
Somebody tearing a hole in the roof
to lower a broken body like a piñata
at a badly planned birthday party—

It makes me think how utterly smashed,
uncomely is this Savior's kingdom come.

Like today with the coughing in the pews,
the notes sung off-key, the opaque sermon,
rote and broke prayers as an old lady naps
loudly and a youngster has a laugh attack.

Every Sunday I sit among four hundred parables.
Chewing gum and busted bank accounts
and colicky babes, no two the same but each
attached to an identical ending.

The one I claim as I discover the rip in my pants,
the one that will have me searching the house
for needle and thread, some good light,
and the patience to go at it a stitch at a time.