

Sundown on Palm Sunday

by [Johanna Caton, OSB](#) in the [April 2023](#) issue

The sun rode
like a dude:
He rode the sky—gold capes thrown
by clouds splayed
across his way
pole to pole, high shine smeared by a giant—
who roared:
and out poured
more gold for God! (even more gaudy than God)
galaxy-savvy,
we were laughing
into the solar jazz—the cool cosmic touch,
so much glitz,
so much glitz
the curled world couldn't shut down
the sundown—
(no comedown
in gold arms hanging there, brassy as trumpets'
slide-notes).
Trees closed
in with their thousand thousand bare, clicking
branches—
tap dances,
and we all rocked and clapped and sang,
Yo! Hosanna!
Hosanna! Yo.