

Waiting for the Eschaton

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*“Even so, Lord Jesus, come.”* (Rev. 22:20)

Slouching, pinned by boredom to the pew.  
Boredom while a pesky fly  
flings itself about the slender box  
formed by the narrow padded rows.

The sermon has become its own dull beast.  
It plods the boards, the polished aisles  
dragging lines of scribbled manuscript,  
Hebrew words, some scraps of creeds.

Drear enough to dull the most bright-eyed  
among parishioners, to lull  
to mangled sleep with its hypnotic gaze  
with a morning nap’s vague guilt.

His neighbor slyly picks her ragged nails.  
She lightly taps her booted foot  
and ducks her head, eluding bungled words,  
the draft from badly cracked stained glass.

The walls of dusky brick corral them here  
like the edges of a pen  
for woolly sheep more feisty than this flock.  
Stout enough to keep them still.

While overhead, the squirrels faintly scritch  
the tarry shingles loosely held  
by ancient nails. Brash creatures not restrained  
by the preacher’s monotone.

To the pulpit’s right, a board  
lists Rock of Ages as the final hymn.  
The fly has yet to end its flight.  
The cheap green ceiling fan drones on, drones on.