

Messiah

this small church
is seven eighths full
of singers

if there is a god
it's woven in
their one voice

one or no rehearsal
and all have
 flocked
to sing Messiah

we few
 to listen

and feel the weave
of so many voices
glimpse in the
 spaces
separating each note
each throat
 what lifts us all
through hell
to heaven
and back

In sublime pain
of memory
I attempt to thread
my prayer
my spirit's reach
to my daughter
who died

the powerful voices
soar
every type
all together
in one
 piece

anything is possible

the instruments cry out
the solos move us
 forward
in human script

the multitude chorus
wraps us

church light dark
 and all
into other dimensions

every cell
in me
and around me
is alive

buoyed between
and upon
the great joining
of voice
the rolling wave
of music

there between
within
each
space

my heart stops
and I see
behind my eyelids
the colors
of my prayers

Evening, December 16, 2014
The Episcopal Church
 of St. John the Baptist
in Thomaston Maine

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