

Stop and Go

I went to church for the first time in years.

It was much the same as the time before -
this billow of certainty we do the best we can.

The whole of love is really
a simple concept as forgiveness.

It seems
impossible to love
the person seated at your side.

A gentle chaos at 12:30 pm
when you fight in the car
on the way home and
Grace just up and leaves.

With faith as a verb, faithing is private.

You roll down the window.
Light and wind reach in.
You heal in silence once more
before Monday comes.