

Even Psalm

Smog today, but I saw your wink in the pink light of the peaks above it, heard your chuckle in the plumes of trumpets and under-the-skin drums of the high school marching band practicing four blocks away. I felt you at church yesterday in the glittering silent air after the last notes of the organ solo, that silent tolling wind that unfurled in the curls of even old snoring Sister Bea, carbonating our blood so that even the teenagers glanced up from their phones, all of us clangng, goose-bumped, rapped. Evening, I sense you, nappy and wild, dancing in the cat's yawn, the cut grass and the moths, lantern-drunk at the windowscreen. Holy jack-in-the-box, strewer of breadcrumbs: when I catch sight of your hem, for a time I fear no evil.

—Darlene Young