

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
clanging, 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 window screen. Holy
jack-in-the-box, strewer of breadcrumbs:
when I catch sight of your hem, for a time
I fear no evil.

—Darlene Young