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Mozart at St. Luke's

Theron Montgomery, Jr.

Before morning mass in April,

The raising of human voices behind a cross,

The trooping of gowns, shoes, a solemn priest—

Mrs. Gumby dared to cross the sacristy to the player's bench,

Sit and insist on a slow breath's pause

Before us early comers in the pews.

Her short, gray-dusted bangs; an intent, blue stare;

From her fair, bespectacled face,

Her prim lips pursed in purpose like a schoolmarm;

Her fingers lifted, pressed yellowed keyboards,

And summoned Serenade to Winds from old pipes.

Mozart swelled into the now:

A wordless rising; a growing spirit before service,

Resonating through the hand hewn walls,

The floorboards, the pews,

Rising into the rough roof beams, seeping out the Tiffany windows

Growing radiant in morning light;

Flowing out the opened, double doors,

Over the heads of a muted choir on steps,

A rising and flowing spirit into the green, spring leaves.