



Corners of Hope

Angels sit on the tongues of the choir singers
like spies, watching to see
who in the congregation needs the song the most.

The song is poured into your ears like warm oil
and unclogs barriers to hearing God.
You stare up at the dome, its spaceship shape

transports you out of your body.
Hope falls like confetti, you grab it
and place it in the pocket of your mouth.

A stream of light flows through the windows
of the cathedral and you swim in it
till you experience the deep wells of heaven.

The pale colours of the cathedral walls
beckons you to paint it with your eyes,
redecorate it as your living room.

The gold colours on the ceiling arch over you
like a magnificent umbrella.
You return whenever the world wet with danger.

On those days you walk to every corner
of this cruciform cathedral
and revisit the hidden corners of your hope.

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