Chest-high in a sunshaft,  
the wide and hollow stump  
draws him deeper  
like the first recollection  

of an old memory:  
the ornate signature of insects  
chiseled on every inner inch  
is the old cathedral of his childhood.  

Life-size Christs stare  
from the walls, tongues of flame  
blazing like certitude over each  
replica of the one true face.  

To his left, the Child instructs  
his parents, the Boy walks  
among lambs. To his right, the Man  
whips profiteers from the Temple.  

He is an altarboy kneeling  
for the Eucharist. Above  
the altar, through a veil  
of frankincense, a stained-glass  

window leads a rod of light
to the floor where he prays, head bowed. The same light draws his gaze to the base of the stump where a dead cat lies in a fright, its mouth frozen sharp and open, a beetle twisting on its blue tongue.

The cat's coat completes the memory: black as the thumb of the priest who would smudge his brow with the oiled pitch of palm leaves, the sign of the cross worn for death every Ash Wednesday, turning shadow by dinner.

(iii) By dusk, the forest-shock of night has seized him. The trees are dead quiet. Silence hangs like air.

He cannot see to step. He thinks this again: the moment of resignation swelling in his chest like the cavernous dark breath of the church after Midnight Mass. The single black-robed figure of a boy can be seen:
the care he takes extending  
the curled rod over the last few  
flames of the holy candles!  
How he kneels each time he passes  
the tabernacle! His love sings  
like the whispering sound  
of his robe as he goes quickly  
into the sacristy for the special  
blessing. Soon  
he will attend the holy cards,  
dust the delicate tables, and  
then, fervent and safe, step  
like a priest into the night air!