

## FAITH

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*Mike Michaud*

Late one afternoon  
as the sun was setting  
Grandma took a nap  
on the couch  
in front of the television.

When she woke,  
the television still on,  
she bathed and dressed,  
put on her silver jewelry  
and her good fur coat  
and walked next door  
to church.

She could not tell  
if it was night or day.  
It was night:  
Saturday night,  
to be exact.

Behind the stained glass windows  
the church was dark.  
She rapped on the big wooden doors  
of God's house;  
pulled with both hands on the bronze handles;  
muttered to herself, *how could there be  
no one to let me in.*

I would like to have been a fly on the wall  
of her 82-year-old brain

when she turned and walked back,  
bunching up the collar of her good  
fur coat, her little-old-lady's purse

hanging off her arm, her eyes fixed  
stern as a schoolteacher's,  
her lips pressed together like faith;  
when she trudged through the snow,  
headed home.