Sunday Mass

Ellen Wehle

Follow this and additional works at: https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.5896
ELLEN WEHLE

Sunday Mass

Because our daughter ran with a rough crowd, every week we wrestled her to church like sailors untie knots in rope to loose fair winds, the priest and his white stole invoking
that divine light which longs to be brought to earth in us

as my mind wandered away to last year’s crop of glorious failures (how I called the in-laws drunks, hid from howls behind my open book) which I’ve been told comprise true life, scored-out pages littering carpets in abandoned rooms

the only notes Heaven hears though our concertos thunder on. My intention to simply be love: that ballerina who took

a dive in her snowflake tiara and slippers. Four rows back from the orchestra we couldn’t help but see her wide-open

surprise as thirty dancers swayed together like candelabra in a draft, cattails on a lake and she flew up, sat down hard,

and the world with its snowy kingdoms dropped into her.