

FAITH

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.