

From the Study in the Shrine

BRUCE FILSON

Pegasus, the stained glass insert,
flanks the architect's study window,
door-side.

Beside the marble foyer
I pitter-patter my heart about.

Two owls, like sentinels, four beavers,
pine cones and leaves adorn the mantle
in a lavish frieze.

I do not hear the dancing in the studio
nor the Master's voice rising against materialism.
That was all years ago.

I do not muse around the drawing room
nor go directly to the Master's room to pray.
Here, in the study, contentedly I stay.

Heaven's gate, the nightingale of paradise
and divine rose petals strewn like crumbs
to the birds of our hearts.

My spirit wanders in the Maxwell home
soothed, unfettered, removed.

I would resign my soul
to any well-appointed place
of the sanctuary

and sing and never cease
singing the praises of God.

The birds on the mountain never cease
and they have no soul but wind.