

In The Church Of My Childhood

Poem

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Title of Entry: In the Church of My
Childhood
Category: Literary Arts
Sub-Category: Poem
Alamance Burlington Senior Games

In the Church Of My Childhood

I slid down the hard wooden pew
turned, to look over my shoulder
at the stained glass window
that nearly filled one wall.

Each piece of glass outlined in black
like the pictures in my coloring books.

It was Jesus, the Good Shepherd,
His golden halo shone against a deep blue sky.
Thick white clouds seemed to have an inner light.
His blood-red robe rippled and flowed
onto emerald grass and grey-white sheep.
Cradled in his arm, one lamb.

The shepherd's eyes, welcoming,
yet sad, fastened on mine.
"Come get me," I whispered to Him,
reached out my hand to grasp His.
I ignored my mother's hissed warning
to turn around, pay attention.

I tried to will myself past the hard surface
of glass to where I could touch
the dewy blades of grass,
sink my fingers into the wooly warmth of sheep,
breathe the shepherd's air,
feel the sun, and the strength of His arms