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## The Rest Home

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## THE REST HOME

If there were windows here,  
who would give them  
names, who could  
recognize the light  
they offered after dusk  
& not be disappointed?  
Then someone remembers:  
It was always Wednesday night,  
in the dark outside  
the Baptist church,  
I was nine years old, & listening  
to the hymns of dead centuries,  
the mind of the prayer  
meeting sounding like many Bibles  
opened at once,  
& the long windows  
that looked like tilted boats.  
Here the choir is stable, fishermen  
who succeeded, a fern  
near the nurse's station  
grows unshaken by faith, miracles  
live in the slow games  
of the day room, & memory,  
which could not die,  
hangs like ammonia  
over every bed.