

The Luffing Sail

It is Sunday morning and I get here early,
and volunteer and remember why we come on other Sundays,
in various pews, then dote on our coffees.

Maud speaks of the transforming silence,
of responsibility and the luffing sail before fullness.
There are moments, still and deep, light and companionable—

Touch points that have weight on other mornings.

> Paul Turner, 2007