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## FROM THE SKATE PARK IN FRONT OF THE CHURCH

by Bryn Watkins

Sam sits on a concrete pew, picking at the pigeon poop,  
sometimes watching the skateboarders whose  
whoosh, screech, skin-padded smacks  
climb in baroque counterpoint  
to the hymns clanging out of the church bell tower.  
*For the beauty of the earth, for the beauty of the skies,*  
sound waves knocking through and into the  
long hair and baggy clothes and flat-brimmed baseball hats  
that roll along the white-gray cement  
with plastic noise.

They're all—

up the walls, around and then over the ridges,  
staccato interruptions picking crests  
out of the single-volumed Sunday praise  
blessing the air in Catholic  
from the brick steeple across the street.

Sam turns around to me and gasps, squealing

How did he *do that!*

and one of the skateboarders, having feigned obliviousness,  
shoots a smirk our way.

He is a flying priest

crossing us with his eyes,

the Father the Son the Holy Ghost

before tumbling onto his rubber soles

that ricochet softly off the small park's shoulders

like sock feet on kitchen tile in the quiet middle of the night,  
God careening onto the earth musically,  
humanly,  
from His skateboard,  
because the Sabbath  
is His day off.