

THE GATHERINGS

Watch them awhile and you know.
Some heads bow, some turn upward.
You can almost see their prayers
rise like smoke above the wall,
skimming the rock's dark shine,
bearing the imprint of the names
they stroke with their fingers.
And some now come to a new wall
for an older war. Always the same.

Mostly they do not know with whom
they share the wall's reflections.
But their whys are shared, silent
wonderings heard by the same God.
And if at first they do not come
in His name, He is still there
for all who call out, believing.

--Glenna Holloway