If This is Monastery

Cassidy Lewis

bring the pastors to the street.
Sip their sermon from
the rainwater that fills
the divots in
the sidewalks—if this is recess,
push the children down
the slide, watch the hum
of spring fall from their
hair like helicopter seeds.
Frog and toad
on the swing set, sitting
in silence and croaking
goodbyes for backs gone
unstroked, days sat
beside the mulch
mourning for friends down the street.