

STILL LIFE

J. R. G. ADAMS*

There is a chapel in the thoroughfare
Where busy throngs board trams,
Motors stop and go
And children shout.

There is a sanctuary
Within that tiny chapel
And silence like a mountain dawn
There is an altar there,
An open Book,
Candles,
Peace.

And leaning forth,
The flowers of eternal spring
Cast petalled faith beyond
The silent trumpets
Of their love.

Each jonquil joshua
Disintegrates the walls of sound
Till stillness fills the heart,
A Holy City, wholly wreathed
Within the breath of Spirit,
Spiralling
To God.

*Of Toronto, Ont.