

## Skeptical Mystic

*by joann renee*

Circle this steeple  
house move in, peer  
tentatively  
this glass is clear, not rosy stained  
with filters meant to impose  
experience, stage absent of spotlight,  
still  
memories crescendo of manipulative  
music seducing an emotional high  
juxtaposed  
Pentecost— we are  
not drunk  
as you suppose

As into a pool, I slip unnoticed  
side door, wade around the edge  
watch, wait, test it—poised to escape  
flood the margins with whispered  
queries Is it real? Is it true?  
Is it packaged, produced,  
replicated reverence? What do I  
witness?

Listen, low  
expectations toe  
baptism deepens  
this is rare surrender, slide  
further till submerged in  
Friends we sit with it,  
convinced  
to silence

Gaze out, windows lucid  
Light surrounds  
evergreen cottonwood  
raining magic like snow  
in warm slow-mo  
covering our meeting, mystical fluffs  
and I ponder all these  
things in my heart

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