

Church

by Michael Hill

Sunday morning
and I'm headed up the canyon road,

a stained glass sky spilling sunlight
onto the high rock walls,

their jagged spires
thrust heavenward.

Below, beneath vaulted boughs
of cottonwood and pine,

the river's rush of voices
collides in song

and a fisherman opens his fly box
like a hymnal.

Michael Hill's poems have been published by *Midwestern Gothic, The Flyfish Journal, The Sea Letter, Verse Wisconsin, Third Wednesday, and Concho River Review. He lives, writes, and fishes in Northern Colorado.*