

## **Gary Bartz at Trinity Church**

I moved my seat so  
I could see worse — one pane  
of pink glass left for me,  
angels in the rafters as he  
shunned sadness from  
the room.

I didn't want to  
check the time, I didn't want  
to know.

I didn't mean to  
listen  
to every voice, every  
howl and horn, every  
whisper from behind, and  
I worried  
I could not draw  
the curve of the saxophone the way  
it was meant to look.  
I could not make  
what I could see,  
I could not reach  
my fear.

I worried  
you would wilt or fall  
away  
if I did not let you  
dismantle me,  
if I wasn't glowing  
in a corner  
burning shorter and shorter.

I worried they could see I  
couldn't do it, and when  
the melody became familiar

I began  
to cry.

*Sadness must leave this room, he said.  
Evil has got to go*

and he did not speak again  
until the end,  
wrapping all the words away  
like a commandment, like  
a prayer.