

Then and Now

Cheryl L. Bruno

Had I one word to describe our Temple,
The word used would undoubtedly be “white.”
The corridors inside all glow with light,
And purity within this space is ample.

I don't disparage Temples; I adore them.
They're lovely, and the feeling is serene
Folk enter, and folk exit, pure and clean,
Their righteousness a recommend before them.

But once, Jehovah's temples glowed with color.
Bright scarlet pomegranates bursting high
The acrid incense wafting to the sky
And bleating goats, the people's sins to cover.

A messy Temple, this: not white, but gory
The blood and smells and disarray its glory.