

In the Well of Grace: Mission San José
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Inside, the church reminds me
of my baptism—something I cannot remember
but that is soaked into me. Behind the altar,

cool watery grottoes for three
saints I cannot recognize, and Michael,
whom I can. Jesus hangs on his cross

beneath a shell that drips water, and
I think about the moment the spirit enters
and the moment the spirit leaves.

There is so much between
the two. I too am in a liminal
state: still-married-not-yet-divorced.

Under this high barrel vault, confronted
with images of *moments* and a frieze
of angels and gold rings, how can I not

think about entrance and exit?
The moment love enters and the moment
love leaves. There is so much between

the two: a twining vine, the verdant smell
of cut grass, a thicket of begonia, the glow
of wax and wood. I arrived at the mission

at the tail-end of a wedding. Now, another
bride's flowers scent the air. Will I receive
the sacraments in the same manner she did?

I hope so. I will place my mouth where
hers was, drink wine and honeyed happiness,
send up a prayer for myself.