

# If This is Monastery

Cassidy Lewis

bring the pastors to the street.  
Sip their sermon from  
the rainwater that fills  
the divots in  
the sidewalks—if this is recess,  
push the children down  
the slide, watch the hum  
of spring fall from their  
hair like helicopter seeds.  
Frog and toad  
on the swing set, sitting  
in silence and croaking  
goodbyes for backs gone  
unstroked, days sat  
beside the mulch  
mourning for friends down the street.