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## Cathedrals

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## Cathedrals

### Author Bio

Becky Montross is a senior at Gettysburg, majoring in English with the Writing Concentration, minoring in Peace and Justice Studies, and is on the Secondary Education Certification track. A poet at heart, she occasionally dabbles in fiction and non fiction. She believes that writing can be redemptive and empowering. Other than poetry and prose, her favorite things include reading old books, making Spotify playlists, the UK, thrifting, biking, her Westie Lilly and hiding out at the Ugly Mug. She proudly hails from New Jersey.

# Cathedrals

BECKY MONTROSS

How many millions  
dead and alive have stepped  
leather-shoed, bare-toed through  
the ancient marble tundra?

How many prayers have been said,  
whispered, spoken, in unison  
or recited quietly in the mind?

How many have meditated and contemplated  
wept and knelt in the tined shadow  
of Jonah stained in glass,  
gargoyles and ceramic idols?

My memory kneels now  
before a shrine I created for love –  
on a day so brightly burned  
on my brain.

I could never forget  
a train ride that took  
two hours longer than it should have,  
your blue eyes, dissatisfied,  
but still wanting  
expecting more from the world.

Normally traveling  
makes my palms sweaty,  
thinking of missed trains, flights,  
though I haven't missed one yet...

Time didn't seem to matter  
when your hair fell in your face  
or when my lips landed on yours  
when the drinks from the Indian restaurant

hit our heads and we ran like fools  
through balmy, Yorkshire rain,

How soft-spoken sunlight  
made your eyes crystalline.

Your eyes, my windows,  
your head, my altar  
your arms stretched out to hold me  
like the transepts in that old cathedral –

where I looked up at you,  
and you looked up at those towers,  
and we were both in awe.