

Christina P. Day

To Trigger a Flush

To trigger a flush from their old toilet
one had to tug on the red wooden dowl connected to a chain hanging
from the underside of the tank.
The water would swoosh away, emptying the
pipes behind it hollow
and then the vocals would begin.

A choir of nuns –high pitched, harmonious
would start their call through the hollow porcelain of the emptied bowl
a hymn rising through the exchange of air and water
so quiet in their final resolve, way high up into nowhere
refilled and radiant- dazzling into silence
into a vision like the statue of Mary in the china cabinet,
full of compassion and ivory.

I wait, watching alone, listening to the end of it all
their sound is now too far away
I watch as the tank steadies its refill,
burburling with water.