

## 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.