

GLINDA AT THE EAST MAIN STREET BAPTIST RUMMAGE SALE AND  
CHURCH BAZAAR

*Sarah Ann Winn*

She wades through pews, admires gilt-  
edged books, the hymnals embossed

with a Celtic cross. A bargain marvel:  
choristers rise, kneel, turn jerkily, seem

to shake hands, origami fellowship,  
paper smiles. She delves into piles of secondhand

songbooks, worn psalms which have pilled  
and been patched at the elbows. One unravels

before its chorus, another a page of rests.  
She turns it, considering. *Maybe a bargain*

*to refurbish. Silence itself is restorative.*

At the crowded sale, people attend to feel  
they are making a difference cheaply. A devout thrift.

She fishes a dollar from her purse, looks for a volunteer  
to take her money. Maybe this will be the verse,

taken from its fellows, worth saving.