

Calm Sunday in Klaipeda

by [Jeff Gundy](#) in the [July 6, 2016](#) issue

It was the holy part of the day, my loved ones asleep
in other countries, me with no duties and rooms
full of quiet. I ate my dark bread with brie and jam,
pressed out two cups of dark coffee. And that
must be the sun, skulking like a grown-up boy who knows
it's been too long since he visited his mother. He has
no excuse but all is forgiven, she will open the curtains,
haul up the shades, crack the windows though it's
far too cold for that. We will ring all the bells
in the quiet church across the street, unscrew
the doors from the jambs, dismantle all the borders,
forgive the Russians whether they like it or not.
And mercy will pour down like sunshine in the grand
photographs in the vast inscrutable book I bought
for ten euros at the bookstore downtown, a store
full of books translated out of the language I know
so that I could read only the authors' names.
Truth must be personal, said Kierkegaard, home
from another of his long, brooding walks. And yet
not merely private. You *shall* love the neighbor,
he insisted. Outside my window the church is solid
and pale, three stories and a squat round tower,
in the tower three narrow windows that reveal
nothing. Winter sun warms the green roof,
but the entrance is still in shadow.