

## Sundown on Palm Sunday

by [Johanna Caton, OSB](#) in the [April 2023](#) issue

The sun rode  
like a dude:  
He rode the sky—gold capes thrown  
by clouds splayed  
across his way  
pole to pole, high shine smeared by a giant—  
who roared:  
and out poured  
more gold for God! (even more gaudy than God)  
galaxy-savvy,  
we were laughing  
into the solar jazz—the cool cosmic touch,  
so much glitz,  
so much glitz  
the curled world couldn't shut down  
the sundown—  
(no comedown  
in gold arms hanging there, brassy as trumpets'  
slide-notes).  
Trees closed  
in with their thousand thousand bare, clicking  
branches—  
tap dances,  
and we all rocked and clapped and sang,  
Yo! Hosanna!  
Hosanna! Yo.