

**Wilga Rose**

## **ST. PETER'S, SURRY HILLS.**

This church has an inner silence,  
womb-like, waiting for footsteps to cross thresholds,  
enter,  
pray,  
or simply sit  
watching candles  
wavering to extinction,  
breaking the bread of darkness.  
Old migrant women come,  
scarved and shuffling  
in rituals of shadow,  
moving among gold ghosts  
of saints,  
counting rosaries.  
Amid the polished light  
of stained glass certainties,  
they are leaves of fire  
waving in wind.