

# Jack in the Pulpit

## by Ron Watson

I stumbled across him by accident. I dislike  
All preaching, and it was Saturday, anyway.  
Maybe he was some kind of Latter Day Saint.

He wore a green suit and stood a solitary stem,  
A plume for his vestment, his face as passive  
As a Quaker's grave, and likewise his sermon.

Curiosity drew me in among the toad stools,  
The pews of lady bugs and roly-poly prodigals,  
Down onto the forest floor under a cathedral

Of pines, where I sat on my fist and leaned  
On my thumb, giving to him my fair attention,  
Though his congregation was prone to chatter,

Mourning doves his only choir. Fox squirrels  
Heckled him from the balcony of their limbs.  
Hens cackled, and the Mocking Birds mocked,

But Jack held firm and did not scold, protest,  
Or pontificate. So at length I could not tell  
A faith that he upheld, mystic or mainstream,

Though I swear he had Martin Luther's eyes.