

# Revelation

by Richard Taylor

In sawing a plaster teardrop  
from the floral ceiling medallion  
that withstood gravity for 155 years,  
I uncovered, fresh as the day it was drawn,  
a pencil line of the long-dead plasterer,  
a base mark for an intricate pattern,  
scored by a hand that will at midday—  
weary, hopeful—unwrap his sandwich  
with dusty fingers and settle in the shade.