

**Benedictio aurea**

We sit, suspended in the now,  
held, and loved.

The priest's words flow out,  
iridesce in the air, ,  
not evaporate but,  
fall on us,  
with meaning beyond.

The priest's words,  
fall on us, blessing, blessing.

We leave, a faint sheen of gold upon us.

*Eight o'clock communion*  
*Susie Gibson 6th March 2011*