

## PARIS NOTRE DAME

*John Nimmo*

I walk inside the gray, quadrangular cave,  
Impossibly high. The air is cool and thin  
That seeps from vaults below the vaulted nave.  
The distant light, soft-colored, pulls me in  
Toward stain and sculpture: Christ Child, Magis' dream,  
The cross. There's Thomas, carved in deep relief,  
Whose finger plugs the hole where blood would stream  
As from a fireman's hose, to quench all grief  
Of others who believe. From field and street  
They came to marvel, kneel, beseech, atone.  
Year after year they walked past here; their feet  
Left broad uneven dimples in the stone.  
I feel I join with those who prayed before  
Not most through light or art, but foot-worn floor.

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