



You can feel the heat in your bones,
children scream, joyous, just outside the walls.
The lights are out but the hidden sun brightens the room,
if it didn't your screen would do well enough.
You are inside and the air is stagnant.
Just yesterday you could feel life in this building,
now it's just you.
It should feel isolating,
this loneliness.

But you are in a sanctuary.
You stall in your work for a moment,
at once empty and full,
and you know the Spirit is with you.
The familiar room,
the music in your headphones,
even the children outside, and the hidden sun.
The Spirit is here.
A new month tomorrow,
another day passed.
People coming and going through the building.
Even one is never alone here.
It is their home,
it is our home.
This is your home.
The Spirit is here.

Oakley Hart