

# Two Temples

by Glenn Currier

It's Sunday morning  
fall football fading.  
Great yawning cathedrals  
devouring people, cash, and taxes  
soon will close their doors  
turnstiles ticking hope  
will be locked.

Where will people worship  
when the annual ritual bloodletting  
fades into the record books?

In Arlington two temples  
within a mile of each other  
feed the faithful  
who come astral searching  
for something  
to fill the void.

At one, people park free  
leave their foot gear in the foyer.  
At the other,  
fans pay up to 75  
just to put the gear in park.

On game day  
in one temple  
the cheering for offence  
and shouting for defense

infuse hotdogs and beer  
and within earshot  
in the other temple  
that noise yields a chance  
to focus  
and practice  
peace.

On game day  
schizophrenic me  
braves the traffic  
to sit with Shakyamuni  
searching for compassion  
having lost  
my patience and serenity  
Saturday with the Longhorns.

**Author's Note:** *The Kadampa Meditation Center of Texas is just three blocks from the Cowboy Stadium in Arlington, Texas. After writing this poem I opened the Dallas Morning News and found a magazine insert about the coming Superbowl in Cowboy Stadium and in it was an article beginning with an image showing a stained glass window and football stadium or football symbols of various kinds. The newspaper would not allow me to use the image on my website.*

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