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something holy happened here

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something holy happened here

Nina Joss

You believe
something holy happened here.

So you've used gold and silver and you've built an image
here.

You've made the moment into an object of its own. To remember that
something holy happened here.

Yet we get distracted by the marble and the metals and we begin
to think of that as
holy.

A place where I can't stand here
or touch that
or say this
because something holy happened here.

But when it did, it was happening.
Someone was standing here
and touching this
and saying that
and probably even laughing or crying and definitely breathing
and it was a person and a place
or maybe some other being and this place
but when something holy happened here it was h a p p e n i n g.

And it wasn't really holy until we made it.
It was just something.

Something beautiful and miraculous, maybe, but it was just truth.
Truth happened here but we build it into something that is
so far from normal and
so far from real and
so far from here that
it doesn't feel true anymore.
I can't see any truth in the silver and gold. In the prayers and the stories and the legends
it doesn't feel true it just feels
pretty.

holy, but it feels like nothing ever actually happened.

Maybe if we just left it as a rock with no dome, it would feel more believable.
But instead I just have to close my eyes and imagine this place as it used to be,
without the silver and the gold, and the domes and the prayers, and
paint my own image of what it was like when it was just a rock
and a hot day
and a breeze
and a God who I know actually exists but that's hard for me to remember in this place
and ask myself

why do they say this church is holier than the mountains?