

## Salvation for sale

---

Too soon for walls to rise  
Among leaking roofs,  
Whose homes have seen  
No rest nor roost,  
In sun-dried lands.

Not so for walls whose rise  
Is made and built by shiny lips,  
Chanting tongue and eager hands,  
Clutching holy books,  
As collection trays,  
For hopeful coin  
That fills empty barns.