

PRAYER: QUICK & DIRTY

i.

Listen quick and dirty eight orange stars a vest like a raffle ticket a limited palette white stir of wind unsettled soils the knowledge of stone ❖ Her lung a Latin cavity a delta She wears her wonder like a bonnet love slung over one shoulder walks with orchids hedges her bets on the green of leaves cradles nests and sunsets One eye carving heaven out of earth ❖ His raven eye fitly set wounds Your takeaway face that glass palace a dove-wash of milk a fluttering mouth prayerful hands like clacking geese ❖ Listen to him now him and his raspberry insult cobbles burled by the currents smooth grey pigeons your palm against him the death of him If you peel back the pages you will see her porcelain skin is broken china and she is bone lazy it shows between her eyes and in that torn yattering lip She tweezes the brow above her mind's eye selects a curly moment from our prejudices borrows a hard hat a canary going down a mine or a hanging garden ❖ Between one body of interest and another there is outrage or razor wire If you had the power to revoke any moment which hour would it be the one when wild seas forced that ketch aground or when she handled the bullet before loading the gun meet your maker ❖ He is an oracle with two daughters one makes butter the other gives blood in a landscape crushed to coal a black slide their slippers a queue of teeth Who has the winning number what colour is the voucher why is a fox terrier loose in a field of begging ❖ Don't be shy you sweet me remember to talk dirty to me your arms a sweeping bird the contours of the land your fingers parting the way Count the haters endure the scornful tenderize the meek Salvation Rafty water and sheltered night can't budge this planet She said alas yes this is the wicked nation this is the hell bent save me save me

ii.

Clay vessels essays of truth we all believe drink tea arrange posies Wasps build them in keyholes on walls suspend them thimble-size from beams The fairy-martin lays her eggs in mud bottles distinguishes the character of her young like some small miracle Yesterday's journey an arc of stiletto red under the monotone of stricken evening Sin familiar and corrugated common as corduroy the old Singer up on its brawny legs humming Its running stitch its rapid tacking chronicles this place ❖ The city arrives at the bus stop and is whisked away again Buses are frequent The woman with the whopping pink tote bag whisk Now an office worker her skirt in layers whisk and the overseas student the saint of learning also the saint of beekeeping

whisk The wild shopper multiple store bags around
capsizing knees confession ahead whisk They leave
impressions bereft as votive candles ❖ What is it about
devotion The cheap price of intention the opportunity to
escape life this life an afterlife whisk We are 30,000 feet
in the air beneath is reduced to ceramic mosaic toll roads
mountain trails no more than bathroom grouting the desert
freckled hide We hope this trip speaks wish for the
outlandish expect the ordinary course of things observe
the small child her shell-pink complexion her tapestry blue
iris her breath an offering ❖ Will our last supper be better
than airplane food whisk Not much time for a whole life-
before-my-eyes or please-god-I've-changed-my-mind-let-
me-in That pelican weekend our new camera that one
time I neglected to ask permission that lunging shuttered
second Yes there was a fabled swan but the pelican yes
her legendary bleeding breast feathering the air so close to
my face I had to avert my eyes as if in prayer