

## *Praying*

I fancy praying  
as a dance,  
standing on my dad's feet  
waltzing  
off beat,  
like I did as a child.

I suspect praying involves hands.  
Two hands folded together.  
My own two hands?  
Or the finger embrace  
of me and another human being?

What composes a prayer?  
Is a rainbow gel penned  
gratitude letter  
a prayer?  
If so,  
I've licked envelopes,  
prayers tucked inside.

Gazing upward,  
plucking saturn, mars, Jupiter  
from the horizon,  
Is that praying  
and being answered?

Can you pray if you  
don't know what you're looking for?

When  
do prayers change  
from Santa lists  
to unemployment claims  
and first therapy sessions?

I've stared  
longingly at lips,  
silently pleading for a kiss.  
I've clutched  
at my waist  
hoping for the cramps  
to go away.  
Do these things make me  
a sinner?

Was I praying?

Praying is dropping my guard down  
like a veil  
in a heap on the floor.  
A veil from my wedding with the world  
where I ran away at the altar.

To pray, is to finally let go,  
melting  
into the palm  
of something greater.

### *Snow Day*

Our footprints map out  
this new white world.  
A fling—carelessly  
flying and falling,  
the ground catches us.  
I gaze up at the sky,  
scratched with barren branches,  
so big, big, big  
like the ceiling of a snow globe.  
The unreachable,  
misclassified as infinite.  
The earth shimmers like spilled glitter.  
We mold the snow into  
forts, dams, castles, weaponry, and angels.  
And my sister and I are crazy, giddy  
unbreakably young,  
for one unraveling minute....

### *Separation*

The squeeze of an embrace  
backpacks bumping  
t-shirts touching  
the crisp scent of  
new notebooks, autumn, purpose  
musty buildings, young life  
ramming, crashing  
spontaneous singing,  
  
bells of laughter, liquid smiles  
when life flowed

Now I sit silently  
in my bedroom,  
scribbling notes in the margin  
of history textbooks  
as they're being written.  
The news plays on the TV  
like live action museum paintings.  
What is more deadly and potent—  
fear or ignorance?  
Daffodils turn to marigolds,  
heat plasters then unpeels itself,  
light waxes and wanes on my walls,  
fireflies dance then disappear,  
and cicadas that I never listened to before  
sing me to sleep.

We were always looking, never seeing  
with salty wounds and half empty cups.  
I'd like to piece normal  
back together, not as a puzzle,  
but as a collage  
with cutouts  
from plague's magazine,  
when the world's hourglass  
resets its sand.