

A PRAYER FROM THE HEART

When a boy is born around
these parts
 seems like everybody
and her mama holds they breath

feeling the heart beating the throat
closing shut
 the eyes straining not
to see the future

hoping against the storm
 we smooth the skin
making our fingers learn a memory for when

we are going to wish for skin to love
for eyes to blow the grit from
 for

shoulders to clutch and caress
for dreams to feed our prayers into

the boy was running from something
and running to somewhere
 that is all
we have ever known

my fingers would have caught him
if I could

 now all we got is a story that
makes no sense
 and fingers that hurt to hold

just one more time

— *Luke*

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