



## RECEIVING PRAYERS

One might arrive on a balmy day, a calm surf of sky overhead, the clouds enfolding themselves as if there were no one else but themselves to love, sinking and surfacing, embracing their own pale gray hue like the gray under-down of snowy owls, their blue like the fade of violet in a glacial crevasse, the white sky of a gray sun so far away. A prayer I fully recognize.

Another prayer might appear as the glistening edge of a green tendril curled around the thin wire of its fence, holding on with a purity of focus and intention that validates the universe; another during the blind of a moonless night, the way every star, without breath, breathes light. Is receiving a prayer a reply?

Once a promise came as the taste of butter on fresh corn shucked and grilled, once as the fragrance of white gardenia tied with white ribbon, once a silent pleading prayer, loud in its ferocity, when I saw a man stomp a small snake, its open mouth helpless against his boot. From whence come such messages?

Yesterday, again, within a snow-filled forest of pine, every hard ice-covered spear of life and I alert, motionless, listening . . . one scarce slip of snow, resounding.

— *Pattiann Rogers*

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