

October Prayer

If a grey sky can be indicative
of a life lived in the long echo
of the snap of umbilical cord

and a farewell to the self of pure love
floating in a green light near the origins
of particle and wave,

then let leaves high in the maple
turning to their first autumn orange
be messengers of messengers

from the tallest, most foreign angels
that death is waiting for your next accident,

and no matter how cautious you are
you will only ever catch one glimpse.

Let the call of crow bobbing in the pines
be the ungainly ugliness in your life
that you must accept,

and let its digging in the yard for grubs
be your digging—acrid food
of your often rehearsed regrets.

Crow gives way to silence in which
you hear another kind of stirring.

Perhaps skies stretching, preparing rain,
watering the suffering earth.