

Bruce W. Jorgenson

**On Second West in Cedar City, Utah:
Canticle for the Virgin**

Ave Maria, plena gratia!

One street west, in the ward chapel,
I reinforce with paper thimble
of water and shard of bread
my bond to God:
precarious grace, when
thewed will stranded on bones
must vault the horns
of His justice and mercy
to turn redemption's temporal trick.

I would not go this street to prayer,
yet passing in a cold morning
I make prayer here:
praise for plastic flowers
writhen beneath your feet
and fading in suppliant hands
under your alabastrine gaze,
for which also praise
and praise for this small lapse
in the disquietude of God.