

Sacrament Prayer

Lance Larsen

It's the simplicity I like, no pulpit thunder,
no fiery "Thou shalt nots" rattling the soul.
A set prayer, phrases you can roll around
your mouth all week, then string together
on the wiry voice of someone's kneeling
older brother. Stutters and pauses lift it higher.
Not even a pocketful of unrepented sins
can weigh it down. And everyone, heads bowed,
waiting for the torn bread and thimble of water.
With each tired amen, the prayer rises on the helium
of our breath, and Jesus casts down a line
to lift us from this festering darkness.