

I Add Craig to My Prayers

Marilyn Bushman-Carlton

All bones, nose, and trouble.
It hasn't been a year
since he burned the tool shed down
then crouched, crying, at the back
of the garden while firemen watered
the high whipping flames.

And then, they found the cancer
on his foot and took
his leg above the knee.
Just weeks ago, I pushed him
to the ground, the devil alive

and well in him. He'd kept
pursuing me like before,
now dropping his crutches
when they slowed him down.
He teetered like a sawed tree

before he fell, and worried me,
but then was up again
and in my face. Now
he lies passively,
cold beneath a heap

of quilts in the bed his mother
has moved to the front room.
His scalp is pale as fear.
Who'd have thought I'd go
To God in his behalf?

It just seems right.
Like the way his mother knows
to keep the curtains closed.
And how around his bed
we use our reverent voices.