A Memory of Prayer

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My shins are dirt-covered. My hands tighten round piles of leaves. These trees rise round clothed in woolen bark and silver lichen. Stained glass sky, branches flux and foil, and kaleidoscopic light strikes the ground whose green intersects the red soil. This cathedral of helices, of dust motes that are caught in beams of eye-width light is where I wait to be lifted beyond this ground. Lifted bodily through the hushed leaves. It is for this my soul I do dight with hours here. Pine needle-awned knees press the dirt. Here a quiet voice speaks between the croaks and mutters of birds’ beaks