

A PRAYER

Stretch my heart Lord, like a tree
shading the water.
Its roots holding banks and
tunnels for voles, rabbits
garter snakes and worms;
with roots for kingfishers and young boys to grip with toes and perch
waiting for sunfish to glisten the water.

Stretch my heart Lord, like a river
bending its way through the earth,
Gracious and bountiful,
With places for children to run and jump, calling with joy
as water quickens their blood,
and banks for lovers, caressing with their eyes,
and old women remembering their men.

Stretch my heart Lord, like the sun,
unveiling your work as it draws back the darkness,
lighting the dance of children in playgrounds,
Sand Hill Cranes, and teenagers bobbing as they court,
lighting the path of miners and playwrights
soda jerks and florists
and women bending to hang wet sheets.

Stretch my heart, Lord
until it encompasses with love
even itself.

Barbara Kent Lawrence
copyright 2017