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Prayer of Bones and Rags

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Prayer of Bones and Rags

Poetry Bend



*** Prize provided by the Religious Studies CLUB
- Poems reviewed by: REST Club Officers

Prayer of Bones and Rags

You made the windy nights
that wail like a baby's cry.
Sitting alone on the edge of the bed
in a dark room
watching the trees toss helpless arms
above their shaking heads,
the safely wholesome flesh that covers us
in the day
is stripped away.
No one laughs
or eats
or says, "I'm fine."
We're all the bones of a sorrow
so bare we dare not speak;
the weeping, sobbing wind
our voice.
You made the windy nights
that strip away our flesh
leave it tattered in the gale
we are bones and rags,
contorting like the trees
so we cry
your name
we say, "who are you?"
and listen in the wind
for a reply.

- Catherine Agar