Hope/Prayer

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Hope/Prayer

1. Hope

Beyond his eyes a worldly cast is broke.
Fulfills the wounded half left out of book.
Lest birds and roads chime daily knolls,
Or Father Time intone the knolls,
He sleeps away a fast impending yoke.

Awake he finds a cold and blackened room.
Runs naked hands across the airy doom.
Trips over his chair, remembers it there
Runs hands along walls, makes light and recalls
Just the path to find his writer’s loom.

But what of stars—the nails who keep the roof,
The Earth—admonishment for seeking truth.
The moon—a friend and advice giver,
The sea—a joke of man’s endeavor,
Who hints the promise of a fluid noose.

And with each stroke the words begin to pile.
Thoughts classified, recorded, stamped and filed.
What do they serve in this collide?
He nor they can strong decide
If the ticks for rest or sticks of pyre.

Rightly they begin to get confused
The shy madness inside each day accrues.
They pray for footholds in some others’ poems,
And keep to the places they’re told are their homes
Laughing, as those who see and know all often do.

“Oh, come now children, you will have your time,
But now it’s best to know your place assigned,
Thank for your part upon my stage
The holy words on my holy page,
Keep that the stitch knows not the quilt’s design.
II. Prayer

Close the eyes, levee break,
Oh Lord, to once just fall awake.
For forever, for a day, hear
The planetary lyre play.
To find one metaphor received
Soul enhanced, body relieved.
For forever, for a day
Lord, please, say you
What you have to say.

KATHY PYZIK
“Sacred Heart Cathedral, Paris”