

Prayer between things

by [Cara Bertron](#) in the [July 29, 2020](#) issue

All I can write these days
is busy, teeming, too late,
a jar of flour moths
opened in a grain world

or fat maggots
in the disemboweled
squirrel my dog loves.
Lord, give me open hours,

a to-do list in ashes.
Let me carve the heart
of the week and eat it
slowly. Let me sleep in.

Give me a snarl of entrails
and time to weigh them,
to double-check.
Leave the knife

on the table: show me
what to do.