

# Creek-side prayer

by [Shari Wagner](#) in the [June 3, 2008](#) issue

By the rusty bridge-rail  
over a creek where red-winged  
blackbirds congregated on cattails,  
my grandfather cut the engine  
every Sunday morning  
to hear bullfrogs pour a chorus.

Clad in his gray suit  
with the starched, plain collar,  
he'd take a long swig  
from the jug of a morning  
so robust it swelled  
to the sky's broad rim.

His daughters prodded him  
to hurry, but the psalm  
that moved him to prayer  
rose from a wayward creek  
the color of molasses,  
it came from a country  
so warm it made him shiver.