

Zinnias

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [April 25, 2018](#) issue

When I pray I go in, and close the door,
But what, really, do we mean by prayer?
Isn't it anything done with full attention
Whether sinking into silent depths, or
Relishing a sun-ripe peach, or gazing
At the zinnias freshly picked this early
Morning, these multi-petaled shouts of joy,
Lemon yellow, orange, reds, a carnival of
Flame-filled light, the sweet green scent
Summer flowers.