

Forest prayer at a time of uncertain beginnings

by [Tara K. Shepersky](#) in the [October 7, 2020](#) issue

I am lifting my gaze
with the lichen, catching
the first golden breeze
off the sun in the sharp spruce-tops.
I am resting it
next to the pearls of last night's rain,
among fog-white filaments:
willow's new creation.

I have not addressed my prayer
or my reservations
to any of these. Not exactly. Nor
have they spoken back to me.
Exactly. But I am the one who is trying
not to be too definite.

God, meanwhile,
along with this whole
community of creation
laughs, and plays.

*—With thanks for a last line lifted from the title essay of
David James Duncan's essay collection God Laughs and Plays*