

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*