

Prayer for the city

by [Dianne Turgeon Richardson](#) in the [June 30, 2021](#) issue

Burst my bubble, Lord, for through it
I see only distortions of *neighbor*.

And who, Lord, is my neighbor?
All I know is this sphere of iridescent protection.

I launch iridescent projections into lives I don't know.
My bubble—a drug. I'm in no condition to love.

We put conditions on our love: "Don't spend this on drugs."
I don't know how to talk to these people—my neighbors.

Show me how to love the undesirable neighbor.
I only see my neighbors as if through a veil.

I can only see my neighbors through a tear in the veil.
This rainbow meniscus is a cage of fear.

What I thought protection is just a bubble of fear.
Bursting out is the only way to see through it.