

BJ Soloy

Prayer in Small Print

I tell them I can cry on cue.

I've seen you, Lord, sipping to yourself
in the corner, inventing dinosaurs

or whatever. You promote the middle road
but they're all middle roads

when they leash you as terminus.
Is that water in your glass?

You're so near when you reinsert your feet
into slippers—both at once—& rise,

a lake steaming into sky—rise, reversing
the day's falling customs—rise, as always before.

Sleep promised me by the day
has gathered its ashes, sagging

the undereye, while ice blinds
the windshields on Love Grove Lane—

while a mall
is put on lockdown—shot fired—



though it's only suicide
performed in its natural habitat.

Upright trees, anachronisms,

outline the edge of the estate
& set the terms for trespass.

I'm picking the dead lip
off of my live lip

& flicking it skyward: an offering:
a coin in cup or water:

a mongrel in space.

