

A Prayer

it's almost midnight, 11 PM
the lights are on in the house
my clothes are still strewn about
and I'm thinking about you again

what was it they used to say?
the Body and Blood of Christ? Communion?
it's been a long time, my hands have been empty
of broken bread and sage, I have almost forgotten their weight
what was it they used to say? *Amen?*

1 AM, and I've convinced myself to talk to you
caution lies in wait underneath my tongue
but I was never good at praying, and I can't sit still in a pew
so here, I offer this confession to you:

I don't know if I believe in many things
when I do, I try not to give them much thought
but that's not belief, at least not to me
I think it requires love in some aspect
and love is so much easier with no expectations
and this faith has been nothing but expected

belief is also born from desperation, though, so do not turn your back quite yet
I have more to explain to you, to either nurture or suffocate this last wisp of hope

I remember Sunday mornings, painted glass scenery, singing
I remember reading worn pages with binding promises
and I think their permanence is why they so easily scared me

I don't believe your children were ever meant for confinement
we take too easily to escape, to triumph
claustrophobia seems a divine gift and so on this, my belief tries to find purpose

3 AM, and I believe you are hard to follow
easy to be born into, this love, but I lost it as soon as I was given the chance
and I have been begging now to see you as more than hollow
but it chases me down, and I wallow

in grief, because there is no one to blame but me
I have stolen away my own belief
and I have not convinced myself I am in need of saving
so I come here in a panic asking
for you to help me, please, I just want to know something
3 AM, and I just want to know anything with certainty;
we were not born for confinement, this love is gifted too easily, and it scares me

it is almost morning now, you have yet to respond
I'm not sure you're out there to answer anyway
but this burning desire I was born into won't stay gone
no matter how hard I fight, oh God
I want peace, I want love

I don't believe in many things
but love I can try for, love I can hope for
I don't know if you can hear me, I cannot believe blindly
and I have never been good at praying, but I can confess:
what was it they used to say? *Amen.*