

Psalm

by [Kathleen Wakefield](#) in the [December 30, 2020](#) issue

Lord, I have lived
like a house that has forgotten
its windows, its door painted

black, closed. Only now
am I brave enough to claim
this feral loneliness.

I look for you in the wind-
tousled, red-tipped grasses, in the violet
concourse of the sky streaming

new stars I will never see,
but I am skin and bones and desiring
and the shapes of darkness are endlessly creative.

Still, I burn with love for this world.
Cast me into your coldest waters.
Let snow fall on my lips.