

Praying with Luke

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [January 11, 2005](#) issue

“When you pray, go into your room,” He said,
so each green dawn as spring light stirs, I sit,
womb-snug, in my small room, hushed high
above unfurling leaves, with Luke who’s all
of five days new, but solid as a loaf of bread,
and, oh, such wisdom; petal-soft, in and out,
I hear his breath. Receive. Release. That’s all
there is. Just this. Quiet. Nothing more.