

Creek-side prayer

by [Shari Wagner](#) in the [June 3, 2008](#) issue

By the rusty bridge-rail
over a creek where red-winged
blackbirds congregated on cattails,
my grandfather cut the engine
every Sunday morning
to hear bullfrogs pour a chorus.

Clad in his gray suit
with the starched, plain collar,
he'd take a long swig
from the jug of a morning
so robust it swelled
to the sky's broad rim.

His daughters prodded him
to hurry, but the psalm
that moved him to prayer
rose from a wayward creek
the color of molasses,
it came from a country
so warm it made him shiver.