

Zinnias

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [April 25, 2018](#) issue

When I pray I go in, and close the door,  
But what, really, do we mean by prayer?  
Isn't it anything done with full attention  
Whether sinking into silent depths, or  
Relishing a sun-ripe peach, or gazing  
At the zinnias freshly picked this early  
Morning, these multi-petaled shouts of joy,  
Lemon yellow, orange, reds, a carnival of  
Flame-filled light, the sweet green scent  
Summer flowers.