

Prayer between things

by [Cara Bertron](#) in the [July 29, 2020](#) issue

All I can write these days  
is busy, teeming, too late,  
a jar of flour moths  
opened in a grain world

or fat maggots  
in the disemboweled  
squirrel my dog loves.  
Lord, give me open hours,

a to-do list in ashes.  
Let me carve the heart  
of the week and eat it  
slowly. Let me sleep in.

Give me a snarl of entrails  
and time to weigh them,  
to double-check.  
Leave the knife

on the table: show me  
what to do.