

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.