

# Prayer

Let my words  
be bright with animals,  
images the flash of a gull's wing.

If we pretend  
that we are at the center,  
that moles and kingfishers,  
eels and coyotes  
are at the edge of grace,  
then we circle, dead moons  
about a cold sun.

This morning I ask only  
the blessing of the crayfish,  
the beatitude of the birds;

to wear the skin of the bear  
in my songs;  
to work like a man with my hands.

Joseph Bruchac