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Spring Runoff Prayer

I pray that words
come like water
in first runoff,
ice turned free
and sing-songed
over moss and rock
as drumlin changes
from glacial footprint
to shadow between
neighbours.

Pray that each letter
as they shall follow
finds those unmolested
by sentiments left
at the margins, snow
piles left in a cold
dark place beneath pines.

Pray that this highland
meltwater shall slip into
and through headwaters
and quench the thirst
of those that recall
so little of the places
and words made silent
by distance and guilt
that makes every winter
the song we shall not
sing.