

Contemplating Sunday Morning in bed by Carolyn Martin

Redundancies of rain?
For Jack's sake, it's fall and morning leaks
around our blackout shades.

Whoever, whatever you are, assure
us for our sake, you find no joy
in soggy piety, nor solace
in the mindless, rote, liturgical.
See, kneeling in oak pews is out
and so is worn theology.
We prefer to consecrate our sheets
before we raise the light to bless
the streams gullyng our streets.

As for worshipping, you don't require
incensed naives with ringing bells
and seven-limit sacraments
to verify your worth. The proof
is in anemones and symphonies,
in ducklings, quarks, majestic bluffs,
and all such sunny things.

In fact, we're tempted to submit
we deserve to be adored. This struggle
with your flesh-and-bone design
more miss-than-hit at times — warrants
your graceful bow to humor hearts and...
But we digress. Let's contemplate.

this Sunday morning's prayer: today,
we ask to be surprised. That's it.
Perhaps a shoulder tap, the smell of toast,
a photo tucked in some forgotten book.
Jack memory, with more than it can hold.

Perhaps you'll shape our scribbles:
The winds too far to catch the soil...
The rosters in his rocking chair...
She hugs the curb and he the center line...
Redeem the bindings on our bounded words.

Or, perhaps, you'll deign — before the urge
for coffee cups subverts this sacred time —
to manifest your haliness in warmth
of breath, in cobwebs sighing on a wall,
in weeds that sing of unimportant rain.

And, if none of this appeals, here's
our bottom line: Surprise us with your face
reflecting in our window panes.

