

# Fragments of a Prayer

*after Tavener*

## I. Fauxbourdon

The hilltop swollen with a flag.  
The smell of bread, the smell of bread.

The burred & bayoneted wind.  
The hedge that faltered by the fen.

The pigs that fattened in their pens.  
The flowers strewn up in their stead.

The unkempt hair, the unwashed hand.  
The cankered waking the misled.

The wakerobin that dampens, droops  
while we, unstooped, begin again.

## II. Threnody

I'm wondering again at signs I'm fast-  
ening again to clocks.

Gesturing again to birds & vesper-  
ing again to rocks.

& those that would outlive this  
world? The *turritopsis*

*nutricula?* *Tricladida?* Growing  
from the ankles of the dead?

Through the action of these worms the milk  
that turned to buttermilk will turn

to clabber: what  
becomes us then?

IV. Fragment

I take salvation  
in its bite-sized forms.

I wonder if  
the sandman comes at night.

I pack the stones  
in piles by the shore.

I tend the garden  
of earthly delight.