

Prayer for the Finite

Let us pray for days and diameters,
For positive integers and ticks of a clock,
For every obstacle with which we briefly
Barricade forever's advancing army.

Have you ever imagined the world
In divisions by zero? Existence,
Only louder; time, only heavier;
Life, only longer then longer then—
Looking up to blank sky, barely
Remembering when entropy
Snuffed out the last star.

Does your stomach churn like mine?
Do you realize to be eternal is to speak
Without punctuation or paragraphs
Which is to say everything
And nothing all at once?
Infinite which is another way of saying
Void, heaven which is another kind of
Death, a point in ever-inflating darkness.

So let us pray for epilogues
(Make us instruments of tendon and marrow)
For periods, paragraphs, lifted pens
(Where there are hands, let us sow lighthouses)
For fermatas, eyes swinging slowly shut
(Where there are skies, let us sow reverent aurora).

Pray for us dust, now and at every hour
Before forever: world with finite end—