

parking lot supplications

& you raise your hands from  
    where they brush your thighs, lifting so  
the backs of your fingers hover  
    before your face, ghosts in your peripheral  
vision, thumbs straining to touch & yet  
    blocked by the great expanse of your gaze

& you lower your hands, arms clasped  
    beneath your ribs, holding your nerves  
in. & you recite under your breath,  
    trying to move your thoughts away from yourself  
but they circle around your head— diving  
    carrion birds looking for easy prey, flesh & insecurity

& you raise your hands & lower them  
    to your knees, bending at the waist, offering  
your heart to the earth. & you wonder if  
    it is harder to breathe because your lungs have  
been tilted horizontal, or because of the scorn  
    that has shattered your frazzled concentration

& your hands push you upright, futilely  
    resisting gravity, only for your body to lower, knees  
kissing the ground & dust rising up  
    to envelop your face in return. & you let the rocks bite  
into your open, desperate palms while your head  
    bows, nose inhaling stone, forehead welcoming oblivion

& you stay there because there is comfort  
    in showing your frailty, eyes so close to the ground  
that you are once more an innocent, finding  
    the magic in the mundane. & somehow, it is easier to  
breathe all folded up. & when you push  
    into sitting on tucked ankles, you stare into the cosmos

& your finger extends to the endless sky,  
    whispering all you have no words for. a silent plea.