## Ordering

They pass before me: My words are soldiers In review. And I, a general, Debauched and bleary-eyed from drinking well Into the night, perceive the lines as blurs And colored motion, the ordered files as curves Of undulating light. I wonder dare I tell The colonel by my side and with a yell Denounce this hoax and see if he concurs.

I have a need to put my words in order,
To make a living animal of fleshless,
Breathless shells. I have a need to cure
Disorder, to line up words well-dressed
By sense and sentiment like seeds a farmer
Plants in sunfilled days, after the storms of winter.

## Prayer

Lord, set me adrift in your ancient ark, Send me out mapless on a lost and chilling sea, Let my nights pass in unredeeming dark, But set this ship afloat, Lord—launch it for me.

Make me the dove that wandered seeking land, Branchless returning, you turned him to a raven, Though black now his body, it once felt your hand. Change my course and flight, Lord—though it descend.

Make me the land that suffered once your flood,
That drowned by your anger despised your demon might.
And saw all its greenery turned brown to lifeless mud.
Make me a target, Lord—let me feel your fight.

Being without sentiment, Lord, let me toward You move, and move toward me, and be my Lord.

## For the Friends Who Gave Me Lunches (for M.P., D.C., E.B.)

It was a cold winter and I became
A part of it. My fingers froze, my appetite
Was paralyzed by ice. You knew my need for
Food as little as did I, but sensing
It by instinct, fed me still, as flowers
Know to open in the spring. This gesture
Of kindness, of care for my poor starving
Self, will not go unremembered, friends. I
Will file it in my secret bank of debts
Acknowledged, but unpaid, of acts of love
That seek no recompense. This I will
Remember and looking back sometime will
Say: When I was hungry, they gave me food to
Eat, and I escaped the winter and survived.

