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This Mist

J.D. Isip

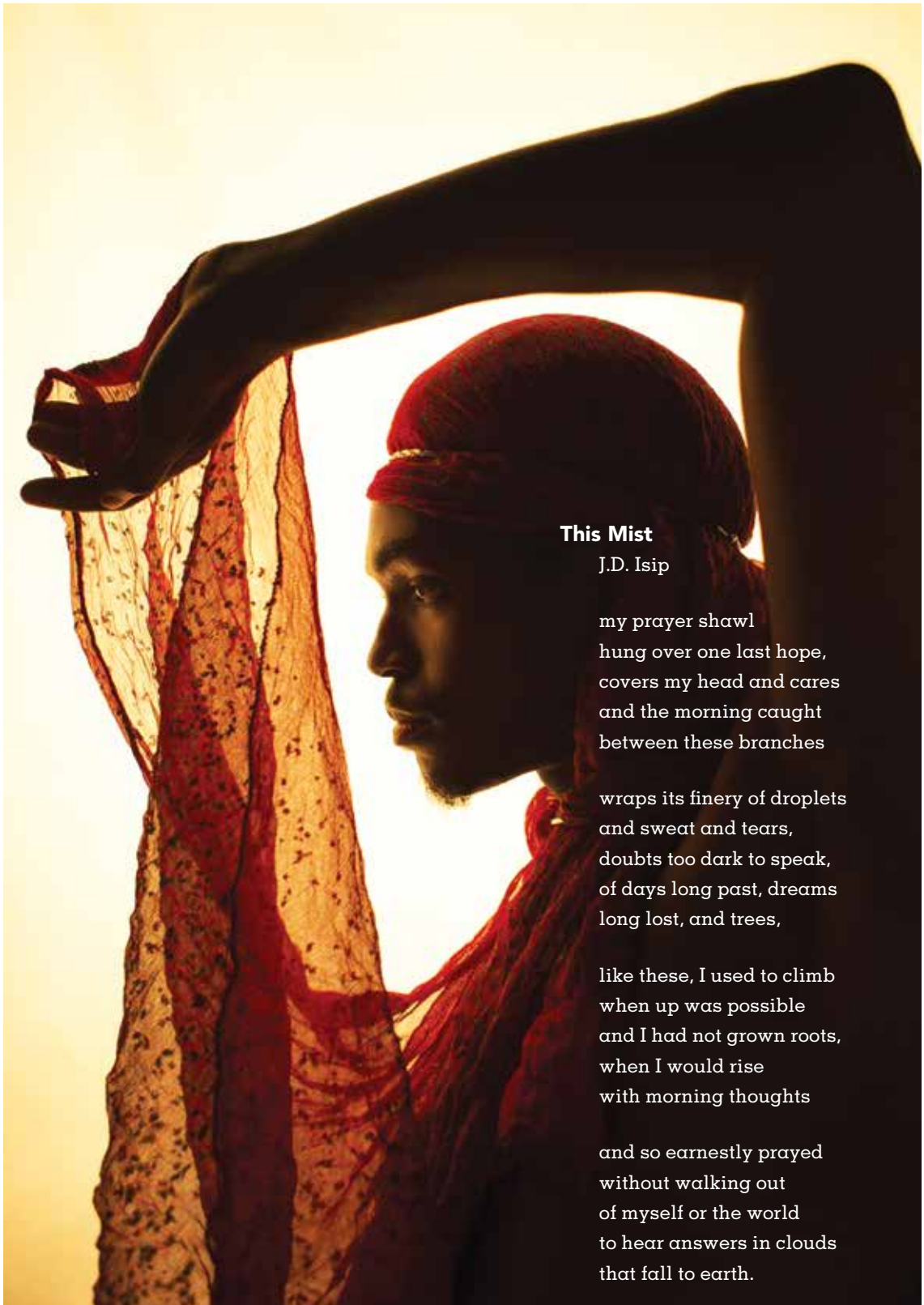
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This Mist

J.D. Isip

my prayer shawl
hung over one last hope,
covers my head and cares
and the morning caught
between these branches

wraps its finery of droplets
and sweat and tears,
doubts too dark to speak,
of days long past, dreams
long lost, and trees,

like these, I used to climb
when up was possible
and I had not grown roots,
when I would rise
with morning thoughts

and so earnestly prayed
without walking out
of myself or the world
to hear answers in clouds
that fall to earth.