

Would it change a thing

praying for someone past? Because God, a crone begging
coins tells her, has no need for time.

Imagine a kindness tossed behind us stirring up winter's
leaves the year that spring stalled and fieldstone
caught the jaws of her father's plow.

Let it summon one gritty pause in his day of churning
rock from soil and furrows for seeds, debts creasing
his brow. Redeem him

and the burden of burlap tales trailing her still
with their up-turned faces, hungry for chaste
morsels of regret.

Pray the sun through those spring shy limbs,
let moss and mud grin up between her toes.

What if some far future soul is praying for us now?

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