Heather Prinnie Recalls a Sunday in June

A Prayer to Eve

Come with us, muse of exile,
the one thing we must do.
Help us to know, Eve,
that we might call them.
Bless our misadventures.
Inspire us to act.
Hope of apprehenders.
Blues of loneliness.
Keep us humble.
and the critical method.
Mother of science.
Help us to laugh.
and of toil.
Mother of actions.
I will pray for you, if I can.
Solemn as the moon
And white, as wide as grass;
Within you, millionaire
May you find great love
Dear girls, my friends,
It didn't last.
Looked up, and believed.
Sooded oodled to the sea;
The organs began to play.
To get out of the rain
I stepped into a stone dance
And once in Paris, as
Of a configuration
In the great breaking body
Shuddering hymns
From time to time,
The music brought me back
Tumed and ran
For all the verses.
I received a check, a crass
Church was for building, and so I sang
That would need forgiving
I had you for done the things
And worse: I saw those made me suffer;
I once read books;
I worry for the girls.

Little Girls in Church
THE MONASTERY ORCHARD IN EARLY SPRING

God's cows are in the fields,
safely grazing. I can see them
through bare branches,
through the steady rain.
Fir trees seem ashamed
and tired, bending under winter coats.

I, too, want to be light enough
for this day: throw off impediments,
push like a tulip
through a muddy smear of snow,

I want to take the rain to heart
and feel it move
like possibility, the idea
of change, through things
seen and unseen,
forces, principalities, powers.

Newton named the force that pulls the apple
and the moon with it,
toward the center of the earth.
Augustine found a desire as strong: to steal,
to possess, then throw away.
Encounter with fruit is dangerous:
the pear's womanly shape forever mocked him.

A man and a woman are talking.
Rain moves down and
branches lift up
to learn again
how to hold their fill of green
and blossom, and bear each fruit to glory,
letting it fall.