(lord let me suffer much)
Reading Anna Kamienska’s “A Prayer That Will Be Answered”
Written by Thomas Quinn

Sitting on the porch, I watch
rain make a fool of the
dog and turn anthill monoliths into
muddy graveyards.

And today in the
wetness I: drink from the
heaviness in the air,
feel the fickle wisp of wind
on my spine, hear the
breaking of syllables on
the ridges of my spine.

And to find Kamienska’s
windowpane of truth, death, and
translucency?

It’s elusive.

It is a bumblebee smeared
into the wetness of glass.