



Spring 2014

A Wavering Prayer

Sarah E. Gorski
Gettysburg College

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A Wavering Prayer

Abstract

Elizabeth Bishop's "Sestina" Imitation; Sarah Gorski's "A Wavering Prayer."

Keywords

creative writing, poetry, wavering, prayer

Disciplines

Creative Writing | Poetry | Religion

Comments

This poem was written for Professor Nadine Meyer's *English 302: Free Verse and Form* course, Spring 2014.

Sarah Gorski
English 302
Professor Meyer
Elizabeth Bishop's *Sestina* Imitation

A Wavering Prayer

With the 1st of May comes the anniversary of another year past. Unforeseen wind
sneaks through Old Mill Point as it tornados unpicked petals,
forming a messy bouquet – an arrangement of wounded flowers
worthy to her and to heaven.
Feathered friends scramble to their home—
in flock, a V-formation—the way wolves usher their pack, neatly, in rows of two. Moon,

Earth's sisterly companion, her twin tidally locked is clouded by heavy winds, the same wind
that speaks to her, *to the dead*, even to those huddled birds as they gather under Moon's
emptiness, a heaven
unlit, unknown. A midnight chill sparks an unexpected downpour that plucks flowers
like unripe peaches; picked petals
fall graciously on the mill beside her, to their resting home.

Spring's rebirth craves attention as our vigil gathers in rainfall; the flowered wind
reminds me of her as she speaks arbitrarily in gusts of tears. The moon
leers upon us all but heaven
pleads a scripted prayer; the telepathic mumble we pray she can hear. Torn petals
are kited in an unkind breeze the way apparitions of centuries past roam free and unseen, after dark. Hushed birds cuddle on their home
that they've created on the blades of the windmill, in nest, alongside the graves now graffitied with gentle flowers.

Prayers echo like chimes among the fogged bay next to the windmill. Each of her children caress a bundle of flowers
and gently sets broken petals
on the tomb that shouldn't have been inscribed so soon. Under the shielded light of the ominous moon,
with the gentle release of a tightly gripped fist, we each set free rice paper hot air balloons, each gemmed with a single flower.
As we gaze into the glowing night sky, it seems we'd released forbidden souls of the graveyards past—with only the wind
a guide to their new home in the wavering, flickering light—a new home worthy of heaven.

Dozens of amber balloons make way through the petal-picked wind, past the bird's nest, and up to heaven
where my aunt sits in her home on the clouds and waits to pluck flowered petals off their stems in a world where finally, the sky was lit.