

Today I Prayed a Prayer of Gratitude

Erin Alberda

Gulping deeply, wriggling out of my sweater of pride,
the one that I have woven each morning,
I opened my lips and called
each little beauty around me by its name.

*Thank you, Lord, for city sidewalks,
with gum spots and steaming grates.
Nowhere else do I feel
so at home in the shuffle.*

*Thank you for stillness,
and floors for pins to drop on
and ears to hear them.
In these moments, breath is monumental,
like thunder in my lungs.*

*Thank you for the faith of a mustard sapling,
and the pinstripe gold umbrella
you hold over me as monsoons of doubt
rush around my roots.*

*Thank you for pain in my body and mind,
so that in its absence,
I feel the sweetness
of honey or peonies,
of being whole.*