

Aga Zaryan, On Prayer

You ask me how to pray to someone who is not
All I know is that prayer constructs a velvet bridge
And walking it we are aloft, as on a springboard
Above landscapes the color of ripe gold
Transformed by a magic stopping of the sun
That bridge leads to the shore of Reversal
Where everything is just the opposite and the word is
Unveils a meaning we hardly envisioned
Notice: I say we; there, every one, separately
Feels compassion for others entangled in the flesh
And knows that if there is no other shore
We will walk that aerial bridge all the same