

## Prayer

Some days, although we cannot pray, a prayer  
utters itself. So, a woman will lift  
her head from the sieve of her hands and stare  
at the minims sung by a tree, a sudden gift.

Some nights, although we are faithless, the truth  
enters our hearts, that small familiar pain;  
then a man will stand stock-still, hearing his youth  
in the distant Latin chanting of a train.

Pray for us now. Grade I piano scales  
console the lodger looking out across  
a Midlands town. Then dusk, and someone calls  
a child's name as though they named their loss.

Darkness outside. Inside, the radio's prayer –  
Rockall. Malin. Dogger. Finisterre.