

I think about praying a lot and I actually do pray sometimes. I think of prayer in the terms Anne LaMott has used: Help. Thanks. Wow. Milosz's poem "On Prayer" combines all three – it reminds me how prayer helps by making that bridge. Who knows if it's going anywhere? In a sense, I don't care. Being on that bridge is a consolation, especially because everyone on it "feels compassion for others entangled in the flesh." What a great word – "entangled." I have been and am entangled in the flesh and prayers helps me loosen those bonds. Thanks – I am so grateful for that bridge – it does help me glimpse that shore of Reversal, whether it exists or not. Reversal is that sense of inverting meaning – maybe what I think is terrible contains something precious as well. I am also grateful for "the word is," which surprises me into the present moment. Finally, Wow. I often turn to prayer in the dark moments. Prayer does illuminate and transform – ot glows! It helps me soar, gives me wings (which also gives perspective). As Milosz writes, the light, "the bright gold" appears. There is a miracle – the sun stops, I stop and am awestruck.