

**BETSY SHOLL**

**Orison**

Let me give back to God  
his jacket, his locket,  
his thin slippers,  
sunglint, sleetspit, stars.  
And here's my cracked,  
my sullen, unstrung  
guitar, hung like a rabbit  
in the butcher's window,  
a hole in the belly  
where a song should be.  
Emptiness only  
emptiness can see—  
Let this be my prayer.  
Does anything belong to me?