

**A January Collect**

O Lord, this evening glows  
like the underside of foil  
and snow comes down  
as if light flakes  
off the hidden moon.  
Ice-tatted trees on the hill  
disappear in fog.

Everything is fragile.  
And almost.

I thought I had forgotten how  
to pray, all my regrets  
lining up like dusty jars  
on cellar shelves. The one  
I opened yesterday,  
so full of disappointment.

Lord, loosen the lid of  
my grief-spranged heart,  
my red-knuckled heart  
knocking from inside.

Against the darkening pane,  
paper whites,  
those sweet, stinking stars, flare up.  
Over rooftops, a swatch of crows  
rip off the last light.  
Bird tracks in the snow  
come to my door and end.