Prayer

Always with this smashing, muddy river. And my child vexed. The white sky her screams crested. The white coats rounding the kid wing. Where histories were charted, looks gauged. Under my touch. scrolled symptoms and elevators. Chimes. A drip was hung. A bed opened, a gown. In a room with a magic mural. One wand sent forth waves of sound her tissues made bounce. Unheard echoes went. In or out of view. Bats in the mural.

Bedrails. Yet her roiling. Not to be contained. We were spoken with. I wanted any edge to punch: through. There was none. No night, no shrinking, no edifice, none. Doorframe. I went wooden too. All call buttons called. Wood still feels. Cut so. I forgot our stories.

_Not I._ Sang the moon in the mural. Sang the witch. Sang the fish. Until rivers rose. And a piece of water turned back into a girl chin to chest curled into herself.

Listen. The girl sings exultant songs from our house by the river that spills over walls into dreams.