

Prayer School

Teach me to pray the Pied Piper prayer.
Calling up brigades of grandmothers
waving lemon silk banners and chanting
Come on people now, smile on your brother.

Teach me to pray the shockwave prayer.
Lay armies flat with a breath and send
them to time out until they can play nice,
growing sweet peas up arbors crafted from spears.

Teach me to pray the wolf suit prayer.
Enchanting the rumpusy wild things
by praying into all their yellow eyes
without blinking once.

I've finished all my first-level prayer theory lessons
but seem to be failing the real-world practice.

I'm longing to learn
the clean sweep confession,
the didgeridoo devotion,
the Tiffany lamp meditation,
the supernova intercession.

Teach me to pray like a prophetess
or at least a good plumber.
Like a pilot.
Like a piccolo.
Like a mama piranha.
I'll be in the front row taking notes.

—Vauna Davis