

Beginning

Prayed and fasted, the obdurate self
a lump of dough,
effort wasted.

The mail does not come,
it could be Sunday.
I hide from wanting guests.

Grown clumsy,
I drop a plate,
Stand staring at the fragments.
They look so sharp.

One undeserved morning
"I believe."
A swift kick in the chest
boots me through.