

A Prayer

By Pádraig Ó Tuama

So let us pick up the stones over which we stumble, friends and build altars

Let us listen to the sound of breath in our bodies.

Let us listen to the sounds of our own voices, of our own names, of our own fears.

5 Let's claw ourselves out from the graves we've dug.

Let's lick the earth from our fingers.

Let us look up and out and around.

The world is big and wide and wild and wonderful and wicked,

And our lives are murky, magnificent, malleable, and full of meaning.

10 Oremus.

Let us pray.