

## PRAYER WITH TRANSLATION

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*Wendy McClure*

Remind me first the forty days,  
    *You starving through the motions,*  
however you take to the wilderness,  
    *without bread, enact wilderness,*  
even when famished you only  
    *savor the echoes, say you only*  
recall humid & suppliant kingdoms  
    *wearily waved shields to summon*  
...your own reflection like lightning warding off  
    *your own alighting from the brilliant*  
approaches of a tempter inhabiting  
    *towers of the temple, or otherwise*  
mountains, like the temples in homage  
    *evoked the mountains until I turned*  
to distraction, to mouthing the words  
    *as if reading—your whole body meaning*  
to say Get thee behind me I beseech you  
    *to get out of my sight—*