

PRAYER WITH TRANSLATION

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—