Prayer With Translation

Wendy McClure*
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—