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—