Canola Anti-prayer

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CANOLA ANTI-PRAYER

Our prayers are outside the church; they are skeptical of the burgeoning canola but not the spark inside and without the living plant. Whatever is done, yellow sacraments host elements of scoured and poisoned soil that ants lift against tribulation, each flower a light, each flower a prayer for seed that might perpetuate without commerce.

Our prayers are outside the church; in the star, gravity, craven yellow dark, stretched light. All that is canola.

Our prayers are outside the church; you can't help the uplift, even with hay fever burying you: prayers outside this field of vision, though litany, chants, and recitation seep through stone piled against harsh weather, cool when sun burns bright either side of shade, designed to elevate the field of yellow flowers it is set against. No son et lumière.