

*Red Paint Hill Poetry Journal*

Issue 6, April 1, 2015

**Poem and Prayer**

When we didn't have much  
because hail ruined the crops  
or grasshoppers  
or drought  
or we just couldn't catch a break

we had prayer.  
We prayed for rain, without the hail.  
We prayed the grasshoppers would fly away.  
We prayed on our knees each night  
and awakened hopeful to morning.

Hail continued to fall, except during droughts.  
The grasshoppers left, but in their place  
the corn borers came.  
We persevered, each night praying  
Dear Lord, Dear Lord.

Then Sis drowned.  
We prayed by the pool that she might pull through.  
We prayed she'd go to heaven.  
We prayed to ease our pain.  
We prayed knowing we'd catch no breaks.  
We became good at prayer  
though prayer never seemed good to us.  
Yet on we prayed, for we dared not stop.