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## Prayer to Everything

May I surmount all flesh,  
which trains what I should see,  
to gain an eye for everything:  
quicksilver rivers of time, life  
sentient yet incorporeal,  
unique worlds bound in space  
by an overarching thread.

Part this day's clingy web,  
dispersing me into the womb  
of each that is, birthing me  
one and indivisible from all  
that sings or flows, stilly lies,  
or fashions stars in darkness.

Cleanse me of all I know  
that I might lose myself to you.

—Darrell Petska

Darrell Petska's writing has appeared in *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Bird's Thumb*, *Chiron Review*, *Star 82 Review*, *Tule Review*, *Verse-Virtual*, and widely elsewhere (see [conservancies.wordpress.com](http://conservancies.wordpress.com)). Darrell has tallied a third of a century as communications editor for the University of Wisconsin-Madison, 40 years as a father (six years as a grandfather), and almost a half century as a husband. He lives outside Madison, Wisconsin.

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