

Prayer

O, Father, your blessings are upon us.
As the turf revealed a Kingdom,
A relic union burst into seeds,
Germinating riser.

I pray amidst a temple earth,
Peeling the flax from her supple breasts.
Bone-driven, healing its way into roots
of history, digging.

I saintly sash, embedded within
your skin, head North, breathing
for your beauty, knitting the peat,
Unravelling your trail, unquenching
the thirst of a river.

You soothe, releasing my noose,
Oh the trespass sweetly urge,
Ah, give me my sin again.
Amen.

Ravneet, Jaspreet, Zainab and Shazia