

WYATT TOWNLEY

PRAYER FOR A NEW MILLENNIUM

On the first evening
buzzing with the last light
that skids through everything,
let the body drink its deepest
breath, the lower back
spread like a constellation
with one lone star swerving.
Let the hands, lined with meteors,
open, releasing all they have held—
coins, hammers, steering
wheels and the silken
faces of children—to find
what on earth they really hold.
Let the crown of the head
move away from the shoulders
and into the distance
where another is waiting.
Let go of the forecast you heard
when you were younger
than the child now clattering
up the backstairs all
laughter and gasping
for what we're here to do.
Look down. Look at the stars.
We're here so briefly,
weather with bones.

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