

# Two Prayers

by [Jeffrey Burghauer](#) (May 2021)



*Flying Fox*, Vincent Van Gogh, 1886

## *One*

The summer's terminus approaches, not  
Unlike a duo of Honduran whores  
Who see a peach-cold gringo fresh-begot-  
Ten by a tourist coach's hissing doors.

I've peered between the bridge's dampened slats.  
I've tried to count the means by which You save  
Like one who tries to tally vesper bats  
Abruptly trapped inside a Scandinav-  
Ian, fluorescence-bleached laboratory.  
The World's a very narrow bridge, and bats

Go dormant in the winter—that, or flee,  
Blithe, tourist-like, to torrid habitats.

I've prayed: Please liberate me from the fray  
Providing neither ruthlessness or ruth.  
The night's an iron cell, as isola-  
Ting as a plainly universal truth.

## *Two*

Look at that pedestrian. Yes, I know that face:  
It's the face you make expressing the sensation  
You experience on learning that your brother,  
On learning he's inspired fear in another,  
Experiences no sensation whatever.  
And the recognition of how much Perfect Grace  
Is needed to flood the streets of the small nation  
That is any given self...this recognition

Moves, as, across the tongue, there moves a slow-moving  
flavor.

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