

12 liner

BEGINNER'S PRAYER ON 89th STREET

It took a long time to climb, Lord,
away from where the slumlords moon
the masses yearning to breathe free
of Diesel fumes and radon and asbestos.

I was like a roach, Lord, crawling up
a slimy pipe until I was blown away.
In that terrible hollow of my falling,
I heard laughter. But not yours, Lord.

It was You who caught me, jarred me awake
inside. The first time, I made my way
alone. This time, Lord, I need Your help.
Now I can see-- up isn't where I thought.