

POETRY

Morning prayer

on a street without birds or church bells
 dusky light streams through windows
 to cast a serene puddle about the little girl.

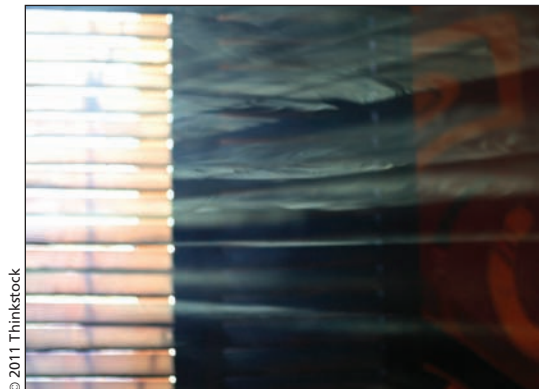
on the threshold
 onlookers stand as stone:
 steel gazes fixed on a delicate face
 as moon slivers of blue iris
 flicker beneath heavy, swollen lids.

the little girl inhales
 through thin, lavender lips:
 an orchid unfolding
 in forceful rhythm,
 marked by the sharp rise and fall
 of a soft, ballooning belly.

an ellipse forms around her:
 hands clasp hands,
 glances dodge glances, then redirect
 to pierce the borders which enclose them —
 at once curious, then resigned.

heavy breaths fill her chest
 to beyond what it can hold.
 her belly withdraws beneath her ribs —
 a subtle, gradual surrender.

in the shadows
 glances bend towards one another,
 meet briefly
 then fracture, fragment, drop as glass —
 shards pooling amongst hesitant soles.



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gold rays penetrate dust,
 fall gently to anoint white cheeks
 with a hint of blush,
 then slip softly beyond the threshold.

fingers steeple,
 glances soften, melt into one another,
 then spill over the little girl,
 resting, ever faithful,
 bathed in morning light.

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