

Roy Schwartzman

## **4174 Powers Ferry**

Manic yellow tiles, always  
freezing to the touch.

My sanctuary.

Here I prayed to escape the tornado  
that turned the sky a dull yellow  
parody of tiles.

When we found the stray collie  
I almost burst blood vessels  
praying here, praying harder  
than any six year-old has a right to,  
hands mummified from imploring clasp,  
praying against claimants, praying  
for possession, praying  
even harder than I now pray  
to believe in prayer.

I never remember to check for stray faith  
lurking beneath the toilet seat.

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