

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.
