ERIN ROBINSONG

LATE PRAYER

May our weapons be effective feminine inventions that like life.
May we blow up like weeds, and be medicinal and everywhere.
May the disturbed ground be our pharmacy. May the exhausted
hang out in the beautiful light. May our souls moisten and reveal us.
May our actions be deft as the inhale after a dream of suffocation.
May the oligarchs get enough to eat in their souls.
May we participate in the intelligence we're in.
May we grow into our name. May political harm
be a stench that awakens. May we not be distracted.
Let our joy repeated be power that spreads.
May our wealth be common. May oligarchs come out
of their fortresses and become psychologically well.
May their wealth be returned to the people and places.
May we shift slide rise tilt roll and twist.
May we feel the very large intimacy
And may it assist us.