

KAREN AN-HWEI LEE

*Prayer for the Underground Supplicant*

Remember old flowers cast in your rustling arms,  
liverwurst wrapped in newspaper, one blistering pound...

or the moon's cracked birch bark  
frail as a dollar on a blind woman's face, pale hydrangea

shredded and falling in rare archives, a paper subway  
in a supplicant's underground darkness, swaying,

and a melanin-rich flower in this fluorescent tube  
translocating water to and from unassailable air.

This is your graduated body, no ordinary  
engine in the night.