

JOHN KINSELLA

CANOLA ANTI-PRAYER

Our prayers are outside  
the church; they are skeptical  
of the burgeoning canola but not the spark  
inside and without the living plant.  
Whatever is done, yellow  
sacraments host elements  
of scoured and poisoned soil  
that ants lift against tribulation,  
each flower a light, each flower  
a prayer for seed that might  
perpetuate without commerce.

Our prayers are outside  
the church; in the star, gravity,  
craven yellow dark, stretched  
light. All that is canola.

Our prayers are outside  
the church; you can't help  
the uplift, even with hay fever  
burying you: prayers outside  
this field of vision, though litany,  
chants, and recitation seep through stone  
piled against harsh weather, cool  
when sun burns bright either side  
of shade, designed to elevate  
the field of yellow flowers  
it is set against. No *son et lumière*.