



POETRY PRAYERS WRITTEN BY SARAH ARE

≡ SEEKING UNDERSTANDING WHEN EVERYTHING HAS FALLEN APART ≡

Maybe we can create space—
An opening,
A crack into the soft parts of our hearts
For words to take root
And ideas to grow from weeds to trees
That give instead of take.

An opening,
Between our back teeth,
Which have been held tight,
Clenched in our seeking.

And maybe in that space,
We can open up our hearts to the idea that it won't
all make sense;
That no amount of theology,
Or wisdom,
Or time,
Or work,
Can heal our grief,
Or shame,
Or our hurt.
No amount of hope
Can undo suffering.

And if we can do that,
Then maybe we can recognize that unraveling
Happens at home—
Behind closed doors,
On pregnancy tests and in empty bottles,
In sleepless nights and in worn out prayers—
As well as in the streets,
With hands up,
When God's people are unable to breathe.

And maybe that truth can help us to be gentle with
each other,
Because unraveling happens to all of us.
It's universal and irreversible.
It's communal and personal.

And so I pray for an opening.
I pray that the Spirit will blow into the caverns of
our hearts,
Past the unraveled fragments of days that fell apart,
Past the realization that it won't all make sense,
Past the unraveling that we've all kept secret.
Until the voids in our chests
Feel like the void at creation—
Blessed with God and light.

And that prayer sounds something like this:
Oh Great Artist,
In my clenched-fist
Rationalist heart
That would rather argue and barter
Than have a fresh start,
Unlock the door,
Throw open the curtains,
And create an opening in me.
For I hold tight to unraveled things,
Wrapped up in anger, seeking understanding.
So water worn soil and set this bird free.
Create an opening in me.
Amen.