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© I've reached a pause in my prayers of late. I am at odds with ritual. I find prayers like the *Hail Mary* and *Our Father* to be the introductory clauses of a holy and connective intention. Much like the opening stanza of a sonnet that warms a poet to the task. Before true matters are addressed, but something's changed.

I get stuck on temporality in certain lines, like *now* and in the *hour* of our death. I see angels and saints as spiritual entities that endure outside of time, for one *requires* a body to move within time.

After our lives have been tallied, what could prayer change in that final hour? What is *now* to entities outside of time? And of that final hour, is it but request for mercy? After our lives have been tallied? All my life I have been divided by time and a benevolent ideal of something *more*. And I wonder, if an angel-of-the-end came to me, what could I tell it? A prayer of praise that it's never heard before?

What could I tell to a being outside of time, to an entity dressed in eternity? What could I tell? Should I praise how the warmth of spring feels after a long winter? Or of the sting to long mourning? Or of the glee of children under blue skies running through meadows? Or could I tell of the dizziness that a Merry-go-round makes in the belly as we spin, laughing ever joyfully? I could try to tell it.

Can what is unbound of body-in-time grasp what it means to be free-on-earth, like us? Or could I tell of a roller-coaster tunneling through sultry summer air? Should I praise life itself to the angel while there is still life and still time?

From a thing perishing to a being eternal, what shall we praise under heaven? Praise the Angel when she comes, for only what has been transformed of the Light, *rises* toward Divine convergence. Untransformed - divergences in the ever-Night.