

A Morning Prayer

Once I thought it strange
A morning prayer of gratitude for apertures, veins, and arteries.

Now I have new regard, new wonder
At the body and its intricate parts
A web of vessels, channels, pulses, rhythms
A marvel of broken parts that can be sutured
Deep wounds congealing.

If but one of these openings be closed
One of the vessels shriveled
It would be impossible to exist.

I recite with new awareness the curious prayer
Blessed art Thou who heals all creatures and does wonders.

