

A Prayer for Adelaide

by Gary Hardaway

Any God we could respect
would listen, kind, to prayers,
compassionate but resolute —

“ I made this bubble in the bubbled,
eternal ether but never intervene.
Each blast and spread of substance
has its ordered, random consequence.

The art is in the underlying principles
expressed in unpredicted interaction.
I start but don't control the dance.
The energies arrange themselves
in infinite outcomes
always beautiful to watch.
Bubble to bubble, patterns
never quite repeat themselves.

Except for the black holes.
The energies always want
to re-convene somehow.
It's curious how they long
to be together and indistinguishable.

The prayers are often beautiful, like poems,
giving shape to deepest needs.
I don't ignore but collect them all.
I just can't answer them.
I do not intervene except
to wish a certain outcome.
My wishes, too, can go ungranted.
Whatever happens is surprise.

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So many things can happen,
unshaped by anything but circumstance."

Dear Adelaide, first child
of my one child, you grow
towards us, hidden but active,
somersaulting, kicking at
the uterine wall that nurtures you.

So many wait excitedly to meet you,
see you, note the family eyes or hair,
and love you without contract terms
or limits. We welcome your advent.

Let others with a meddling God
say prayers. I can't.
I'll wish for you instead
that you love the world
and that world return that love
in frequency and amplitude
much greater than your own.
I wait with boundless curiosity
to see how you surprise us all.

