

Look, Lord, we are here in the middle of a snowflake
circling the Kaaba, praying five times a day.
Look at us here in the heart of a riverstone,
swirling, dizzy, gazing up into the flowing sun,
squinting. Lord, we are here in the square of taxis
and falafel stands, like drunken chess pieces,
reading newspapers, talking into cell phones,
stopping to pray in the midst of somebody's shoe.
We turn round and round the Kaaba, we turn round
the broken key in the register at the hardware store.
We turn round the curtains in a second-storey window
behind which a woman lifts her legs into the air,
shouting, of course, your name. Name of presence and absence conjoined.
Everywhere, the Kaaba. Everywhere, the blind man's left eye.
Lord, fill our tables with turkeys and cows.
We are so patient, in your black cloud, turning.
Our faces reflect the moon, the stars, the porch lights,
the streetlights, the police lights, and ask for nothing.
Almost nothing, nothing and a wide-screen TV.
We walk round and round your loaf of bread, we kneel
here in the middle of an eggplant, wondering
if we can really hear a world outside the purple skin.
Look, here in the middle of a snowflake
where we have been falling so long, the cars honk
at each other, though it's clear there's nowhere to go.
And we do nothing, though we know we are turning
snow to flame. And we ask for nothing,
nothing but a hot bath and a deft tongue on our chest,
no more. OK, and love blazing in a human being,
and Lakers tickets, and World Peace, but that's all. Really.
Look, I am honking, Lord, stuck in traffic,
just like yesterday. We ask for many things,
but you can keep your snowflake.