

A Chorus

Elizabeth Hadley

Fake stained glass, cloth couches, and
smells of hand sanitizer and surgery and cancer.

Please—

...

Two golden circles, one set of painted nails.
Yin and yang attire, and a promise of eternity.

In Your name, I do—

...

Tears that could fill this sea of black. Flowers
that could fill a garden. A new forever.

Keep her safe, keep me sane—

...

A dream that becomes a reality for the next four years.
Hard work rewarded. Stars shining in the colors
of his next home that sprinkle out of the envelope.

Thank You, thank You—

...

An underpass that becomes a roof. The same jacket
worn every day. Uncertainty that becomes routine.

Let me see the light—

...

Unfulfilled hopes. A lonely heart. The feeling of being
forgotten. A pit migrating from the chest to the
stomach at the sight of glued-together hands
in the park, a concert, the airport...

Why not me—

...

Tires plunged in mud. Quicksand. Planes flying off,
stuck on the tarmac. Clouds passing, everyone moving
except one. Seeking meaning, answers.

Deliver me—

...

A young girl crying in her room, longing to be understood,
feeling the weight of her mistakes, tantalized by the sky of blue
in the hole she dug herself into, the hole she fell into.

Help me, help me out—

...

Heavy eyelids. Tantrums that become background noise.
A strange desire to be an octopus: a never-ending to-do list,
never not on-call. Pulled in every direction.

Patience, Lord, give me patience—

...

A face falling on a pillow. Moonlight seeping in.
A soundtrack of crickets. An ordinary day.

Our father—

...

In all these moments, it is Your name whispered on their lips.

A beautiful chorus, calling out to You.