

## *Rogations for Earth*

Today, I'm a priest  
beading rogations for earth,

breaking damnations like logs  
orphaned from an ancestry of green dreams,

bidding away arias of scorching  
sermons seeping into lush lands  
as crusaders of wildfires.

I whip up the rosary  
in the name of a green miracle:

to sire a tree from locus of this void  
and christen it after an unborn child;

to sire an orchestra of leaves  
so the sun doesn't perforate  
our skins into porous melodies;

to sire the songs of sempiternal  
seedlings so all earth can sing  
and sing without its tongue eroded.

I, a supplicant, kneel on the sinking  
altars of shrinking glaciers:

pray this weight not into shedding...  
pray these waters not into rising...  
pray these wheels not into drowning...

Where do we hide when the sea  
comes knocking down our doors  
just to harvest our bodies?

This cross of unchartered winds  
is the unction of fossil wars:

pray this green house of skulls  
into silent dissipation...  
pray this green house of death  
into fogless evanescence...  
pray this green house  
into a new colour of cleansing...

Does a hurricane not blast in,  
a mad goddess, an alluring name,  
ripping bones and ravaging broods?

Does the sky not shut its faucet,  
a mute minion, a ceiling of barrenness,  
engulfing all potent pleas of the earth?

Does the world not wobble and wilt,  
wilt and wobble, wilt and wilt  
and wilt into chorales of the oven?

Today, I'm a priest

beading rogations for earth:

every lineage that has been eclipsed  
by fangs of flames shall be redeemed

by flurries of floral fantasies ferried  
in the eco-glam of a green god.