

A Walking Prayer

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Earth, don't run out on us.
Some of us only want a little more sweetness.

We like our hands.
Moonlight on a lake is a calm blue flower opening.

Green envelopes are stashed everywhere
overflowing with critical news.

Earth, don't run out on us.

Mine are a plain people with meek ambitions,
lemon pies, record players, dog-eared playing cards.

Earth, don't run out on us.

We spent our youths beating the money machines with our brows.
Browbeaten ourselves, we accept we're only two palms wide.

Earth, don't run out on us.
We've turned our empathy up, our heating down.

We love our thrift store mugs,
our birchbark shoes.

Manage to last for us a little while.

And then
a little while longer.