

## Wet Prayers

*By Ted Purcell*

Washing dishes to a Taize chant  
my open grief returns without notice,  
and tears lose their option of  
falling off on the inside, unseen.

Alone, or so I feel, I wonder  
what else cries in my community,  
hidden from sight by distance, or else  
too close to see.

Backyard grapevine, pruned severely  
with good intention, releases tears of  
clear sap into gravity's pull, like Gethsemane's  
eternal, redeeming wetness.

Weeping clouds with water of life  
soak the ground and leave some  
teardrops standing at attention on leaf and flower,  
spent, invested, awaiting Earth's  
grateful green returns.

I see out over the sink a muddy puddle  
cried into the driveway's dip, becoming  
drink for the thirsty robin.

Last night low thunder bellowed its bass line  
as heaven wept for me, cleared its throat, then  
fading the rumble, regained its composure  
and took its path into distant silence.

Whispering wind brushed the tall pines



in loving solidarity of lament  
with we who mourn, then lullaby  
to soothe my sleep.

My grievous error to think I cry alone,  
immersed in the gracious grief of nature  
where nothing is wasted, each drop savored  
and digested in thanksgiving.

Even the dishwater becomes a  
bubbly offering plate for the gifts  
my eyes must yield into a universe  
that mourns itself through God  
in whom all tears are one.

