

Doorway into Thanks

Mary Oliver has a lovely poem that frames praying as a doorway;

Praying

It doesn't have to be
the blue iris, it could be
weeds in a vacant lot, or a few
small stones: just
pay attention, then patch

a few words together and don't try
to make them elaborate, this isn't
a contest but the doorway

into thanks and a silence in which
another voice may speak.