

Velvet Bridge Prayer

Here is a poem from Czeslaw Milosz (translated by Robert Haas)

On Prayer

You ask me how to pray to someone who is not.
All I know is that prayer constructs a velvet bridge
And walking it we are aloft, as on a springboard,
Above landscapes the color of ripe gold
Transformed by a magic stopping of the sun.
That bridge leads to the shore of Reversal
Where everything is just the opposite and the word is
Unveils a meaning we hardly envisioned.
Notice: I say we; there, every one, separately,
Feels compassion for others entangled in the flesh
And knows that if there is no other shore
They will walk that aerial bridge all the same.

I love the image of prayer as “walking on a velvet bridge”. Use that image in whatever way suits you as you begin to think about, or form words, or simply rest in silence -- Even when “there seems to be no other shore” one can walk on this bridge anyway.