Ari Feld

Evening prayer

The survivor scraped
spattered wax into a tin
resting in the embers.
He cleaned a shoelace in three drops
of kerosene and poured the wax
into a champagne flute
fitted with the shoelace.
The sacrament trembled
and he explained. God is a pair of pliers,
an ear of dry corn, the squirrel
you are eating, the wire holding
our tent against a gale, this weak light,
a whetstone and your spit.
These are no idols. God is a potato
and a can of boiling water
and it has never been otherwise.
There is no god you cannot eat
or swing against an enemy.