



On Earth As It Is

2010

Prayer

Adam Robinson

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on earth as it is

prayer as story, story as prayer

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photo by matthew simmons

Prayer

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(What follows is a number of drafts for one single poem. The work in progress, "Prayer," takes shape and dilapidates in each version. Probably it will never be finished; or maybe it is finished in this format. Maybe the idea isn't supposed to come before the poem, or maybe the idea isn't supposed to be about an apple tree growing inside my stomach. But one thing is certain.)

I.

God,
nothing inspires fear in me like swallowing an apple seed. What if there are worms in the fruit that rises up from my belly? Worms freak me out.

But you know I love trees, God. Your creation is really magnificent.

There is a shadow of branches on my ceiling. They are lovely branches. Sometimes I wake up at night and look at them. Everyone contemplates infinity when they wake up at night. Everyone, I think. But what am I telling you this for? You're God. You already know.

God, when I'm old, how long will my beard be? Will I do important things? When will I die? Will it hurt? Are you happy, God? Do gay people make you sad? What's your take on 9/11? Have you ever heard of pluralism? Why is Bertrand Russell not a Christian?

II.

O most Holy God, nothing scares me like swallowing an apple seed. I fear that worms may infest the fruit that rises from my belly.

III.

God, nothing scares me like
an apple seed ingested;

What if worm infested fruit
from my belly
rises up?

Ick, worms.

God, sometimes at night I
lie awake and
think infinitely
About eternity. Everybody
does this—Lord
as you know—

At night.

IV.

Dear God,
There's so much I want to know. How do I pray? Can I say,

What's your take on 9/11,
Did my dog Thunder go to heaven?
Does the gay community make you sad,
Is the Iraq war good or bad?
Why was Russell not a Christian,
Could you fight that lion, Aslan?
God if you could redo one thing,
What would that thing that's redone bring?

Adam Robinson lives in Baltimore, where he runs Publishing Genius and play guitar in Sweatpants, a rock band. His first book, *Adam Robison and Other Poems*, was just released by Narrow House. He writes for HTMLGIANT, the Internet literature magazine blog of the future.

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