On Gathering

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On Gathering

*Bill Elgersma*

He said, the minister,
we gather the prayers to offer to you.
I think about gathering
in the Midwest.

In springtime,
new shoots, old sticks of last fall’s harvest.
we gather our prayers of promise,
of rebirth and weddings and plantings
and resurrection gathering.

When we gather summer prayers . . .
the clippings of our mind,
fresh-flower prayers
and ripe tomatoes,
pseudo farmers gathering
pseudo crops in town
amid gathered flies and cicadas
as crows gather above us.

In fall
we gather our prayers of your faithfulness
through covenant.
Harvest of children in schools and churches,
buildings full and crops in fields
washing green to brown
as sunlight fades.

The wind collects late
to move us to winter prayers,
that hardest of seasons in
the gathering of our years.
As we gather
around the manger again,
to collect our prayers of thanksgiving and praise,
we see you gather yourself,
and we bow.

Oh brightest and best of kings,
gathered to you, Alleluia.