

New Year Entry, Peabody Massachusetts  
for Julia and Colman

Do I hear my prayers?

Oh maker of the Toast and the jam,  
who are my confreres  
that knock the wind out from the next glimpse?

It's simply me in the terrycloth and cookie crumbs,  
my golden's wagging at the foreseeable future.

The page is fluttering,  
my heart is open.  
A minor second, o Lord,  
sealed but breathing deeply.

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