

## Prayer

summer city street sweat  
droplets falling to my forehead  
and Mac Miller telling me  
*everything will be alright*

while the subway station Evangelical  
with chaos on her breath  
interrupts

*Oh Jesus, Jesus, Jesus*  
between the notes

doors opening before me  
men lead with their shoulders  
like I'm not standing here  
*and you, you don't gotta work harder*

let another train go  
I'm headed local  
where seats will open up  
to me like buds