

## **The Prayer of the Mad Angler**

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I pray that the water in the heart of Buddha might enter  
the bedrooms of politicians and sweep them out their doors,  
into the drainage ditches we have dug behind their houses.

I pray that the water in the heart of Jesus might wash away the sins of  
fools who erect dams, channel rivers, build levies and create false cataracts in the lobbies  
of hotels.

I pray for eddies, backwaters, the slow places where current cannot find its way,  
and I pray for shallow riffles where gravel on the bottom churns up new words  
constantly, the river a book spoken in all kinds of weather.

I pray to the god of feeder creeks and the gods of seeps, and the smaller gods  
of individual drops of dew slipping each morning into the river.

I pray that I might go to the river and lie down, that I might open my mouth and feel  
the heaven of a thousand cubic per second cleanse me like a sluice.

I pray that the road into the secret places might disappear, that I might one day  
Enter the river and vanish into the silver reflection of the sky.