

Dharma Blackbird

By Thomas Alan Orr

You have seduced me, Lord, and I am seduced (Jeremiah 20:7)
 Carthusian Affirmation

On the world's windowsill,
 leeward from the rain,
 an iridescent blackbird
 peers through the glass.

Her cowl is wet,
 the wings of her chasuble
 glittering. Her gaze
 convicts the casual glance.

Take out the trash, she says,
 and plant some flowers too,
 and if that tractor rusting
 in the yard ever starts again,

do not confuse action
 with completion, or desire
 with the will to freedom
 in this place of shadows, no,

saying yes to the impulse
 to pray without ceasing
 when rain slides off her wings
 into that abyss of light,

Thomas Alan Orr has been an advocate for low-income workers for the past thirty years. His first book of poems, *Hammers in the Fog*, was published by Restoration Press. His poetry has been featured in *Good Poems*, edited by Garrison Keillor, and other anthologies. He was recently invited to participate in the Indiana Humanities Council *Food for Thought* project, which features original work by Hoosier poets painted on barns.



Thomas Alan Orr

and fingers press
the windowpane,
almost touching her
before she disappears,

a rush of wings in flight
alone to the Alone,
the very way,
beyond the glass.