

RISHMA DUNLOP

## Psalm

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In the city where I live  
A man is arrested for abducting and  
Butchering a ten-year-old girl.

Tonight it rains and I walk  
On streets that reek  
Of rust and pitch.

Petitions to any god are uncertain.  
The sky is spread with vast wings of lead.  
No oracular assurance from the pulpits.

Still I pray  
Words coming like blood on the mouth.  
That the sweet taste be taken from the violent thought  
That in the birdless hours  
The mother and father of the twelve-year-old girl  
Will be granted dreamless sleep  
That the lachrymal salt of this rain  
Will become original milk.