Prayer for My Son

Elaine Feinstein

*Deuteronomy 28:15-68*

Most things I worry over never happen,

but this, disguised in embarrassment,

turned risky in a day. Two years ago,

from the furthest edge of a blue sky,

an illness snatched his livelihood away.

Justice, Lord? How is this just? I

muttered, as if every generation must

learn the lesson again: there is

no special privilege protecting us.

He lay across his futon, white and thin

--the QEH sold out, his dep chosen—

in double torment. No one could comfort him.

I would have kissed the feet

of any holy man—as Shumanite

woman did—to have the Lord relent.

But what since the miracle of his recovery?

Petty angers, like a girlish sulk. Forgive

me such ingratitude. Let him only live

with grace, unthreatened, on the sound of his flute

—and I’ll stop clamouring for sweeter fruit.