

**“Things to Do in the Belly of the Whale,” Dan Albergotti**

Measure the walls. Count the ribs. Notch the long days.  
Look up for blue sky through the spout. Make small fires  
with the broken hulls of fishing boats. Practice smoke signals.  
Call old friends, and listen for echoes of distant voices.  
Organize your calendar. Dream of the beach. Look each way  
for the dim glow of light. Work on your reports. Review  
each of your life’s ten million choices. Endure moments  
of self-loathing. Find the evidence of those before you.  
Destroy it. Try to be very quiet, and listen for the sound  
of gears and moving water. Listen for the sound of your heart.  
Be thankful that you are here, swallowed with all hope,  
where you can rest and wait. Be nostalgic. Think of all  
the things you did and could have done. Remember  
treading water in the center of the still night sea, your toes  
pointing again and again down, down into the black depths.

**“Canal Bank Walk,” Patrick Kavanagh**

Leafy-with-love banks and the green waters of the canal  
Pouring redemption for me, that I do  
The will of God, wallow in the habitual, the banal,  
Grow with nature again as before I grew.  
The bright stick trapped, the breeze adding a third  
Party to the couple kissing on an old seat,  
And a bird gathering materials for the nest for the Word  
Eloquently new and abandoned to its delirious beat.  
O unworn world enrapture me, encapture me in a web  
Of fabulous grass and eternal voices by a beech,  
Feed the gaping need of my senses, give me ad lib  
To pray unselfconsciously with overflowing speech  
For this soul needs to be honoured with a new dress woven  
From green and blue things and arguments that cannot be proven.

**“Dawn Revisited,” Rita Dove**

Imagine you wake up  
with a second chance: The blue jay  
hawks his pretty wares  
and the oak still stands, spreading  
glorious shade. If you don't look back,

the future never happens.  
How good to rise in sunlight,  
in the prodigal smell of biscuits -  
eggs and sausage on the grill.  
The whole sky is yours

to write on, blown open  
to a blank page. Come on,  
shake a leg! You'll never know  
who's down there, frying those eggs,  
if you don't get up and see.

**“The Weather in Space,” Tracy K. Smith**

Is God being or pure force? The wind  
  
Or what commands it? When our lives slow  
  
And we can hold all that we love, it sprawls  
  
In our laps like a gangly doll. When the storm  
  
Kicks up and nothing is ours, we go chasing  
  
After all we're certain to lose, so alive—  
  
Faces radiant with panic.

**Prayer for the Sick, *Book of Common Prayer*, p. 461**

This is another day, O Lord. I know not what it will bring forth, but make me ready, Lord, for whatever it may be. If I am to stand up, help me to stand bravely. If I am to sit still, help me to sit quietly. If I am to lie low, help me to do it patiently. And if I am to do nothing, let me do it gallantly. Make these words more than words, and give me the Spirit of Jesus. Amen.