Let my words

become a sieve that sifts the soil, prepares
    it for the seed, the sower; let them be
    an inn with fire and food and company
for tired travelers on their way; a stair,

even a single step, by which you climb
    down, drawing near to whisper, *Do not fear*;
    a darkling thrush whose hallowed song cuts clear
across the bleak expanse of hollowed time

where water never turns to wine. Lord, take
    these jars and speak again, transfiguring
my words to wine that only you can make,
    something divine, a holy offering—

that wild and weary, lost and longing hearts
would taste the Word, revive, and play their parts.

— *after Micheal O'Siadhail*

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