

## Justin Solonynka "Prayer"

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She walks through white-walled streets  
Gloved hands and blistered feet  
She tries to see the day a little clearer  
She tries to hold it all a little dearer

Writing letters, can't use pencil or pen  
Colored crayons will have to do then  
Hiding something, hiding from us  
Or maybe from herself

Who's afraid of the big bad god  
The wretched wretches cry  
I'll take a step, then I'll take two back  
And there but for me go I

Memory hits like shooting shrapnel  
It cuts her arms up, cuts her self up  
There's this need to be less than there is  
This was a closing up

And all in awe it's all in all  
A dream 'tween black and black  
A game of chess that no one plays  
Goes on behind our backs

This is not her life.

Shards of thoughts and hopes and dreams  
She throws them to the air  
She makes the best of her living life  
Hoping someone will hear her prayer

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