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## The Eclectic Rigors of My Spiritual Practice

Susannah W. Simpson

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# The Eclectic Rigors of My Spiritual Practice

by Susannah W. Simpson

Just as a redbird flashes  
across my path, I long  
for an epiphany.  
One that erases my nagging  
suspicion of chaos  
as reigning supreme.  
I'd like a favor from faith;  
fiery baptism into an explanation—  
a eureka! Even I can laugh at a joke  
well told. I search for an arcane  
code to follow—carved tablets  
to honor—liturgy to memorize,  
even argue with—or just one  
believable, luminous being—like  
the diamond solitaire of Venus  
suspended off the tip of a crescent  
moon—*something* to send a prayer to.  
Transported by the swell  
of a Puccini aria; uplifted  
by the communion of kindness  
between strangers  
or stranger still—spouses,  
I worship morning birds  
in the larch and the didactic  
loyalty of our dogs.  
On an ordinary evening—  
a book falls off the shelf,  
bookmark in place—  
I rush over to see  
what sign is sent.

