

Forgotten Prayer

He and I prayed in the rain,
as we walked, we agreed and touched hands.
Making a Holy covenant;
pouting, stammering and out-loud praying,
while stepping in water-pools left by the rain,
on the gray asphalt, almost blue
to our place of living, our abode.
We thought our God heard us both
about our cellies and continuing woes!
Some months later, already gone,
after many introductions, and new songs,
and new mates in our rooms.
We sat on wet, grey benches,
on a foggy day sitting in our wet pants.
I rose up, and him I asked:
Do you remember?
"What?" he quipped, "Remember?"
Yes, the "Prayer" I shouted.
A puzzled look betrayed the mask he wore,
and the "Forgotten Prayer".
The words we believed and uttered:
Have we forgotten God? I thought.
But the answer to our prayer,
was faithful by the giver of all.
We both had new cellies and all.
That's how I know, that God heard us;
after all it really was our prayer.
Though I haven't forgotten God,
I had forgotten too our prayer to God!