The connection between poetry and prayer has often been mentioned, preparing us for this week’s poem by a veteran poet and long-time Maine resident, Nancy Henry.

From the Toy Box
by Nancy Henry

God
they sent me to tell you
none of us can help it.
Can’t operate correctly,
can’t fly, won’t wind up,
can’t even make a start
for the tops of those clouds.
So many pieces melted,
bent, skewed, pocked,
utterly undermined with rust.

What we want to know:
when this ends,
how will you decide
which ones of us
are most broken,
how will you choose
which ones of us
to throw away?

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