

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Prayer to Ishtar

By Jennifer Barber

Something is wrong.
It's hard to sleep, harder to wake.

What was strong in me is weak.

My heart races at odd times.

Summer is over, the loud
trilling at nightfall in the trees.

My field lies fallow.

Silence pours over my house.

O Lady, what lapse of mine
caused this gloom?

Relight my brazier gone cold.

Ease my anguish—I know you can.