Studio One

Volume 39

Article 26

2014

Prayer Wheels Spin

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Recommended Citation

Sapp, David (2014) "Prayer Wheels Spin," *Studio One*: Vol. 39, 30. Available at: https://digitalcommons.csbsju.edu/studio_one/vol39/iss1/26

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Prayer Wheels Spin

Prayer wheels spin, spin, spin, spin in the thin Himalayan air; rosary beads rattle in a dim cathedral nave, in lined, weathered hands, clack, clack, clack; the rug to Mecca unrolls, sacred road paved again and again and again.

The devout shuffle in a fog of vaporous incense, round, round, round mute, painted stone, inert prophets and saints; holy men draped in splendid, embroidered vestments, douse bowed heads, blessed, blessed, blessed, and light candle after candle, flame after flame after vapid flame.

The pious wearily, relentlessly chant, chant, obsessively chant from scroll and scripture pages, turning, turning, turning, endlessly chant over the *maya* the many things, measure, tabulated, computed, bisected, analyzed, canonized into exquisite ritual.

And still and still and still And still there is *dukkha*and still birth and death sup in our kitchen and sit on our porch, rocking, rocking, rocking, rocking, back and forth, back and forth.

> -David Sapp Huron, Ohio