

Prayer

How I do pray
to play you,
press your keys pianissimo,
fingertips dancing across your face,
pausing here,
there,
on your high notes
and in the hollows of your lows,
your light keys and dark thoughts,
lips quivering as the air blows past
to play the silk of your sax.

Legato, adagio
along the curves of your spine,
the notes fall
as rose petals,
the cymbals and castanets
auspices of an andante over
the slope of your hips,
your heart and breathing allegretto.
Your plum ripe,
its nectar brimming to bursting,
as the strings
await their plucking, strumming,
to turn your sighs from allegretto
to allegro, forte, fortissimo,
the soaring aria of your soul so high
even God hears my prayer.

Mani Suri

Mani Suri is a veteran of the Poetic License crowd in L.A. Poet Daniel Yaryan said, "Mani is known for crafting images out of thin air and exposing a new perspective on every subject he approaches." He is the author of two chapbooks, *Poetry My Wife Hates and the Mistresses I Could Have Had Would Have Loved* and *Reflection: More Poetry My Wife Hates or the Mistresses I'll Never Have Who Might Have Loved It*, and has poems published in several anthologies, online and in print. Mani has read and featured at various venues around Southern California, London's Paddington and Austin's International Poetry Festivals. He co-hosts a weekly reading at the Rapp Saloon in Santa Monica.

