

shape of a prayer
Tristan Robert Lange

they stood there
still and swaying,
hair brightly glowing—
floating upward—
hot cotton-ball-white,
clouds covered their
thunderclap face—
eyeballs of electric-
blue light enveloped
voids of LED glow.
an alabaster crevice
separated two stern,
leviathan-ash lips.
their vestments white-
smoldering smoke,
their collar—stole—
the deepest obsidian.
arms stretched outward to each side, forming the cross-section
of a roman cross, the patibulum humanum, the weight of pain
put on them like hot-cruciform irons coaling their weary eyes.
yet instead of searing screams, backwards prayers uttered
become the clue that something was different, something was
changed—nay—i am
the one who changed.
they started with amen,
the prayer an answer,
never a pathetic petition.
i realized they stood not,
but hung hopefully happy—
inverted—peering deep
into irony's reflection.

Poet's Note:

A shape/concrete poem for *Scorched Sunday*. A part of my *Scorched Strays* series. Today, I am the scorched stray on display. But what happens when one realizes they enjoy the flames?

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