

Karl Plank

DOXOLOGY

*from whom all blessings flow*  
like warmed blood  
falling through rubber tubes  
to find channels in rivulets  
of the veins, of the vanity  
of *creatures here below*  
who did not hear ice calve  
in the faraway and think of hearts  
breaking apart and the seep of sorrow  
that leaves bodies cold, in need  
of this dripping grace even to whisper  
*Praise God.*

--Published in *Quiet Diamonds* (Orchard Street Press, 2023): 31