



**seeking:**  
honest questions  
for deeper faith

# poetry prayers

FOR LENT-EASTER: YEAR A

Written by Rev. Sarah (Are) Speed

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There are a number of ways to utilize poetry in your ministry. You might print and distribute these poems to members in your community, or read them aloud to open and close study sessions. In worship, you could offer a poem as an opening reflection, a meditation during the sermon, a moment of reflection after the sermon, or as a written prayer printed in the bulletin. However you utilize these poems, please include credit as follows: Prayer by Rev. Sarah Speed | A Sanctified Art LLC | sanctifiedart.org

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ASH WEDNESDAY

**seeking:** *Is this the fast that I choose?*

## at the start

Is this the fast I choose?

Will I wake with the sun each morning?

Will I start with *thank you*?

Will I peel back the cage around my frame to let you in  
or will I get too busy? Will my Bible collect dust on the shelf,  
along with my journal, along with my sense of self,  
or will I roll back the stone and wade in?

Every new season beckons something of us—  
attention, beauty, the chance to create.

This season is no different.

So, like moths to the light, will we find our way toward God,  
or will we hover, circling fake suns?

I am seeking something deeper.

I am kicking off my shoes.

I am starting this season on holy ground.



THE SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT

**seeking:** *How do we begin again?*

## how do we begin again?

Do we slide into something new?

Do we make a formal announcement? *Dearest reader,*  
*I have decided to begin again.* Do we turn gradually, a gentle yield  
in a new direction; or like a wave,  
do we crash onto the shore of a new day?

Do we grieve the change? Are there breadcrumbs on the path?

Will Nicodemus be there?

Will it ever be easy?

I'm not sure exactly how we begin again,  
but I know that moths wrap themselves in silk,  
and after quite some time,  
after many long nights,  
after days spent alone,  
they break out of their shell.  
They pull themselves out under open sky,  
and they spend the rest of their days chasing the light.

Maybe it's always that way with beginnings.

Maybe it feels like the protective layer falling away.

Maybe we have to go it alone at first.

Maybe it feels like pulling and dragging yourself into something new.

Maybe there's always open sky at the other end.

