

JOSHUA MCGUIRE

PRAYER ON A LINE FROM KRISHNAMURTI

The sun went down behind us—
excessive, sidelong, cool.
I stood in the sand behind my son
and watched him watch the darkening
Atlantic. The waves kept him
from noticing me as I tilted my phone
to take the picture.

He gazes out at the sea,
his cowlick drawn on blue winds,
and he is unfazed
by whatever infinities I think
such water must imply.

It was a good photograph
until I took it.

Then, on the screen,
I could see my shadow
thrown against his thin back.

Never let my shadow
touch him. Please, never let
his having known me mar
his easy talent for
peace. Let my impatience
and cowardice and rage
stay behind him. Hide them.

Never let my shadow
touch him. Please, don't let him
look over his shoulder.
Let him look at the sea,
and yes, let me see—but
never capture. *Beauty is
wherever I am not.*