



small f faith

he asked if he could pray for me. i have never believed in God but i said yes anyway. having no Faith does not mean i don't have faith. i have faith in:

the pen ink's shine on the paper in the cold gray kitchen light
the silver ring with the mountains and stars on it so i can see so far away

the opening chords of my favorite songs, always the same. i count on their familiarity
the sounds of my new ideas being realized, clacking the keys of f and shift f

whispering with friends in my bed at night, all of us tired, none of us sleepy
the nights when the alcohol hits in perfectly the right way and we can dance

pulling the bowstring back and loosing the carbon, losing the carbon in the grass
pulling the bow over the strings of the violin, childlike joy, schindler's list

the joyful sweetness of chocolate pralines shaped as seashells on the beach
the curative powers of peach iced tea on a hot summer's day

the garden in the house i grew up in. i will be buried there, if only spiritually
my memories. she will never, could never, leave me as long as i have those

confessing my sins to him, in near full, knowing not hoping he won't forsake me
a never-too-distant smile. i will see it and i will be somebody to someone one day

—Quinn Collins

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