

I'm a little tired of quiet prayer  
Of polite and correct language,  
Of appropriate gesture and form  
and whatever else you think you must put forth to invoke  
or to praise me.

Instead pray dangerously –  
wantonly, lustily, passionately.  
Use every ounce of your strength and  
storm the gates of heaven.

Pray dangerously.  
Throw yourselves from the top of the tower,  
risk a descent to the darkest region of the abyss,  
put your head in the lion's mouth  
and direct your feet to the entrance of the dragon's cave.

(She said this.)

Pray dangerously.  
Ask for nothing less than to be ravaged.  
Nothing less than complete annihilation in the  
Fires of Love.

Do not pray in holy half-measures nor walk  
the middle path  
for too long,  
but pray madly, foolishly, ecstatically,  
let yourselves be overwhelmed, undone, and dismembered...and gladly.

Pray dangerously — hot prayer, wet prayer, fierce prayer,  
fiery prayer, improper prayer,  
exuberant prayer, drunken and completely unrealistic prayer.

Say Yes, again and again and again.  
and Yes again.

Because yes is the most dangerous of prayers.

Please pray dangerously.  
Please say yes.

- adaptation by Sheila Petrucelli

Deliver us, O Truth, O Love, from quiet prayer  
from polite and politically correct language,  
from appropriate gesture and form  
and whatever else we think we must put forth to invoke  
or to praise You.

Let us instead pray dangerously –  
wantonly, lustily, passionately.  
Let us demand with every ounce of our strength,  
let us storm the gates of heaven, let us shake up ourselves  
and our plaster saints from the sleep of years.

Let us pray dangerously.  
Let us throw ourselves from the top of the tower,  
let us risk a descent to the darkest region of the abyss,  
let us put our head in the lion's mouth  
and direct our feet to the entrance of the dragon's cave.

Let us pray dangerously.  
Let us not hold back a little portion,  
dealing out our lives—our precious minutes and our energies—like some  
efficient accountant.  
Let us rather pray dangerously — unsafe, profligate, wasteful!

Let us ask for nothing less than the Infinite to ravage us.  
Let us ask for nothing less than annihilation in the  
Fires of Love.

Let us not pray in holy half-measures nor walk  
the middle path  
for too long,  
but pray madly, foolishly.  
Let us be too ecstatic,  
let us be too overwhelmed with sorrow and remorse,  
let us be undone, and dismembered...and gladly.

Left to our own devices, ah what structures of deceit  
we have created;  
what battlements erected, what labyrinths woven,  
what traps set for ourselves, and then  
fallen into. Enough.

Let us pray dangerously — hot prayer, wet prayer, fierce prayer,  
fiery prayer, improper prayer,

**exuberant prayer, drunken and completely unrealistic prayer.**

**Let us say Yes, again and again and again.  
and Yes some more.**

**Let us pray dangerously,**

**the most dangerous prayer is YES.**

**- original by Regina Sara Ryan**