

My Prayer, This Day

*Take my hand, Lord, and lead me from this place.
Touch my heart. I need your warm embrace
Whisper soft, Lord, the words I need to hear
That I may pass their comfort to ones I hold so dear*

*I am lost, Lord, and I cannot see my way
I stumble, falter and I fall almost every day
The madding crowd surrounds me and I slowly sink
Into eddied maelstroms of despair, oily, dark as ink*

*Mankind's ego now holds status once reserved for gods
Truth, morality, and justice now face dreadful odds
As do faith and honesty, and love with no conditions
Sins now seem inconsequent, nor by deeds nor by omissions*

*In velvet robes of justice masquerades reprisal
Revenge falsely flaunts a birthright-gowned comprisal
As perceived entitlements do greed and excess dress
Pressed into service to further the edged-out yet oppress*

*It's as though the ship I'm on sails without a rudder
The waves just break fore and aft, now a-shiver, now a-shudder
The deck's a-pitch, the seas roll in, the rigging shrieks in protest
All seems broken, all seems lost, all by doom seems forecast*

*Bate the storm, I beg You, calm the gales, still the roiling water
Though I can but humbly ask; I am the clay, You, the Potter
Your will I call for every day in the prayer You taught us
And so fully trust do I the eternity You've wrought us*

*And so I'll do as best I can to share my loaves and fishes.
'Tis but a pittance, though, sadly short of my deepest wishes
For the hungry and the cold, the enslaved and persecuted
The homeless and the ill, the trafficked and the prostituted*

*So pray take my hand, Lord, but not just mine alone
Touch hearts as You will, Lord, from Your kingly throne
Saints or sinners, fair or foul, oppressed or oppressing,
By Your will, and Yours alone, will they know Your blessing*