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My Prayers

Bob De Smith
Dordt College, bob.desmith@dordt.edu

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My Prayers

Robert J. De Smith

My prayers must sound faint and tinny,
Like a voice over one of those
Long speaking tubes that snaked through
Old factories,
Connecting Mr. Jones in packing
With his supervisor—
Before e-mail let any peon
Fire off a five-year plan
To unsuspecting management.

No, I must sound very far way—
“Speak up, son! What’s that?”
They are faint cries for help:
Lord, may she not get the fever,
Lord, may I bend him without breaking,
Lord, let what I said be not taken wrong,
Lord, change her—overnight, if possible,
Lord, let her sleep.

Lord, lord.

The wonder is that the apparatus works at all.

Lord, finish what you have started.