

Not a Prayer, But a Pronouncement – Sheth LaRue

May God bless you with discomfort and agony
when you confirm the morning's bank deposit,
remembering the hands that touched the offering plate.

May God bless you with sleeplessness and exhaustion
as you work your day off to memorialize
the elder who first called you to that pulpit.

May God bless you with anxiety and distress
in the fellowship hall, as you're surrounded
by senile widows and sticky orphans and fuming alcoholics.

May God bless you with injustice and discrimination
and oppression and wrongdoing,
like "they" have so often experienced.

May God bless you with heartache and heartbreak
late at night when you hold that still,
uncrying baby in the cold, gray hospital.

And, at day's end, may you be powerless and nothingness,
wearily crumpling into the arms
of your awaiting Lover –
where you find peace.