

"Prayer" by George Ella Lyon

Our Mother Who Art
in the kitchen
cooking us up
hallowed may we see
all that is
Your kingdom here
delivered into our hands
Your will in children
and trees leaping out
on earth
as if it were Heaven.

Give us this day
bread we could feed
the world
and snatch us bald-headed
if we try to swallow it all.

Don't forgive us
till we learn it is all for giving.
That salve you've got in a pot
on the back of the stove
only heals when everybody has some.

And heed us not
if we believe You look like us
and love us best
and gave us the True Truth
with a license to kill Others
writ inside.
Deliver us from this evil.

for it is Yours,
this kitchen we call Universe
where you stir up our favorite treat,
the Milky Way,
folding deep into sweet
our little sphere
with its powerful glory
of rainforests and oceans and mountains in feather-boa mist
forever
if we don't blow it up
and ever
if we don't tear it down

Amen
(Ah women
Ah children
Ah reckon She's about fed up.
We better make room at the table
for everybody
before She yells - OUT!
and turns our table over,
before She calls it off
this banquet we've been hoarding
this paradise
we aim to save
with bombs.)