

THE UNWELCOME VISITOR PRAYER

Lord, lift me up,
for Thomas is in town.
I doubt he'll stay for long,
but on this day of little coping,
with the din of dishes clattering,
feet shuffling, tripping on thick air,
I shut my eyes and hope
for tears; they fail
and so I crunch
my eyelids,
settling
for the tears
I feel
down
deep.

Lord, I'm tired of playacting
like everything is
"Fine, and how are you?"
I haven't got the strength
to let my friends feel
like they're helping
when they want to poke
and
dissect
every
word.

Lord, lift me up,
just when I think I'll cave in,
you return to remind me
that my journey's just begun.
And the road that lies before me
may be rutted and forsaken
but your Light will shine
and show me
your sweet Grace
upon my way.

Lord, guide me to the bus station
to send Thomas on his way
for his journey
and mine
aren't
the
same.