

"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.)