

Prayer for a Weekday

Walk with me, O Lord, and stand beside me
When air-conditioned hallways guide my way
To meetings, sessions, coffee, calls, and lunch,
Where sophisticated talk persuades the mind
And the gentle, relentless press of minds and mouths
Shapes at me, like fingers molding clay,
And touches tender spots: Fit in. Belong.
Agree. Look good. Be taken seriously!
Touch me, then, Lord. Nudge my arm,
That I may remember, turn my head
And see you there—my true friend,
Accepting me unaffected, unadorned, unprepared.
Then wait with me, Lord. Don't go.
Perhaps this time I'll introduce you.

Bob Smith, 1979