

Lord's Player*

Often times, I am stuck sitting
For hours and hours on end
In between meetings
On which the day's success depends.

Some odd spot, no amenities.
Maybe a coffee
In a parking lot
Descending to serenity.

This ridiculous pilgrimage
Not between temples dark.
More like an amusement park where
Madcap harlequins pillage plots.

She asks, "How did it go today?"
"Oh, fine... bad... okay."
The best part, I can't really say,
Was spent in the Lord's field- at play.

*from the title "At Play in the Fields of the Lord"- Peter Mathiessen

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