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A Prayer of Sorts

In a perfect world you would settle the business
with a great flood, where floods could reach,
fire where there was sufficient wood.
Plagues of scorpions for the high desert.

The idea is to be quick. *Coda. Finis.*
You don't want the suffering to go on
and on. Do you. You look down
on this wingless thing you made

growing more distant each day
so it hardly seems like yours anymore.
I'm here to bring you the news:
we walk around on two feet now,

making important decisions,
crapping in the commons, taking
our gullible friends by the ear
because we've discovered it's so easy

to be cruel, and few of the onlookers
have the guts to step between
true malice and its object.
We take turns at the game – it only

seems fair. One day we face the music,
next the absent chair. Still,
you don't even bring yourself
to raise a finger against us very often.

You don't really have a scrutable will,
do you. We've known that for ages
but we keep trying to suss one out.
Are you bored? Forgetful? Do you find

it tedious to remain faithful
to your primeval plan? I would think
so – your nature, ours ... "made in his image,"
(as we like to believe). Are you really

such a journeyman? Or was the mold
cracked, the armature bent, no fault

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of your own (as you like to proclaim,
which, in a sense, doesn't make sense).

Could there be a clue in it, an acrostic
stitched shrewdly in the lining? All
the local pundits are busy surmising,
the rest of us wondering which pole

will prevail – genius or understanding,
the latter having fallen out of favor
these days, despite that in the mirror
of private reflection, or the Petri dish

of abominable intimacies it's all
we pray or beg for. Clearly I'm beating
around the bush here. You can see that
in lines 1 – 5 I tried to be more direct,

without exactly *telling* you what to do.
I know that's not the way to get
what you want. What *one* wants. (Right again.)
We. But I also didn't think you'd take it

too seriously, that prayer of sorts.
Don't get me wrong – I like the *place* –
it's the people I can't stand.
(Ha ha. Who said that? I did. *Okay*.)

But you seem to have known what
you're doing, and besides it's not
a perfect world. But I repeat myself
without making myself clearer.

Viz: There's a box of notions on my desk.
(There actually is.) It's gray plastic
with cards inside, and ideas in phrases
written on the cards, or just words, like music,

but themeless. Like our brains must seem
to you, I figure. The point is: a lot of the cards
are blank... But it's no use asking you for favors,
such as, Could you put a few more in there

with better ideas? So I revert. *Da capo*.

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[stanza break]

Well, I hope you get my letter. I've been wanting
to talk with you about this for a while.
And if you're not there, that's okay too.
(I've always wanted to believe that.)