

Pry Me off Dead Center

O persistent God
deliver me from assuming your mercy is gentle.

Pressure me that I may grow more human
not through the lessening of my struggles
but through an expansion of them
that will undamn me
and unbury my gifts.

Deepen my hurt
until I learn to share it
and myself
openly
and my needs honestly.

Sharpen my fears
until I name them
and release the power I have locked in them
and they in me.

Accentuate my confusion
until I shed those grandiose expectations
that divert me from the small glad gifts
of the now and the here and the me.

Expose my shame where it shivers
crouched behind the curtains of propriety
until I can laugh at last
through my common frailties and failures
laugh my way toward becoming whole.

Deliver me
from just going through the motions
and wasting everything I have
which is today
 a chance
 a choice
 my creativity
 your call.

O persistent God
let how much it all matters
pry me off dead center
so if I am moved inside
to tears
 or sighs
 or screams
 or smiles
 or dreams
they will be real and I will be in touch with who I am
and who you are
and who my sisters and brothers are.