

THE GO-BETWEEN

Dear Lord, my closest friend
is stumbling. My words, designed
to keep her on her feet,
have only angered her.

Dear Lord, her hand slipped out
of yours; I know she doesn't mean
to disobey. Her busy thoughts
are occupied with thingfulness,

and thankfulness is clouded.
She doesn't realize she's lost
her shoe and dropped her map,
direction sense awry.

She says her luck is bad,
but she'll find her own answers.
She needs unfailing guidance now.
Please be her compass, Lord, I pray.

--Glenna Holloway