



# **The Art of Media and Worship**

MW 5103



They startle me—  
those stubborn  
green shoots  
of hope.  
Emerging from  
hardened ground.  
Signs spring is coming  
despite  
shadow  
predictions.



## The Apology

I'm sorry.

I'm sorry that the dream has become a waking nightmare.

I'm sorry that we do not change.

I'm sorry for the pain I see in your face—the exhausted fear in your eyes

I repent and yet

To repent means to turn and head the other direction.

But I am immersed in the privilege.

No matter which way I walk,

I seem to walk toward it, whether I want to or not.

I'm sorry that even when I stop on the road to help  
I sometimes end up injuring you more than the robbers.

I'm sorry.

Selfishly, I mourn for myself and for my nation  
What would we be if we had truly picked up our cross—  
followed Jesus together,  
instead of handing you our cross to bear?

I don't know.

But I'm sorry.



## Ode to the Coleman Stove

Though you enlisted with the fine china,  
you have proved a more faithful soldier.  
At boot camp, your reveille of fried bacon and eggs  
coaxed me out of the warm sleeping bag  
into the crisp morning air.

You served two newlywed recruits,  
together completing maneuvers: spaghetti and chili.  
Steam rose from the boiling water as we shared KP duty.

As our squad began to grow, promotion.

A sergeant training our three new recruits.

Small hands stirred the broccoli cheese rice—  
a must-have pairing with our grilled pork chops.

When the troops returned exhausted after successfully battling foes at the lake,  
you valiantly fed the garrison piles of fried fish, tater tots, and fried okra.

Then, the unfortunate friendly fire incident.

Your flames jumped high, singeing skin.

At the field hospital, the medic repaired your generator.

Now you are back with us- the two veterans you've served with for 30 years—  
the other recruits leaving for different duty stations.

Your camp breakfasts beckon me from the bed in our fifth wheel.

We've gone soft in retirement.

Not you. You remain on active duty.

Fish fries for two, chili for hot dogs.

And of course, fried bacon and eggs.

Thank you for your service.



## Asleep in a Car

I lie in the backseat, pretending to be asleep  
Trying to make myself as small as possible  
On my half of the blue, sticky vinyl  
Hard-edged voices  
Both assured of the correctness of their position  
Hands over my ears  
Feeling the tires attack the potholes,  
Heaviness in my chest from the muffled screaming  
As the volume rises in the hazy, smoke-filled air  
Neither side hears the pain behind each other's words  
I imagine what I would say to help them understand  
As I lie in the back seat with my eyes closed  
But I am a child,  
So, I pretend to be asleep  
In a car  
As it hurtles down the road.