

Prayer from a motel lobby in Topeka

by [Sally Witt, CSJ](#) in the [June 30, 2021](#) issue

It's early Friday.

Drivers rush east and west along route 470
while some of us are caught
at screens of activity in our motel lobby.

We carry out our rituals of beginning day,
while You, in the thick of massive inattention,
continue turning earth
within the sun's sphere.

You do this in spite of lack of interest
and soundlessly,
knowing, just as we do from the chatty broadcasts,
that clouds are set for rain today.

Still, You sprinkle gold among them.
You let it touch our eyes
and drip into our hearts
even if we never notice.

I only write this now because
this moment, outside the motel window,
I caught you stitching color
into heavy clouds,

and the thrill of finding light
interspersed with storm
set my hand to break
its morning silence.