

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.