

Untitled Prayer #5786 March 10, 2026

Victim or villain, I can't be both. I don't even mind if I'm no victor.

All I want is to just be.

Whether I fulfill 16 or 613 commandments,

it's like betting against the house and wonder why I don't just walk away.

Yet every morning dutifully I swallow Marx's mass opiate, trying to have hope.

I guess that You're as weary of humanity as me.

If I threw away everything, I might have more time on my hands

but not necessarily more meaning or money so I hope for a better result

With every "amen", every bow, every fast.

You know I'm tired as the rest of us, some doing everything, others nothing

and history doesn't show me any better for it.

Blasphemer, hypocrite, doubter, unbeliever, infidel, heretic, maybe I'm all or none.

That's for You to say though I haven't received any clue when I've asked You

for daily living much less avoiding the madness that sometimes comes from faith.

How about it? Maybe I'm not supposed to ask or wait for signs.

But budding trees sometimes aren't enough in the larger scheme.

As for what others say, who cares? They don't know my soul.

As You can tell, I've struggled like others through work, love, and prayer.

Whether it's my music and poetry or my practice, I repeat mistakes

seemingly not breaking cycles, not repairing wounds in my own life

much less generations ago or around me.

I've been trying to renegotiate with You to the best of my ability

To save my mental health or at least say no.

Otherwise if I quit altogether my slice of the universe might crumble.

Maybe I should let it no matter my possible damnation

and see if a dandelion grows through the cracks.

At least it would bring a child or puppy a smile all bright and shiny in the sun.

Punish or reward me for my bluntness.

Talk to me like Job. I try to hold on but I've been waiting.

Reward me or sentence me, strike me but please don't ignore my pleas.

At least, I'm not a faker, I'm doing my best trying not to create my own trials.

There's no way for me to know if I passed Yours having been burnt by mine.