



On Earth As It Is

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2011

## Grace

Brooks Sterritt

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# on earth as it is

*prayer as story, story as prayer*

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*photo by matthew simmons*

## *Grace*

*Brooks Sterritt*

At the table, ready to eat. I hope they don't ask me to bless the food. They do. "Be present at our table..." Nervous. Can they hear doubt in my voice? Everpresent, effervescent Lord, we beseech thee to pencil us in for a brief moment of conscience-assuagement and dietary protection. "...be here and everywhere adored..." How great thou art: here, there, and everywhere, hence it should be effortless to come down, enter into my consciousness for a yoctosecond. You could be a goon in a room watching a neverending tickertape with many neverclosing eyes, möbius strips of information snaking through a mind containing all space-time. "...these mercies bless..." Bore us. Ouroboros. In his ineffable name, amen. Crystal ship, uplift. I amuse myself but what if I'm damned, the joke's on me. I don't care about my neighbor or the routines of the creatures of the sea beneath me. "...grant that we..." Why would a demiurge or demiurge+1 be concerned whether the King of Norway sits down to piss? Oh God I am afraid—don't say that. Shit, blaspheming again don't curse in your head during the direct link to the red phone white alabaster cloud buttresses flowing robes patriarchy let's make a deal. Eat this. "...may dwell in paradise..." Elevate me to amoeba. I meant metal to plastic to pure energy. People praying to Her/Him right now number 832,718,443. Worldwide, 136,355 are considered devout. Roughly 3 billion are asleep, 600,000,000 are directing their attention inward, trying not to think, trying not to try, not trying (because that would screw it all up). Buddhists are going to be A-OK. On Earth, 48 people have his ear, have a direct line, in fact they never really stop talking, walking with him like Enoch. "...with thee..." Shit, I'm hungry. Inappropriate. Spiritual beings don't shit, neither does the Queen of England. Highly irregular. Sorry, think positive. "...Bless this food..." Elevate me. I'll get back to you. Promise. When it's quieter when there's less pressure to perform. "...Bless this food." Let's eat. Pass the butter?

Brooks Sterritt lives in Boston and at [magicmonads.com](http://magicmonads.com). His fiction has appeared in *LIT*, *Conjunctions*, *Barrelhouse*, *Gigantic*, *Everyday Genius*, and elsewhere.

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