

Why We Have Prayer

Sal Cetrano

There's no such thing as equal, no such thing as fair.
Scour Nature's elements, and you'll not find them there.
Not adamant as iron, which will not let things pass,
Such qualities as ride the breeze are more like noble gas:
Preternaturally aloof, rarely interacting beyond their group:
Melting pot notwithstanding, adding nothing to the soup.

More grounded table members forswear their errant kin,
Like burghers with fine carpets who let beggars in.
Called noble because they're independent and free,
They know precisely how explosive *mixing* can be.
Yes, there's no such thing as equal, no such thing as fair.
Never was, never will be. That's why we have prayer.